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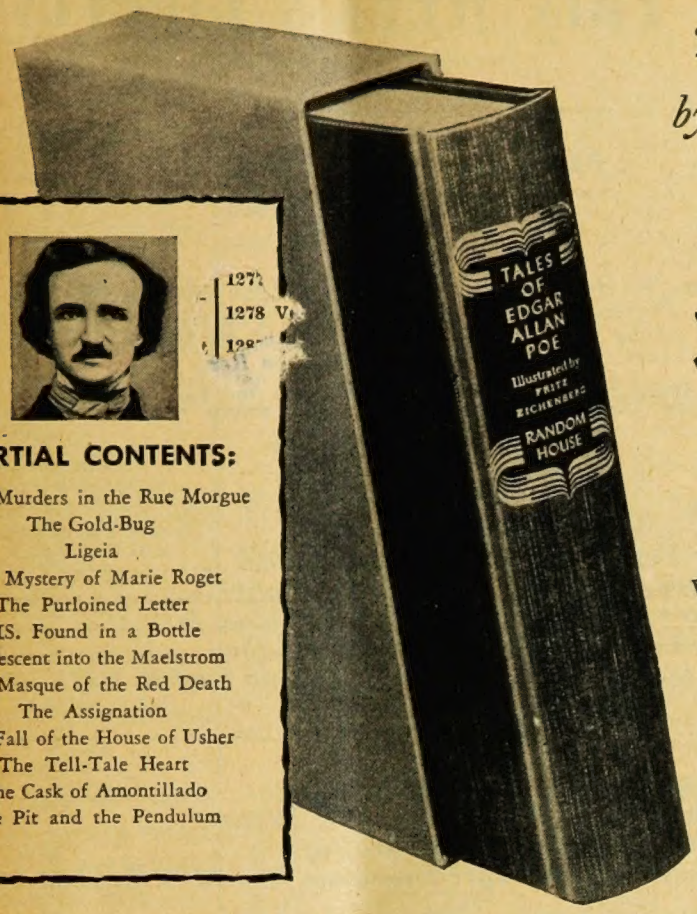

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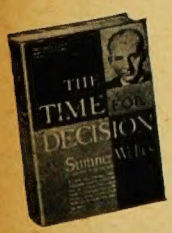

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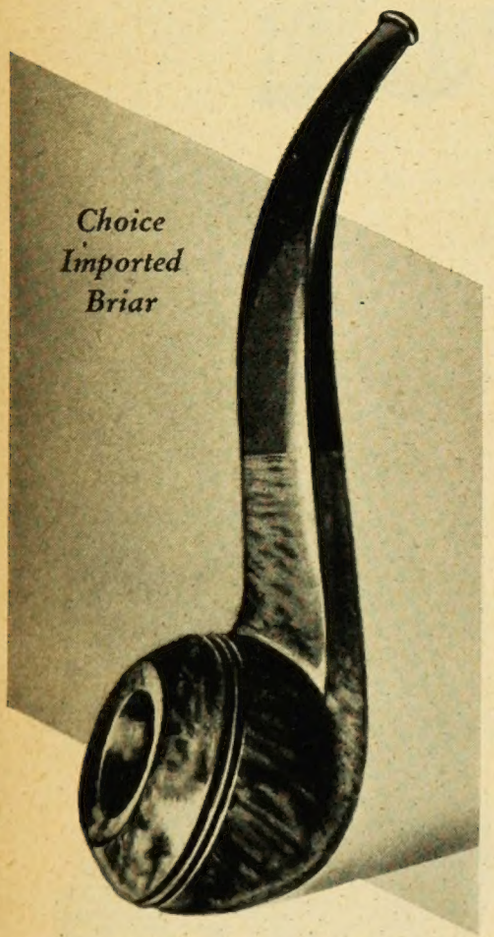

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NEW GUINEA—Having just read Gary Cooper's rather accurate description of how we SWPA orphans feel about things, The Fellows in the Foxholes (March 18 Liberty), we wish to take exception to only one of his statements. He is apparently laboring under the delusion that Phyllis Brooks's rendition of They're Either Too Young or Too Old took quite a load off our minds regarding the women we left behind, lo, these many *years*.

Perhaps such talk is good advertising copy for la Brooks, but—it ain't the truth.

By conservative count, 95 per cent of the eligibles in our outfit have received "brush-off" notifications since early *1942*, when we left the States. That goes for married and single men in the same proportions.

By the time we saw Cooper, Merkel, Arcari, and Brooks, this song drew suppressed hysteria and muffled, bitter laughs from the G.I.s. The tune should have new lyrics and a new title, reading, "They're *Never* Too Young or Too Old." Brother, WE KNOW!!—*T/IV Charles Dimond and T/V Joe Kendrick.*

GEOGRAPHIC GROUCH VIA WESTERN UNION

DULUTH, MINN.—HOW DID PRISCILLA JAQUITH DO IT QUESTION MARK WITH MIRRORS QUESTION MARK FOR PRISCILLA'S INFORMATION COMMA AND THAT OF LIBERTY EDITORS COMMA TOO COMMA DULUTH (POPULATION 101,065) THE HAY FEVER HAVEN OF AMERICA IS STILL IN MARVELOUS MINNESOTA AND NOT MICHIGAN AS REPORTED BY MISS JAQUITH IN HER HAY FEVER GETS THE NEEDLE STORY AUGUST 19 PERIOD SINCE WE HAVE MORE HAY FEVERITES FINDING RELIEF HERE RIGHT NOW THAN EVER BEFORE COMMA APPARENTLY MOST HAY FEVER PEOPLE CONTINUE TO REMEMBER THE GEOGRAPHIC LOCATION OF AIR-CONDITIONED DULUTH AMERICA'S COOLEST SUMMER CITY PERIOD YES COMMA MISS JAQUITH TO THE CONTRARY NOTWITHSTANDING COMMA DULUTH IS STILL HERE AT THE MOST WESTERLY TIP OF LAKE SUPERIOR COMMA NORTH OF THE RAGWEED BELT PERIOD AND OUR PORT IS STILL SECOND ONLY TO THAT OF NEW YORK CITY IN ANNUAL SHIPPING TONNAGE PERIOD WITH THIS EXCEPTION PRISCILLA'S YARN IS PRETTY GOOD PERIOD HOW ABOUT A CORRECTION ON THE GEOGRAPHIC ERROR IN VOX POP QUESTION MARK THANKS PERIOD BARKLEY SCHROEDER DIRECTOR COMMA PUBLICITY CONVENTIONS AND VISITORS BUREAU COMMA DULUTH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE PERIOD

LIBERTY hopes Mr. Schroeder sees October 7th Vox Pop.—Complete with apology!—VOX POP EDITOR.

ON PALM TREES, JUNGLES, AND MORTARS

c/o FPO, SAN FRANCISCO—In the April 15 Vox Pop there appeared a letter from Mr. Paul C. Smith in which he stated that Ira Wolfert's article, Jungle Fighting—Yankee Style, was just hooey. Mr. Smith made it very clear that the closest that he had ever been to a jungle was the streets of Honolulu.

Digging into my own experience, I wish to state that Mr. Wolfert's account of a jungle battle is very good. Stranger things happen in the jungles than the movies would ever dare show.

As for shooting the fronds from a palm tree to locate a Jap sniper perched therein, well, perhaps an Army rifle ball will not snip a palm frond off in one shot, but if you give a marine ten minutes and the same rifle, he will denude any palm tree you wish to point out. It is just a case of putting one or two shots, not twenty, where the frond will break from its own weight. I can name two cases where Jap snipers have been liquidated that way.

As for the 75s being used as mortars to clean out machine-gun nests, well, out here many times we use guns and other

articles for an entirely different purpose from what was intended originally. We use any article to meet the immediate need.—*Lt. K. F. Cooper, With the Marines in the South Pacific.*

A SOAPBOX, PLEASE!

GEORGETOWN, PA.—I have just finished reading all the letters extolling the "Indispensable Man" (August 26 Vox Pop). I believe that the reason you have not had more letters from Republicans is that they are sufficiently levelheaded to realize that such tirades actually accomplish nothing. When all the ugly things have been said, and names have been called, there are plenty of hurt and angry feelings. However, none of the ranting and raving changes anyone's opinion one whit.

There are just two comments I wish to make. First, I wonder where Sgt. H. P. has been for the last eleven years. He speaks of Roosevelt as the man who pulled us out of the hole in 1933. Doesn't the sergeant know we were not pulled out of the hole in 1933? The depression did not end until 1939, when the European war began. The so-called prosperity since that time has been paid by "The Price of Blood."

Secondly, I note that one Harold Cluck suggests that if we don't like the way our government is being managed, we go elsewhere. If perchance Dewey should happen

(*Continued on page 8*)

BACK THE ATTACK WITH **WAR BONDS**

"Come on! This oughter be a pipe"—"Uh uh! What I got in mind IS a pipe . . . Dr. Grabow . . . Pre-Smoked by machine"

DR. GRABOW
THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

America's ONE and ONLY

Pre-Smoked
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PIPE

They're amazingly sweeter from the very first puff because Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine smokes every DR. GRABOW pipe...Yes...*Pre-Smoked* ...with Edgeworth tobacco... there's no bite, no bitter taste, no breaking in. If your dealer cannot supply you, remember that right now a large percentage of DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* Pipes go to service men overseas.

Fashioned by M. Linkman & Co.
Chicago 14, Illinois

DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* DE LUXE . $1.50 DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* SUPREME . $2.00
DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked* TRU-GRAIN $3.50

THE **Hollycourt** PIPE (WITH PATENTED GROOVE) HAS GONE TO WAR

You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on man's wrist — $12.50

Women's Watchbands — $9.00 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

(Continued from page 6)

to be elected in the fall, will this "Cluck" immediately pack his duds and leave the country?—*(Mrs.) Florence Walkley Peppard.*

G. I. BARTER SYSTEM

DAYTON, OHIO—I have read with great interest the article, G. I. General Store (August 26 Liberty). However, I must take issue with a statement on page 22, column 2: "In the last war there were no overseas exchanges at all." This remark is both true and false. The Army did not conduct the exchanges, but at the request of the Army, the Y. M. C. A. did. I know because I was there and in behalf of the 30th Division I helped to set them up and keep them supplied. The same system held true for other combat divisions and those in the rear.—*W. L. Mattis.*

A REPUBLICAN WAXES POETIC!

GILA BEND, ARIZ.—I cannot express enough gratitude for Paul Hunter's editorial on the Presidential campaign—Let's Continue to Debate the True Issues (August 12 Liberty). The New Dealers have no grounds at all upon which to indulge in personal remarks against the Republican candidate. Such procedure is most certainly apt to backfire.

As a matter of fact, I have been waiting for some able writer to quote Isaac Watts in behalf of Mr. Dewey:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man!"
—*L. E. Curtis.*

BEDTIME STORY—1954!

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—I think the book condensation Eisenhower: Man and Soldier (August 19 Liberty), is the most wonderful story ever printed in your magazine.

I think so much of this story that I am keeping it to read to my children when they are old enough to understand it.

I want to express the thanks of all the servicemen here to Francis Trevelyan Miller for such a magnificent job.—*Sgt. Charles L. Morgan, A. A. F.*

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR?

MIAMI, FLA.—I just read in this morning's paper that "a big boat" had arrived from Australia with Australian wives of our U. S. men with their babies. At the

same time our boys that have been over there two and a half and three years are told that they cannot return to the States because there aren't enough boats. Why should those Australian women be put aboard our ships in preference to our men? We American wives have been sitting and waiting for our sweethearts' and husbands' return, and things like this make us often wonder!!! Do you think that is fair?—*Mrs. Katherine Gibson Turner.*

NEVER A PICTURE SO LAVISH IN...

Romance
Adventure
Spectacle
Glamour!

ALL IN GORGEOUS TECHNICOLOR

THE PRINCE OF LOVERS FIGHTS for the Queen of dancing girls!

CARAVANS OF POTENTATES PARADES through Bagdad's fabulous streets!

100 BEWITCHING DANCING GIRLS in the Sultan's mirrored pool!

FLASHING, FLAMING ACTION-THRILLS! Daring attempt on the Caliph's life!

M·G·M's
TECHNICOLOR HIT!

RONALD COLMAN

Colossal is the word for **KISMET**

MARLENE DIETRICH

JAMES CRAIG · EDWARD ARNOLD
Hugh HERBERT • Joy Ann PAGE • Florence BATES • Harry DAVENPORT

Screen Play by John Meehan • Based Upon the Play by Edward Knoblock • Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • Produced by EVERETT RISKIN • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

C-Day for American Women

This is something for *you* to think out . . . quietly, alone . . . when you find yourself longing for the war to end, when you've been shocked by the death in action of someone you know . . . or after you've come across the casualty lists in the newspaper and sensed the individual family tragedies behind each name.

For now, tomorrow and *every* day of the months ahead, is C-Day . . . *Conscience Day* . . . for American Women.

It's to the women that our fighting men must look for the supplies, the arms, the production . . . the job replacements which can overcome our manpower shortage. There is no one else to take over.

More than 18,000,000 have responded—are working to see that battles are won . . . enemy nations defeated . . . American lives *saved*. But more—*many* more women are needed . . . needed *desperately*.

★ ★ ★

REMEMBER that whether or not you've ever worked before—are skilled or untrained—makes no difference . . . Millions of women are already doing work that is new to them. In war plants—in the armed services—in the hundreds of different type jobs in essential business—they're helping overcome this serious emergency. See the Help Wanted advertisements in local newspapers—visit the local office of United States Employment Service or Army and Navy Recruiting Stations. And do it *today!* Time lost may mean lives lost.

The more women at war—the sooner we'll win

THIS ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY

HOFFMANN-LA ROCHE, INC.

Makers of Vitamins and Medicines of Rare Quality • Roche Park • Nutley, N. J.

Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries

CRAZY WEATHER
By Charles L. McNichols
Liberty's Book Condensation

When South Boy, a paleface, was invited by his Indian friend Havek to join him in quest of adventure and glory, a world of enchantment unfolded. To make the journey with them is to rediscover a precious part of every American boy's heritage.

THE ARMY'S GRASSHOPPERS
By Major Richard Thruelsen and Lieutenant Elliott Arnold

They're unarmed—yet fire whole batteries of artillery. They're slow—yet elude the fastest Nazi planes. The story of the Army's mighty mites of the air.

THE FOXHOLE CIRCUIT
By Sergeant Robert Lieb

Major Bowes has nothing on the Army when it comes to turning up unsuspected talent. In this unique school, G. I. Joe learns to become his own entertainer.

AXIS ENEMY NUMBER ONE
By Lloyd Shearer

Probably you never heard of Colonel Krick, but German Intelligence has—to its sorrow. Here's how the A. A. F.'s ace weather forecaster makes it hot for the Axis.

CAN YOU BE A PART-TIME FARMER?
By Douglas Disbrow

Yes, you can stay on the job and own your farm, too. The Department of Agriculture can make it easy for you—if you do the hard part!

MUST WE INVADE AND OCCUPY JAPAN?
By Hugh Byas

Can a defeated Japan be trusted with self-government, or must we rule the country ourselves? This is a question America must answer—perhaps soon.

RUN, SHEEP, RUN!
By Paul W. Kearney

When fire breaks out, those who keep their heads may save their lives and also the lives of others. Here's information that some day may save yours.

THOSE WHO ARE LEFT
By McKnight Malmar

Patriotism? Liberation? These became empty words to Marguerite when Allied bombs killed her mother. But the taking of revenge gave her a hard choice.

OH, FRABJOUS DAY!
By Christine Tapley

A beautiful woman has one drawback—she's always pursued by handsome men. And what can a harried husband do about it? Well, Max got wonderful results by talking in his sleep!

This is a picture of 1150 round trips to the MOON!

This map shows the established routes over which the Air Transport Command has flown some half a billion miles.

LAST MAY marked the third anniversary of the greatest airlines operator in the world—the Air Transport Command of the U. S. Army Air Forces.

From a small beginning, the Air Transport Command has zoomed to proportions that dwarf your most optimistic ideas of what air transport can accomplish.

The ATC operates some 125,000 miles of world-encircling air routes,

and has 100,000 officers and men. Part of the personnel is supplied by private air lines, which are under contract to the War Department.

The mileage flown staggers the imagination. The distance covered by the ATC in a single month is more than 22 million miles—equal to fifty trips to the moon—*round trips!*

ATC operations include the ferrying of airplanes to every theater of

war, and the transport of cargoes of all kinds—mail, bombs, ammunition, food, critical parts, medical supplies, and personnel. An important function is the evacuation of wounded. A wounded soldier can be flown from China to Washington in 82 hours.

Flights across the Atlantic or Pacific are routine, made many times daily. Special flights and deliveries are frequent, and often "save the day." The Flying Fortresses, for example, which were the Army's striking power in the decisive Battle of Midway, were delivered by the ATC on very short notice.

On return flights to America, cargo planes of the ATC may carry essential war materials such as tungsten, mercury, tin, platinum, block mica, quartz crystals, and others.

All these vital services are being performed by the Air Transport Command in hours and days, instead of days and weeks—a mighty important contribution to Victory.

It is also a preview of the things the world may expect from air transportation in the postwar period.

SPERRY

CORPORATION

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

Through the following divisions, Sperry precision instruments and controls serve the Armed Forces on land, at sea, and in the air . . .

FORD INSTRUMENT CO., INC.
SPERRY GYROSCOPE CO., INC. • VICKERS, INC.
Waterbury Tool Division, VICKERS, INC.

The Master's Choice

THE late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr.—master distiller—spent his lifetime and his rare genius creating whiskies of surpassing excellence. But he chose one—a matchless bourbon—as his finest, and proudly gave it his name. The full, round flavor and pleasing aroma of this glorious whiskey have established **OLD TAYLOR**—with the world as with Col. Taylor himself—as the choice of those who relish bourbon at is best.

This fine old distillery is today the home of **OLD TAYLOR** whiskey—and has been since 1887. Not a single drop of any other whiskey has ever come from this distillery.

National Distillers Products Corporation • New York

SIGNED SEALED *and* DELICIOUS

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

A TEMPEST has blown this way from Temple, Texas, as a result of the letter I printed in the August 12 issue from Miss N. R. V., a Storekeeper 3/c in the Waves, who charged she was refused service in a café, the only one she could find near the railroad station, during a forty-minute stop at Temple.

Miss N. R. V.—who had been unable to get breakfast on her train—asserted that a waitress told her the café did not serve men and women in uniform and had no room for service personnel.

Letters from Temple residents and their

Murder!

friends say emphatically that a serious misunderstanding must have occurred—one which has reflected unfairly upon the good name and hospitality of Temple.

"The 'one small café in sight' to which she referred has been off limits to military personnel as long as I can remember," writes Cpl. S. B., "and, while not posted, it has always informed G. I.'s of the fact and refused them service.

"One short block from the station is one of the finest U. S. O.'s between Fort Worth and Houston. It has a snack bar. Two blocks in either direction from the station would have brought Miss N. R. V. to one of the town's better cafés."

E. D., serving in the Navy, suggests Miss N. R. V. must have misunderstood about the café's off-limits status.

"I was refused food there myself last February after returning from England," he writes. "In my own home town, after nineteen months overseas and after fourteen days of travel, I had to walk eleven blocks before I got a steak in a very nice café that stays open all night.

"I was sorry to read about Miss N. R. V.'s experience and I'm hoping I have a chance to show the nicer parts of Temple to this shipmate some time."

There's also a telegram from the Mayor and the president of the Chamber of Commerce, affirming that no serviceman or servicewoman would be denied service in any Temple restaurant unless it had been declared off limits by the military authorities.

"No community has done more than this one to look after the interests of men and women in uniform," they wired. "We have turned over the first floor of our Municipal Building and our Y. M. C. A. with its swimming pool to them without charge. We have built another swimming pool and other park facilities with bond issue money. . . . Approximately twenty churches have added special facilities for serving men in uniform. Our homes have been turned over to servicemen, their wives and mothers.

"When you realize that this town of 15,000 has had an Army hospital of 3,500 beds within the city limits, an Army airfield, and an Army camp averaging 75,000 troops just a few miles west of the town, you should appreciate the fact that Temple has done a superb job."

I'm glad indeed to present such communications, which indicate a truly broad effort by Temple on behalf of men in the large Army installations near by.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I know lots of folks back in America are wondering at this time what to send their loved ones in those Christmas parcels which must be in the mails for overseas by October 15 at the latest.

I've heard lots of soldiers here in the East discussing what they'd like from the States and, as an old-timer out here, I thought I would forward the information through you. Here's my list to pick from:

Home town newspapers, letters, magazines, plenty of writing paper, envelopes (especially the air mail, already-stamped kind), pencils, fountain pens, ink, hard candy (soft candy melts coming over), stamps of all kinds (but air mail mostly), watches with water-tight cases, cheap lipsticks (when the soldiers get low in cash they can sell or trade these), small dictionaries, money orders, socks, soap, shaving material, tooth paste or powder, toothbrushes, combs, razor blades, metal mirrors, tobacco in all forms, knives, sewing kits, small notebooks, playing cards.

T/Sgt. B. W. K., Somewhere in India.

Looks like a good list, Sergeant. I'm glad to publish it for the guidance of families with servicemen in your part of the world.

* * *

While home on ten days leave I was driving my car on the highway pretty fast and got stopped. Instead of giving me the ticket, the cop sent it to the C. O. where I was stationed. When I reported back, the captain read me off and it sounded like I had committed murder, instead of speeding. For going sixty-five miles an hour on the highway—where a judge has told me you're allowed to do fifty-five—I got a deck court-martial, ten days in the brig, and a fine of one month's pay.

L. M. M., S 2/c, Treasure Island, Calif.

It looks sort of like your C. O. heaved the book at you, but maybe he figured you needed a lesson. Anyhow, the wartime speed limit throughout the U. S. A. is thirty-five miles an hour.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

POOR RICHARD
wrote a good hand!

Benj. Franklin won fame with his Almanac . . . in later life was twice envoy to England, once to France. A clear thinker, he took pride in his clear penmanship. In his Autobiography, he took pains to point out, "I learned to write a good hand."

Our present envoys to England in the AUS—hundreds of thousands of them—may write poorer hands, but have better pens. Many treasure an Inkograph, precision instrument of penmanship. Sturdy, fast-acting, with smooth flow of ink, it is built to write millions of words.

Service men come first, so if your dealer is out of stock—keep trying.

The name Inkograph on the barrel identifies the genuine . . . No mail orders, only dealers can supply you.

INK-O-GRAPH $2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N.Y. C. 13

Join the War . . .
AGAINST WASTE

If your Beard fights to the last whisker

Durham Duplex is the *original* hollow-ground safety razor blade—for 35 years tops for tough beards. *Twice heavier*—with real heft and keen, smooth shaving power!

If you already own a Durham Razor, or can get one at your retailers, we will gladly ship you direct, to help conserve scarce wartime blades, a special Durham Strop Outfit, $1.00, postpaid. Then you'll enjoy the complete combination for perfect shaves every time with real blade economy.

For special strop outfit, send $1.00 direct to:—
DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CORP.
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

Use a Durham Duplex Safety Razor and Strop

PATHFINDERS OF THE DIESEL ERA

The original Burlington Zephyr which inaugurated a new era in American transportation history in 1934. After more than 1,650,000 miles it still is assigned to its daily round trip of 465 miles between Lincoln and McCook, Nebraska.

Latest of the illustrious descendants of the original Zephyr—one of the sixteen 5400-horsepower General Motors Freight Locomotives being put into wartime service by the Burlington Lines.

IT is just ten years since the famous Burlington Zephyr introduced new ideas in railroad travel. It was the world's first Diesel-powered streamlined train. Its power plant was General Motors Diesel. Today hundreds of General Motors Diesel Locomotives are hauling passengers and freight on 75 American railroads. They operate many millions of miles annually with astounding dependability and economy. Day by day additional GM Locomotives are entering that honored field of more than one million miles of operation. Every day brings new records of performance. And this performance, highlighted by its invaluable contribution to the astonishing war record of the railroads, is providing a glimpse of the greater day of railroading which lies ahead.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL POWER

LOCOMOTIVES . . . . . **ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION,** *La Grange, Ill.*

ENGINES. . 150 to 2000 H.P. . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio

ENGINES. . . . 15 to 250 H.P. . . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, originally designed as a pursuit fighter, is doing tactical ground strafing and fighter-bombing in northern France.

High-Altitude Air Pressure

Here is a fascinating story of how the Army Air Forces conquered the many perplexing problems of maintaining adequate air pressure for the crews of the big B-29 Superfortresses while flying in the thin atmosphere of high altitudes.

Engineers can construct airplanes to fly high in the skies, but the basic human problems of breathing in the substratosphere had to be solved before the airmen could engage in bombing missions over enemy territory. We leave it up to you to determine if the following story, provided by the Army Air Forces, does not constitute one of the better yarns of the war.

The crews of the B-29s live while aloft in air-conditioned cabins, with superchargers maintaining near-normal air pressure within the cabins even at the highest altitudes. Crew comfort on flights of thousands of miles is essential. Free from the necessity of wearing oxygen masks and from the subzero cold of high altitudes (the pressurization of the cabins includes heating and soundproofing), the airmen complete their missions with a minimum of fatigue.

But what if an enemy explosive should pierce the pressurized cabin and reduce the air pressure to that of the thin air outside? Could the crews live under such conditions?

Experiments with pressurized cabins began in 1935 at the A. A. F. Matériel Command at Wright Field, Ohio. Boeing Aircraft introduced the world's first pressurized-cabin plane in 1937 in the four-engined commercial Stratoliner. Passengers in the Stratoliners lived in an air pressure equivalent to 8,000 feet even though the airplane itself was flying at 16,000 feet. But our B-29 bombers must fly much higher than that.

Here is the A. A. F. description of the problems faced by its medical experts and engineers:

"Air has weight. At sea level its pressure on a square inch of surface is 14.7 pounds. This weight decreases with each increase in distance above the earth, until at 40,000 feet altitude the air pressure is only 2.7 pounds per square inch. When you breathe in, you create a vacuum in your lungs and the weight of the air has the effect of pushing it into this vacuum. From the air, the lungs extract oxygen on which your body depends for life. When the air pressure gets below the 10.1 pounds per square inch found at 10,000 feet altitude, it will not push a sufficient supply of oxygen into the lungs of a flyer accustomed to living at ground level.

"At 40,000 feet he would die in a few minutes if he attempted to breathe free air. To keep him alive and functioning normally above 10,000 feet, the A. A. F. has provided him with the latest type of oxygen mask, such as ordinarily military aircraft carry. Depending on the altitude, the A. A. F. aircraft oxygen system automatically increases the oxygen he breathes from the 20 per cent found in free air all the way up to 100 per cent at altitudes over 30,000 feet. But above 40,000 feet the air pressure is so low that even 100 per cent oxygen is inadequate for the body's needs.

"The only way to extend the flyer's service ceiling above 40,000, then, was to increase the air pressure at that altitude. As the result of many years of experimentation, this has been achieved in the B-29 in the same way that airplane engines are supercharged in order to get enough oxygen into their carburetors. This is done by compressing the air.

"The lungs of the flier in the B-29 are 'supercharged' by a machine which maintains the air pressure in the sealed cabin while that outside the airplane progressively decreases. What happens then is this:

"As the B-29 ascends from the ground to a predetermined altitude, the inside and outside air pressures remain the same. At the predetermined altitude, the cabin supercharger takes hold and maintains the corresponding inside air pressure until the airplane reaches a relatively high altitude.

"This new type of air-conditioning has a tremendous advantage, even if there is no intention of flying higher. It means that the crew of the B-29 does not have to don oxygen masks at altitudes which require oxygen in other types of bombers.

"This eliminates the fatigue which sometimes attends long periods of breathing through an oxygen mask as well as any dangers which may result from malfunctioning of oxygen equipment.

"In theory, if the B-29 continued upward, the cabin supercharger would maintain the same differential between the inside air pressure and the outside air pressure. Because the outside pressure would continue to decrease, however, the flyer would have to put on an oxygen mask to meet the corresponding decrease inside."

But one huge question remained. What would happen to the crew if a cannon shell pierced the cabin and caused a rapid release of air pressure, as a pin prick affects a toy balloon? The fuselage could take it, but could the human body? If not, then the B-29 had missed its primary purpose as a high-altitude long-range bomber.

Many tests were conducted. An aviation physiologist, a major, was placed inside a small sealed cabin simulating high-altitude flying. A screw driver was plunged through the paper "drumhead," and as the air rushed out it was as if the major had in an instant been catapulted five miles up through the stratosphere. His cheeks and lips bulged and flapped and his chest contracted spasmodically as the air was sucked from his lungs. But in this high-altitude thin air he was able to reach for his oxygen mask, fasten it on, and signal to the group outside the chamber that he was O. K. He suffered no ill effects.

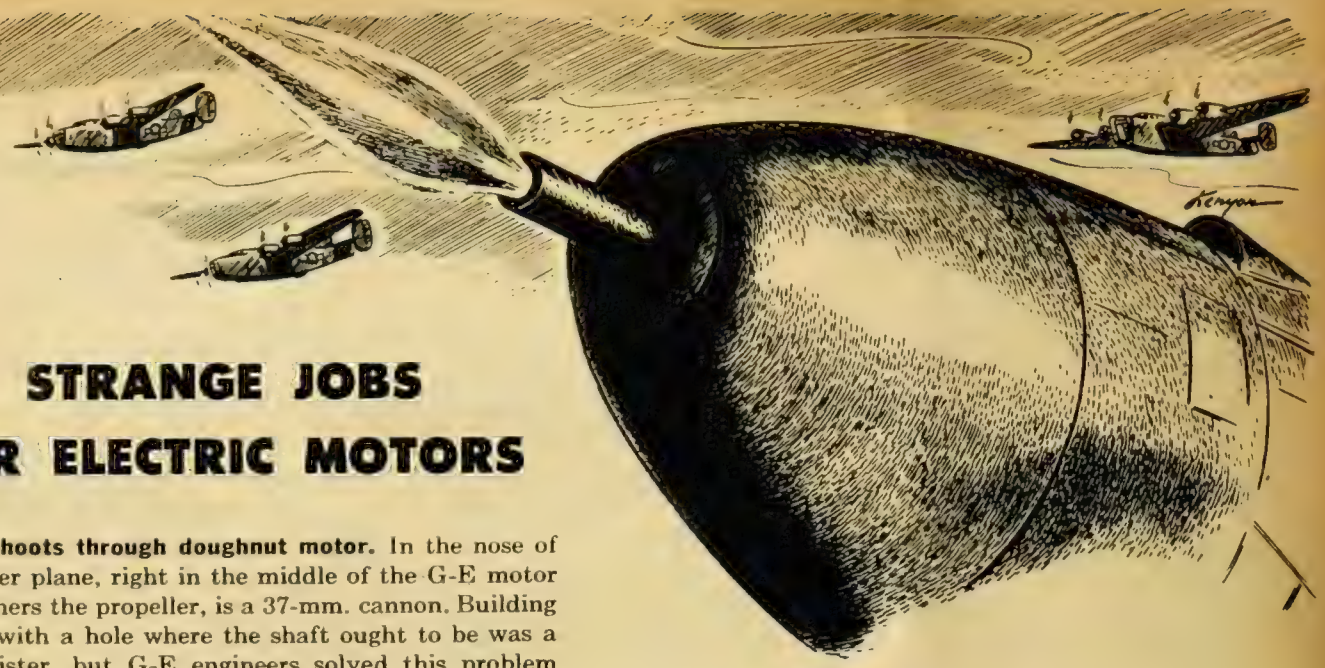
All those early tests were on the ground. But one day in an early flight test of the actual B-29, a gunner's side blister blew out at 30,000-feet altitude. As instructed, the crew members were carrying their oxygen masks as a precautionary measure.

They put them on when they heard the alarm signal, and the plane continued its flight. So the order to carry oxygen masks for emergency protection has been adhered to rigidly. Even at 40,000 feet, if the pressurized cabin is pierced, the men have a few seconds' time to put on their masks.

Briefs

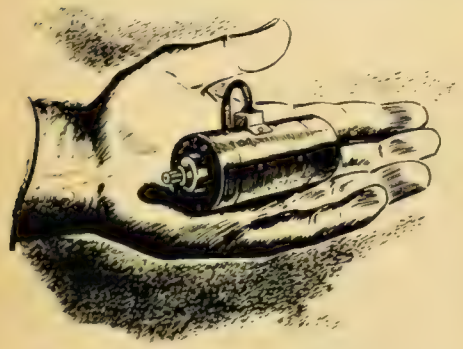
Postwar Note: Piper Aircraft Company of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, makers of the famous prewar Cub airplane, has opened a showroom in Rockefeller Center, New York. This is the first of many you'll be seeing before long.

What won't they fly next? Now it's bees. No less than 10,000 honeybees made a combined rail-and-air express trip a few weeks ago from Redding, California, to Fairbanks, Alaska—2,270 miles in three days with almost no losses en route. The bees couldn't have made better time flying the route themselves.

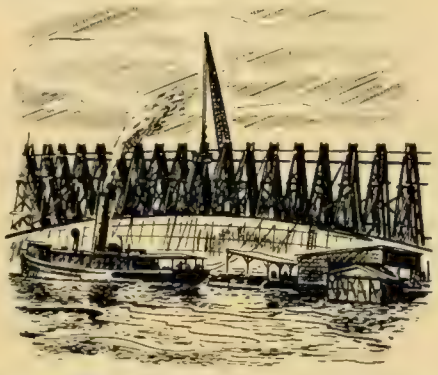


STRANGE JOBS FOR ELECTRIC MOTORS

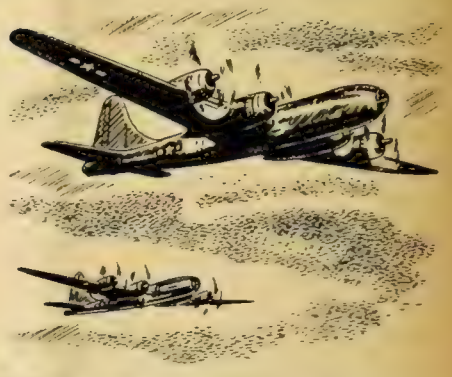
Cannon shoots through doughnut motor. In the nose of this fighter plane, right in the middle of the G-E motor that feathers the propeller, is a 37-mm. cannon. Building a motor with a hole where the shaft ought to be was a brain twister, but G-E engineers solved this problem with an electric motor shaped like a doughnut.



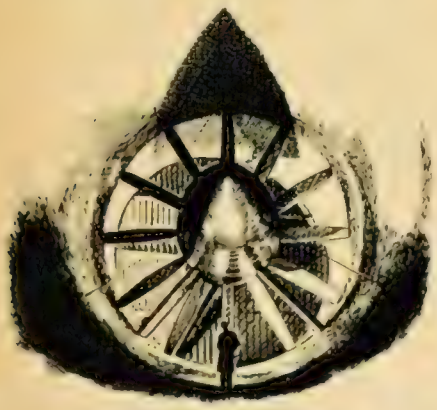
This Tom Thumb motor loads the guns on our bombers and fighters. Other electric motors raise and lower wheels, open bomb bay doors. War requires 40,000 different motor models, keeping G-E research and engineering men busy.



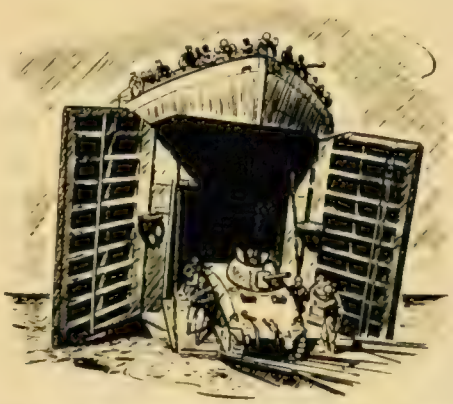
Turning a battleship over. 21 G-E motors teamed up for 21-thousand-ton pull to turn the capsized *Oklahoma* right side up at Pearl Harbor. Electric motors see action on every front, in weapons, and in tools to repair them in the field.



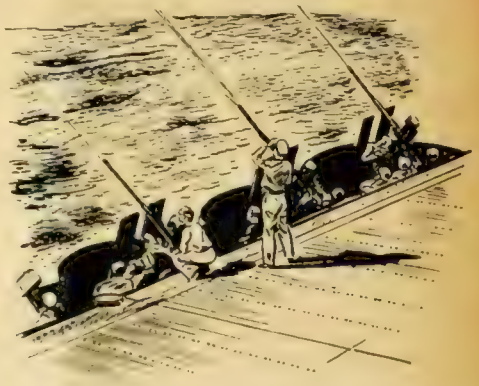
B-29 Superfortress. 150 electric motors act as muscles beneath the sleek exterior of the B-29. They power, among other things, the gun turrets in the G-E-designed fire-control system that arms the Superfort against attack.



Outblowing a hurricane. This twelve-bladed fan has 18,000 horsepower behind it, from one giant electric motor. In wind tunnels like this, G-E motors, sometimes totalling 30,000 hp., produce winds five times as strong as a hurricane.



Push-button doormen for LST's. Push a button, and out pops a tank. It's not quite that simple, but the doors and ramp on an LST are opened, at the push of a button, by electric motors. On an LST, there are 140 electric motors.



Cooling guns. Anti-aircraft guns are cooled by electrically driven pumps which circulate cooling fluid around their barrels. There are more than 900 electric motors on a battleship. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

- *General Electric produced 7 million horsepower of electric motors in 1943.*
- *Over 2 million G-E electric motors will join the armed services this year.*

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THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

THE DEWEY PERSONALITY

So you think you know Dewey? Republicans and Democrats alike will find surprising revelations in this candid appraisal of Dewey, the man

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

As a young man at the University of Michigan, Tom Dewey debated with friends what vocation he would pursue. For a time, as he tried out on the student paper, he considered a newspaper career. Cubbing on the Michigan Daily, he showed a certain ability.

But then, weighing all his talents, he decided to become a singer. He concluded that his pleasant baritone voice was his chief asset.

What impressed all his friends was the careful, calculated way he went about it to choose his life's work. Most young men of that age stumble into their vocation somehow or other. Not Tom Dewey!

This is typical of everything he has done from childhood on. In all his life he has probably never done a single impetuous act. This fact is now, in the major test of his career, both his strength and his weakness.

It is his strength because it is almost an ironclad guaranty that he will make no serious boners. He will not shout, "To hell with Chicago!" in a Chicago suburb as did impetuous Wendell Willkie at the start of his campaign. He will not lose his voice in an impassioned crusade. He and the men he has picked will direct a skillfully planned campaign with a beginning, a middle, and an end as carefully timed for reaction as a Broadway hit.

It is his weakness in that it is hard for him to make a human appeal to the vast voting public. It is difficult for him to smile; difficult to shake hands for the cameras; difficult to face a mass press conference. He has had to discipline himself to do all these things.

Many contrasts out of the past occur. William Howard Taft was a rather inconspicuous President who suffered from the shadow of Theodore Roosevelt. But Taft had a deep rumbling belly laugh. He was frequently photographed with his genial face crinkled into laughter. It was appealing. Dewey has no belly laugh.

Dewey becomes more understandable when you study the two women in his life. His mother, Annie Thomas Dewey, has an indomitable will. She planted this will very early in her only child. She communicated to him something of her own supreme self-assurance.

Never having participated in politics, the elder Mrs. Dewey has never concealed her frank indifference to "what people think." Several women reporters who encountered her in Chicago when her son was nominated were startled by her bluntness.

Dewey's father, a staunch Republican, editor of the local paper and postmaster of Owosso, seems to have had far less influence. It was the mother who put the boy on the track of ambition that has taken him so far at so early an age.

Mrs. Dewey, the wife, has influenced the Republican nominee in quite another way. With tact and devotion she has been constantly at his side, advising him on

(Continued on page 60)

FURLOUGH

IN spite of the draft, airplane factories, shipyards, and other threats of the moment, Mrs. Humphreys liked to think she still had the servant problem licked. Hannah, her maid of all work, was a honey.

Of course, Mrs. Humphreys said, they had always been good to Hannah. Hannah knew a good place when she saw it. That was why Hannah's behavior the day Olivia's fiancé, Captain Wingate, was supposed to arrive, seemed nothing short of treachery.

"It's just as if," Mrs. Humphreys told Mr. Humphreys, "Hannah had stuck a knife in our back."

That was Thursday. In the four days preceding, Hannah gave no sign of incipient mutiny. No complaint. No temperament. Then on the crucial day—that.

Actually there had been something. There had been Tuesday. Hannah was kneeling on the stairs dusting the balustrade. Hannah was large and round and powerful. She had a mass of flaxen hair pulled in a knot at the back of her head.

Hannah said, dusting, "Mrs. Poynton asked me to come to work for her today, mum."

"Oh?" Mrs. Humphreys paused.

"Five dollars a week raise." Hannah folded her lips.

Mrs. Humphreys' panic showed like a trailing undergarment. "You wouldn't leave us, would you, Hannah? Why, you've been with us more than ten years!" She tried to think of arguments. "Mrs. Poynton never kept a girl longer than six months. Haven't you been happy here, Hannah? Haven't you a comfortable room?" This last because Billy, who was away at school, used the downstairs maid's room for his toys, and Hannah had been allotted a room on the second floor.

"Yes'm."

Mrs. Humphreys said with conviction, "I am sure, Hannah, that you would not enjoy working for Mrs. Poynton."

Hannah did not reject arguments. Hannah dusted stair treads with a large-knuckled and work-stiffened hand.

There was that. Returning later from the hairdresser's, Mrs. Humphreys sought out Hannah in the kitchen.

She spoke in a tone of friendliness to show that the incident was forgiven.

"This will be Captain Wingate's first impression of Olivia's home," Mrs. Humphreys said. "Everything must be—well, correct. Waiting table, Hannah, be sure to serve from the right, take from the left. Last night you took Mr. Humphreys' dinner plate from the right."

"Yes'm."

"His family is socially prominent," Mrs Humphreys confided. "He comes of the Philadelphia Wingates. First impressions are so important, don't you think, Hannah?"

"Yes'm." Hannah unfolded her lips. "Will they get married now, mum?"

Mrs. Humphreys paused. "No, they aren't going to be rushed. Of course it's wisest, his having been wounded and all—" Mrs. Humphreys frowned. She preferred not to mention the unexplained quarrel between Bruce and Olivia on his last leave.

Hannah scrubbed floors. Hannah ironed. Hannah trotted upstairs and downstairs and made beds and set the table and

Bruce was tilted back in a chair and was gaily listening to Hannah.

FOR HANNAH

BY DARBY ST. JOHN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

polished silver, and Hannah also managed to weed the Victory garden. It was ten o'clock Wednesday night when Hannah ascended the stairs to her room.

Thursday morning Hannah did not appear. Mrs. Humphreys went up to Hannah's room. She knocked on the door; waited; listened. She opened the door and went in. Mrs. Humphreys stopped dead.

Hannah was lying in bed and was calmly reading a book.

Mrs. Humphreys stared.

She managed finally, "What's the matter, Hannah? Are you ill?"

"No'm." Hannah's round face was a mask of perfect composure above her white muslin nightgown. Hannah's flaxen head was surmounted by a white lace nightcap; it gave her dignity.

"Why don't you get up?"

"I don't feel like it," Hannah said.

Mrs. Humphreys stood still. She clung to calm. "But Captain Wingate will be here for lunch! Nothing's ready."

"I can't help that, mum." Hannah folded her lips.

Mrs. Humphreys felt her composure slipping. "Is it a raise you want?" she cried.

"No'm."

"Then what do you want?"

Hannah said, "Nothin' but to lie here."

"You can't do this to me, Hannah!" Mrs. Humphreys was frenzied. "It—it isn't like you! What does it mean?"

Hannah was unperturbed. "It means, mum, I'm going to lie in bed today and read this book," Hannah said.

Dazedly Mrs. Humphreys looked at the book. The book was something called Private Dill's Diary.

AT eight thirty that morning Mr. Humphreys was astonished to see his wife, looking slightly pink under the eyes, bring his breakfast out of the kitchen. Mr. Humphreys had authority and the beginnings of a paunch. He liked to look upon himself as a tolerant man, but his tolerance did not extend to his family.

"Where's Hannah?" Mr. Humphreys spread his napkin, eying with hostility the eggs that were dark and curled at the edges and the slightly burnt toast.

"Hannah," Mrs. Humphreys replied, "has chosen to be difficult."

Mr. Humphreys flicked a glance at his wife. "That isn't like Hannah."

Preceded by her spaniel, Olivia came to the table. Olivia was a sprightly young creature with a shape and a mop of dark brown hair and no make-up except bright lipstick. Olivia sat down, reached for toast, said, "Where's Hannah?"

Mrs. Humphreys told the whole story. "She is an ungrateful girl," Mrs. Humphreys said. "After all I've done for her—" She broke off. Tears threatened.

Olivia said, "Are you going to fire her?"

"I can't afford to fire her! I'd never get another maid these days, and Hannah knows it. I don't know how we'll manage, with Bruce coming for lunch—"

"I don't think Bruce will be coming," Olivia said.

Mrs. Humphreys' knife came down on her plate. "Not coming?"

"I'd have told you before, but I'm not sure," Olivia said. "I was waiting for an answer to my letter. Maybe it got lost." Faint color came in the girl's cheeks. "I told him not to come."

Mrs. Humphreys stared. "Why not, pet?"

Olivia said with a kind of dignity, "I do not think Captain Wingate and I are suited to each other. On his last leave, before he was inactivated— Oh, skip it," Olivia said. "A couple of weeks ago I wrote him our help had left us and we had to take care of a sick aunt and—"

"Olivia!" Mrs. Humphreys was speechless.

Mr. Humphreys' brows came together. "A sick aunt!" He snorted.

Indignation burned hot on the girl's cheeks. "Anyway, I'm through with him."

HE came just before lunch.

"Hi, people!" Captain Bruce Wingate loomed in the door, six feet of well-controlled energy and thin good looks.

"Livvy," Bruce said.

Olivia stood stiffly. "Hello, Bruce."

She was unprepared; before Olivia could guess his intention, Bruce swept her up and kissed her. Then his eyes were laughing down at her frustrated face.

With important company arriving, Hannah, the maid, decided to stay in bed, thus complicating a social problem but leading to the solution of a problem of the heart

"Take it easy, kid," Bruce said. "After all, kissing's only a substitute for rubbing noses."

Mrs. Humphreys came from the kitchen. She looked flustered in spite of the firm grip she had on herself. She held Bruce at arm's length. "Bruce, you're thin!"

He laughed. "I'll fatten up. I warn you, I eat like a horse!"

She said nervously, "Pet, will you show Bruce to his room?"

But Olivia was ahead of her at the door. "I'll look after things in the kitchen, mother."

Carefully Bruce looked after her.

Mrs. Humphreys said feverishly, "I'm afraid you have caught us without a maid, Bruce. Our girl has—has left us in the lurch. I'll take you upstairs."

In the kitchen there was frenzy, but somehow, between the two women, lunch took shape. Lunch was ready, and lunch waited. Bruce did not come down.

Mrs. Humphreys said distractedly, "Pet, go upstairs and see what's keeping him."

"But, mother—" Olivia stood.

"Oh, go on! Can't you see I'm busy?" Hysteria threatened. Olivia went.

Bruce did not answer her knock. There was the sound of laughter down the hall.

Olivia moved down the hall. The laughter came from Hannah's door.

The door was open. Olivia stared. Bruce was tilted back in a chair and was gaily listening to Hannah.

"And," Hannah was saying, "then this officer, he said to Private Dill, 'You're surprised on the beach after a swim. A dozen Japs attack you from all sides, what'd you do?' And Private Dill, he said, 'Throw a grenade at each of 'em, sir!' So this officer, he said to Private Dill, 'Hey, wait a second. Where you gettin' all them grenades from?' And Private Dill, he said, 'Same place you're gettin' all them Japs from, sir.'"

Bruce howled. Hannah's face under her fancy nightcap was round and impassive against her pillows.

"Lunch is ready," Olivia said coldly.

He said in the hall, "Why didn't you ever tell me about your Aunt Hannah? She's terrific!"

Olivia walked very fast. In a few long strides Bruce was beside her.

"Look," Bruce said pleasantly. "Let's get a couple of things straight. Why did you write me not to come?"

"You know why," Olivia said. "Because you are a boor."

"Why? Because I spanked you?"

She said, "Because you are not the kind of husband I want."

"Ho-ho! You want a white knight."

She would not be goaded. "Knights of old were chivalrous. They did not beat their women—"

He said, "I didn't beat you. I spanked you. But first you slapped my face."

"I had good reason, the way you criticized my hat."

"That hat was an atrocity."

"It was the latest style."

He said, "It's bad enough what we soldiers see at the front. But to come home and see those hats—"

"I liked it."

"Women wearing those funny hats," Bruce said, "should all be spanked."

"Well!" Olivia said.

He lunged after her. Olivia fled.

LUNCH was almost ruined. Bruce tramped up the stairs with Hannah's tray, and he lingered to hear more stories.

"What does he mean by *Aunt* Hannah?" Mr. Humphreys inquired.

Mrs. Humphreys told him. "It would only make things worse if we set Bruce right, now," Mrs. Humphreys said.

Mr. Humphreys looked at Olivia. "That," he said, "is what you get for lying."

Bruce came down chuckling.

"That Aunt Hannah!" Bruce said. "You know what she told me? Private Dill sat down in a restaurant one day with his buddy, Sling. They ordered eggs, and the waiter said, 'How'll you have your eggs?' 'Any difference in the price?' Sling said. 'Nope.' 'O. K.,' Sling said. 'Make 'em with bacon.'"

Mrs. Humphreys smiled tightly; Olivia, not at all. Mr. Humphreys tried to steer the conversation into safer channels. He said, "What do you think of the European situation, Bruce?"

Bruce said, "I really haven't any opinion, sir. Haven't read the papers for days."

Mrs. Humphreys got up to clear the table for dessert, but Bruce jumped up and firmly pressed her back in her chair.

"Let me," Bruce said.

He came in presently with cake cut in neat wedges. He brought coffee.

Olivia watched him with resentment. Olivia said, "I may be late for dinner, mother. I'm going to the Rogers' cocktail party." She said to Bruce, who was busy sweeping bread crumbs off the table, "I'm sure you'll be too busy to come."

He grinned. "Yep! Too much work to be done around here. Thanks anyway."

He vanished into the kitchen. When Mrs. Humphreys and Olivia went out, they found Bruce washing dishes at the sink.

"Clear out, people," Bruce said genially.

(*Continued on page 52*)

MONEY MAKES THE WORLD GO

BY SYLVIA F. PORTER

"COLLAPSE is inevitable, Miss Porter. Relax and enjoy it." This was the remark made to me by a member of the British delegation to the great world financial conference at Bretton Woods this past summer. I had asked him whether he honestly believed the grandiose schemes of the United Nations for postwar international economic co-operation could succeed. He had looked grim for a moment, then had come back with that cynical version of a common American joke.

I repeated his comment both to Dr. Harry D. White, representative of the United States at that conference, and Lord John Maynard Keynes, chairman of the United Kingdom's delegation. White admitted that no one could be positive how any experiment would turn out a decade from now, but added, "The minimum we can do is try to prevent a repetition of the chaos of the '20s and '30s. Otherwise, we're doomed to a depression from which we may not emerge as an independent, democratic country."

Keynes was equally humble in his forecasts for success, but he, too, argued, "I know of no alternative suggestions that are better than the ones we're discussing. And, at the least, these plans will permit us a breathing spell during which the world will be able to decide what's best to do next."

In those two answers, to me, lies the key to the tale of Bretton Woods. Therein lies the true significance of that amazing, heartening conference which has escaped its critics and been accepted too casually by its defenders.

At Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, last July, the chosen delegates of forty-four United and Associated Nations—with a forty-fifth observer from Denmark—met to set up the machinery for the handling of world financial problems after this war. It was the third general meeting of the Allies, but their first devoted not to wartime problems of relief or food, but to the permanent, peacetime questions of trade and currency stability. It was, therefore, the crucial test of the ability of the United Nations to carry over their war-forced unity into peacetime co-operation. And it was devoted to the fundamental but unhappily bewildering issues of world finance.

The delegates had before them one scheme for an international monetary fund, through which the various countries would work together in stabilizing their currencies, promoting foreign trade, and helping to create prosperity over the globe. They had under consideration a second proposal for a multi-billion-dollar bank, through which all would share the financial risks of rebuilding war-devastated areas and developing new, unexploited lands. But what they really were talking about was jobs—jobs for millions of men and women in hundreds of industries the world over. What they really were discussing was our chance for fat pay checks without the aid of a war boom. At stake during that conference was the economic well-being of every one of us.

But it all seemed so dull and far away from today's bread and butter that few Americans grasped what it was about. Newspapers were jammed with long stories about quotas and subscriptions and gold shipments which were, and are, of interest only to specialists in world finance. Disagreements between the United States and Russia, between England and India, were played up out of all proportion. Worse still, the attempts of the conference's experts to explain what they were doing frequently were dismal failures because the technicians, who had been eating, breathing, and sleeping the subject for years, couldn't seem to realize that we were coming "cold" into the labyrinth of international economics. The result was that most of us have only the foggiest notion of what happened. Our befuddlement is dangerous. It might be a fatal weakness in the whole carefully devised structure.

Actually, the conference was a brilliant success. The delegates did reach an agreement on a proposal for an $8,800,000,000 international monetary fund to stabilize currencies at agreed-upon rates and keep them there so that people in many lands can trade with each other freely and with confidence in the money they're using. The idea of a world fund and the total proposed are far beyond anything ever thought of before. And they did approve a proposal for a $9,100,000,000 world bank for reconstruction and development to facilitate loans to countries that need financial aid, so that they can get back on their feet and join in the revival of trade. Again, there's no precedent in history. Despite the often unwarranted rumors of bickering, then, the delegations showed their eagerness to create weapons to guard all of us against peacetime upheaval, their willingness to compromise for harmony's sake. Late in the evening of July 22, they signed their names and adjourned.

Now the American representatives are back in Washington, waiting for the moment to submit the final drafts of both plans to our Congress for the formal passage necessary before the United States can participate in any international agreement. And the rest of the delegates headed for home a few weeks ago with their documents so their national parliaments can vote "yes" or "no." The conference achieved every objective for which it was called, but with our national elections only a short time off and a changed Congress ahead, it's probable that our House and Senate won't get around to the job of examining the projects in detail until next year.

But it isn't the financial story of Bretton Woods that lingers in my mind today. Instead, it's the memory of the many different nationalities, colors, and creeds meeting in one hotel in the middle of a vast war and striving earnestly for ways to make sure this is the last holocaust.

One morning I walked along the broad veranda of the Mount Washington Hotel and watched the men sitting in little groups, talking, writing, reading. I passed one group of Russians. Serious-faced, formally dressed for so early an hour, they were around a small table loaded

Cockney and coolie will benefit from this exchange of views between Lord Keynes and Dr. Kung.

The monetary conference in full session. The decisions taken may mean jobs or doles throughout the world.

with papers. Their heads were close together and M. S. Stepanov, Deputy People's Commissar of Foreign Trade of the U. S. S. R., was pointing to a sheet of paper and speaking rapidly in a low voice. At a second table were a half dozen Chinese, among them the celebrated Hsiang-hsi Kung, China's Minister of Finance. Kung was holding a like sheet of paper in his hand. Less than fifteen feet away was a third group consisting of our Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson, and several representatives of England, Canada, and New Zealand. They too held documents and were talking about them.

Gathered on that veranda were the leading financial minds of the world. For an instant I had a glimpse of a future in which nations could and would work together for a permanent peace. It was a sight that never had been seen before.

But to understand why "Bretton Woods" occurred and why it's so important to us, let's go back to the days following the first World War. When that conflict was over and President Wilson's dreams of world unity crashed, each nation started out on its own with one major thought—to get the best for itself and let the devil take the hindmost. The 1914-18 war naturally had caused upheaval in the international currency markets. The German mark had become worthless. The French franc had been battered from all sides. Nations had stopped shipping gold to each other when they owed for goods bought. That meant the old gold standard had been suspended. The rates at which one currency could be turned into another were either being officially maintained by government restrictions or were fluctuating violently in the black markets. Similarly, trade marts were in utter disorder. The situation cried out for common-sense co-operation, but within a few years after the armistice, the competitive race was on.

Maybe you know there was a world financial conference at Bretton Woods this summer. But did you know it was all about you, your job, and your pay check?

One country after the other, without consulting the next, "fixed" the value of its own currency at a rate it thought most advantageous. Some nations set their rates too high, in a desire for prestige or in the vain hope that a long period of prosperity was ahead. Some set their rates too low, in an effort to gain a temporary trade leadership. From one month to the next there was no assurance that a currency supposed to be worth, say, fifty cents, would be worth fifty cents. Speculation in currencies through the world was intense, and "insiders" who happened to know the right people in a nation's government made fortunes overnight by selling one money, buying another. Meanwhile, the men who operated factories, farms, cotton fields wondered why their foreign contracts read "sold" for one figure and yet their receipts, when they got them, had an entirely different value. And workers in basic industries here and the world over wondered why their jobs disappeared suddenly and why the times were tough.

The U. S. delegation. Standing, Harry D. White, Treasury; Fred M. Vinson, OES chief; Dean Acheson, State Dept.; Edward E. Brown, pres. First Nat'l Bank of Chicago; Marriner S. Eccles, Federal Reserve System; Rep. Jesse P. Wolcott. Seated, Senator Robert F. Wagner; Rep. Brent Spence; Henry Morgenthau, Jr.; Senator Charles W. Tobey.

In the '20s, too, Americans went on their own in the ticklish task of rehabilitating and developing foreign lands. We loaned billions to Latin-American countries, to European applicants. We bought bonds issued in the names of other governments, carrying temptingly high interest rates and distributed by faith-inspiring houses and banks. We took for granted that we would get back our original cash as well as our interest.

But you know what happened. The '30s came. Manipulation of currencies by countries trying desperately to gain a trade advantage and pull themselves out of depression became almost commonplace. In 1931 Britain was forced to admit her return to a rigid gold standard had been the wrong thing and her pound sterling was cut from its metal mooring. In a matter of months the pound crashed from its fixed price of $4.86 to close to $3. Speculators through the world had a field day playing its wild day-to-day gyrations. The crisis in the French franc became so serious that it's no exaggeration to say its instability led directly to France's disintegration. Defaults on the loans amounting to billions that American investors had made to foreign countries soared. Interest payments were halted abruptly. Bonds issued at 100 cents on the dollar plunged to 5, 10, 15 cents. The life savings of countless thousands of Americans went down the drain.

And on top of all came this war with its even greater financial chaos. Today there is not a currency in the world, outside of the U. S. dollar, which truthfully can be said to be worth what the nation it represents says it's worth. Whatever quotations are given in the currency marts for French francs, British pounds, Mexican pesos are "nominal" and reflect rigid government regulation. The regular trade marts have been twisted into abnormal shape by war. Trade with our enemies is outlawed. Lend-lease has obscured all normal transactions.

Yet, when peace returns, we know that trade among nations must rise rapidly or another and possibly deadly depression will be unavoidable. To keep our automobile factories and machine-tool shops and cotton fields going at high speed we must have foreign buyers for the goods produced. Otherwise millions of Americans employed in those factories and working those fields will be out of jobs. To create new buyers for our products and help stimulate industries elsewhere which will supply us with things we need, we know that a huge part of the globe must be reconstructed and wealthy regions must be developed. Without a booming foreign trade America can exist, of course, but it will be a mean sort of existence. Only when foreign trade is added to our own economy are full employment and thick pay envelopes and prosperity possible.

But an American bicycle manufacturer can't sell his bicycles to France unless he has some confidence that the currency in which he's paid is worth what it's supposed to be. And a French merchant can't buy our bicycles unless his country gets some help in re-establishing its solvency and the French franc is made acceptable as a means of payment. And Norway, Holland, China can't lift themselves back to their feet and become valued buyers and suppliers of goods unless the more fortunate nations of the world extend financial assistance.

THE way the situation exists today, none of these necessary developments could conceivably come about. The world is in so much worse shape than after the first World War that it's sickening to think of the problems ahead of us. "Collapse," as the British cynic put it, really would be "inevitable." And that leads us to Bretton Woods.

Long ago, Harry White, assistant to Secretary Morgenthau, began working on an American version of proper international financial co-operation. At the same time Lord Keynes started on a British counterproposal to accomplish the same thing. In Washington and in London, all during 1943 and early 1944, literally hundreds of secret meetings were held among monetary authorities to explore one another's viewpoints. Dozens of countries participated in the preliminary talks. Slowly, painfully, the plans were tied to-

(*Continued on page 77*)

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

BY CAPTAIN CORTEZ F. ENLOE, Jr., M. C.

Start of an air strike against the Japs in Burma. Major Radovich, pilot.

Winging toward the target, Tagaung, the B-25s fly tight for defense.

Bombs away! Tagaung burns and Jap barges are blasted by cannon fire.

"NOW you guys got that straight? Head for Myitson and give the ferry there a good going over. We gotta knock the Japs out of there for sure. Then head for Tagaung and see what you can find. British Intelligence says there's a lot of traffic at the Irrawaddy crossing."

Lieutenant Temple Moore, the Intelligence officer of Phil Cochran's Air Commando force, was just completing the usual informal briefing of the six bomber crews when he spotted black-bearded Charlie Russhon of Los Angeles, the Commandos' photographer.

"You goin' along, Rush?"

"Might as well," Rush replied.

"In that case, Rad," Moore told the pilot, Walter Radovich, "you better take them over that Jap airdrome at Kawlin. I'd like some pictures of that place. If they're buildin' up anything there, we'll do that next."

This is no story of a big mass air strike. It's just the tale of a routine day, but it's as thrilling and tragic as the greatest raid ever

That's the way it started. Casual is the word for it. The Air Forces' work is packed with death, just as that day's work was to be. But nobody really thinks much about it.

This was to be no exploit which would make a saga like Bombs Over Berlin, or Bombs Over Tokyo, or We Bombed Ploesti. Those are the big jobs. The raid on Burma ahead of us that afternoon has its counterpart in a dozen places in the world every day. It was the sort of thing thousands of our fliers are doing again and again as they throw the full weight of our air power against our enemies.

The way Radovich said, "Hop in, Cort," he might have been inviting me to ride down to the corner for a drink. I hoisted myself into the forward compartment through the escape hatch in the belly of the B-25. I had expected to wear my chute during the entire trip. Instead, the crew chief took it and packed it neatly behind the pilot's seat. There were four chutes up forward in the bomber, but how we would have been able to extricate them and put them on in an emergency I'll never know.

There were four of us forward and three men in the section aft. Back there were the tail gunner, waist gunner and radioman, and "Rush," the ubiquitous "photo Joe." Forward were Radovich, our pilot from Los Angeles; Bill Burns, the unobtrusive, friendly navigator and cannoneer from Springfield, Illinois; and the crew chief, who, besides being flight engineer, was responsible for the turret guns which protected us from attack above. The only space left for a flight surgeon was in the gun well. Standing there, I could see out either side.

The take-off was incredibly smooth. We were off the ground before I knew it. We began our steady climb over the wild-looking mountains which separate India and Burma. At one point we could see the dust of the trucks moving along the new mountain road to the Chindwin front. On our trip deep into Burma and back, these trucks were the only signs of life we saw. Yet, as we flew along, the six bombers, with the five Mustangs outside our formation and high above, I knew our approach was creating a commotion below.

Our first objective was the Japanese airfield at Kawlin. As Temple had said, we were to give Rush a chance to take his pictures, then shoot up anything we saw. It was important, because this was the day before our transports and gliders were to carry Wingate's Raiders in behind the enemy lines in Burma. The remainder of the formation waited upstairs while we went down for the pictures. But there wasn't a sign of life on the air installation, and the revetments were empty. We saved our ammunition.

When Rush had finished, we joined up and led off for Myitson, the ferry crossing supposed to be of some importance. I was tense and perspiring as we aimed our nose down toward the telltale junction in the Shweli River. As we approached we saw smoke rising. It appeared to come from small fires around the village. The five other bombers remained in formation about four miles away as Radovich took our lead ship down to 300 feet for a look around. We went up the river beyond the town, but there was not a sign of a ferryboat—nothing which might be worthwhile as a target. The fires suggested that someone had beaten us to the draw.

We could return with our bomb bays packed and our guns unfired—or search for targets of opportunity. Radovich, whose feather-trigger temper had earned him the nickname the Mad Chetnik—he was of Serbian extraction—would never think of going home without a fight. He led us west toward the broad expanse of the vital Irrawaddy. As we approached the river at about 1,000 feet, we spotted a line of rafts loaded with trucks and a double-decked steamer and a large barge unloading at Tagaung. To the statistical control people, perhaps, this wasn't a large enough target, but there was enough there to satisfy the urge to fire on the enemy which had been built up by the long trip out. Radovich signaled the formation for attack.

I expected to be terrified on my first treetop bombing attack. But now I can't recall having experienced any sensations at all during the raid itself. It was something like the stage fright that vanishes once the acting commences. Perhaps I should have been stirred by the sight of the houses flying into the air as we overshot the boats, but there was nothing personal about our savage onslaught. At such times the only thoughts in one's mind are: Will we hit those rafts down there? Can we sink that steamer, burn that barge?

We had fallen into a long single file and our plane was the first to go in. We

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HOME FOR A SOLDIER

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Can another boy ever take the place of the son who is gone? Mom and Pop found the answer with the help of the dog Danny left behind

BY RAY NAFZIGER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Squatted beside Danny's car was a kid of twelve or thirteen, laughing fit to kill at Racket.

WHEN Danny went away to the Army, he left his jaloppy under the big walnut that had been its garage all the years since he and his boy friends had pushed it home from a junk yard.

Danny had bought it with money earned at odd jobs. The afternoon when he came pushing that old wreck into the back yard was about the only time I ever spoke harshly to him. What made me mad was that I had a trade on for a slim-legged pinto which, with the stock saddle left from my kid days, would make Danny the fanciest pony outfit in town. Danny, I figured, ought to have the best because he'd had so little as an orphan kid before Mom and I adopted him.

I was ordering Danny to hustle the wreck back to the auto boothill when Mom came out.

Mom didn't say a word; she just looked at the tears in Danny's eyes and then she looked at me. Me, I folded up. I knew I hadn't understood what Danny wanted.

By supper that kid was one big lump of grease; next day he was trading around for parts. In a month he had the engine turning over. A little later the car actually groaned down the alley under its own power, with Danny at the wheel and Racket, his dog, in the seat with him.

A year before, Danny had paid fifty cents for a little mongrel pup you could hold in one hand. Like the car, Racket turned out all right—the smartest, noisiest watchdog in town, and the homeliest.

From the first Racket figured the jaloppy was his personal taxi. He'd howl like a banshee if the car went off without him, and when it came back he'd bite the tires, growling in fury, while Danny would laugh so you could hear him a block away.

After Danny finished high school we sent him off to state college. He drove in the jaloppy, taking Racket. After the first month he refused to take a dollar of the money we sent him. He had a swell job, he wrote, enough to pay his way. We found later he saved room rent part of the time by using the old car for his and Racket's dormitory.

Danny's father had been an engineer, the kind that built bridges, so the orphanage had told us. At college Danny studied another engineering—aviation. He'd had only a little over two years when he drove home suddenly one afternoon. He was headed for a flying school, where he wouldn't need the jal ppy as a dormitory. With the war coming, the country found it needed young fellows like Danny.

There was just time to say good-by before his train left. He went all through the house and the yard, where he laughed, watching Racket battle the jaloppy. Then he faced Mom and me.

"I only wish," he said, "I could really tell you what this has meant—the home you gave me. Here I've lived the way a boy was intended to live—with parents and all. I'll be like the rest of the boys; I'll have the same things to fight for."

"And to come back to, Danny," Mom said, holding him tight.

He got on the train, leaving Mom and me. And Racket sat in the old car, ready to bark at anybody who came near. Nights, too, he slept out there. When I'd take the car out occasionally, like I'd promised Danny, Racket would jump out when we got back, to bite the tires, mad because the trip hadn't been longer. But there was no Danny now to laugh at him.

Danny was writing us often from the fields where he was training. Then, after he went overseas, before we could hear from him, we heard of him—that a torpedo he'd launched had sunk a big Jap cruiser. He'd been hit. He lived just long enough to bring his plane back to the flying field.

Some people in our town sort of hinted it wasn't like losing your own boy, really—people like the mayor's wife. They didn't know what Mom went through. There was no way to comfort Mom.

One morning at daylight a loud screeching by the mayor's wife brought a few of us, including Jim Halsey on his police motorcycle. Someone had stolen oranges from the tree in her side yard, she said. Jim Halsey inspected the footprints.

"Just a kid," he said. "Had word yesterday of a runaway orphan boy from the industrial school at Bell. Likely him."

"A criminal at large!" she cried.

"Don't worry, ma'am. I'll shoot him at sight," said Jim Halsey with a wink to me. "He wasn't in there for nothing serious. A lot of that nowadays—kids with maybe their dad at war, or the parents split up, or both of 'em working in war plants. It's a problem."

"If these boys without proper homes were all a few years older," she said, "they could be stuck into the Army."

"Maybe they'd go in without being stuck in," Mom spoke up sharp, "if they were old enough—and if they'd had the proper sort of homes to make them want to fight for them."

Mom and me were eating breakfast next morning when we heard Racket start up his loud barking, following it with the growling show he puts on, biting tires. Then we heard someone laughing—a boy. We both thought of Danny. Mom caught my arm and we hurried outdoors.

Squatted beside Danny's car was a kid of twelve or thirteen, laughing fit to kill at Racket, who had his teeth clamped on a front tire. When the boy saw Mom and me, he turned to run. Then, realizing Mom was too hefty and I was too decrepit to chase him, he stood looking at us, and still laughing at Racket.

I spoke to him. "That car was bought

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Big leaguers in more than one sense. Billy Southworth and Major Billy Southworth, Jr.

PORTRAIT OF TWO FIGHTING MEN

BY BOB CONSIDINE

Meet Billy Southworth, manager of the St. Louis Cards, and Major Billy Southworth, Jr., Fortress pilot—a father and son who know teamwork pays off

THIS is the story of one of the nicest guys you could meet. To a lesser degree, it is the story of his son, too, one of the nicest young men you could meet. We're talking about Billy Southworth, manager of the fabulously successful St. Louis Cardinals, and his son, Major Billy Southworth, Jr., of the U. S. Army Air Forces.

By the time this sees print the St. Louis Cardinals will be in their third consecutive World Series. That's Billy senior's story. The club, which has the verve of the old Gashouse Gang and the deportment of choirboys, will carry the hopes and dough of millions of rooters spread all over this groggy globe. But the prime rooter will be Billy junior, wherever he is.

A year ago Billy junior and I sweated out the Cardinals' Series chances at a Flying Fortress base in England, where young Billy had just completed twenty-five harrowing missions against Luftwaffe-protected German industrial vitals. But he suffered genuinely when his old man's team went down to defeat before the Yankees. He said there'd be another year—and this is it.

We've never encountered a father-son friendship—and mutual admiration society—quite the equal of the Southworths'. The old man was a brilliant, erratic, and unlucky player. He saw in his big easy-moving son a chance to carry on the Southworth name on the playing field. The kid headed for the big leagues through a careful minor-league apprenticeship. He was all set. Then he enlisted as an air cadet and the old man swallowed and grinned proudly, though he knew, and the kid knew, that was probably the end of baseball for Billy junior.

The kid, first player in organized baseball to enlist in this war, said good-by to the game as few kids ever can. In one of the tensest moments of the 1942 Series, with the Cards fighting for a win over the Yankees, young Billy flew over Sportsman's Park in St. Louis with his Fortress, banking the big bomber around the field three times. By coincidence or not, the Cards went on to win the game—and the Series.

The old man gave young Billy his baseball cap just before the kid took off across the Atlantic to join the Eighth Air Force. Young Billy wore it on all of his missions. On every mission the kid also took along a baseball bat, a ball, and a couple of gloves—to use in prison camps in case he and his crew were shot down. When he got back over his home field after his twenty-fifth mission, he dived his Fortress, Winning Run, at the operations tower, opened a window and "bombed" the place with the baseball.

Old Bill, the most successful National League manager since John McGraw's heyday, was a flop at the start. His managerial career promised to be as stormy as his playing career, and that was stormy enough. He broke in with Cleveland in 1913, a frisky young outfielder with worlds of promise. But it took him fourteen years to become a star, and during that long stretch he moved from Cleveland to Toledo to Cleveland to Portland (Oregon) to the Pirates to Birmingham to the Pirates to the Braves to the Giants to the Cards.

He was one of the stars of the great 1926 Cardinals. His home run in the late portion of that season put the Cards in their first World Series, and his home run in the Series helped lick the Yankees. But a recurrence of an ankle injury sent him to Rochester the next year, to manage. He played the last half of the 1927 season and led Rochester to a pennant in the International League.

The 1928 Cardinals won the National League pennant under Bill McKechnie, but Sam Breadon and Branch Rickey fired McKechnie shortly after the World Series, which the Yanks won in four straight games. Southworth was selected as the new manager of the Cardinals for the 1929 season.

It was a great break for a young fellow who still could play a bang-up game in the outfield. Bill was thirty-six. Most of the Cards were his buddies from the pennant team of a couple of years before.

But he muffed it. He had been as much of a hell-raiser as they had been, so when he began to exert a little discipline they balked. He threatened to slap a $500 fine on Jimmy Wilson if Wilson drove his car to spring training camp. One of the players called him a heel in a dressing-room lecture. One night he walked into a hotel room, bent on breaking up what he believed was an all-night party being staged by Chick Hafey and Jim Bottomley, and found the two suspects asleep in bed. They told the others. Dissension was rife and in midseason Southworth was canned.

Billy did well back at Rochester, but there was something wrong inside him. He began to be devil-may-care. He lost his friends in the Cardinal chain. Then Bill Terry gave him a chance as a Giant coach in the spring of 1933.

But things were no better with the Giants. He was fired before the 1933 season opened—thus blowing a Giants World Series' check that year. He had a fist fight with Terry the day he left. Now nobody wanted him. He was a hero only to his son.

Then he met a fine girl named Mabel Stemen in Columbus, Ohio. She became his second wife on January 7, 1934, and slowly, surely, Billy began to straighten out. A little anxiously Branch Rickey put him in as manager of Asheville, North Carolina, the Cardinals' lowliest farm.

Billy made good, won two pennants there, and saw his boy take his first faltering steps in organized baseball with that team. Memphis, owned by Tom Watkins, signed Billy. Billy more than made good. Not only did he win a pennant, but his suggestions did Watkins a lot of good, personally. By 1939 Billy was back at Rochester, once again breathing on the neck of the big show.

Breadon and Rickey gave him the Cardinals for the second time in June, 1940, when he replaced his friend Ray Blades. One of his first acts of office was to invite his ballplayers to stay over in New York an extra night in order to take in the Joe Louis-Arturo Godoy fight. Billy had

learned. He, who had scraped bottom, now knew how to look into the insides of other men. Since then he's had tenderness without weakness, compassion without indecision, strength without hardness.

He didn't have much of a ball club. The Cardinal front office had unloaded $368,500 worth of ballplayers—the Deans, Joe Medwick, Curt Davis, Mickey Owen, and other stars. That didn't leave much.

Billy began to hand-pick a team from the Cardinal chains. He brought in Terry Moore, Don Padgett, Jimmy Brown, "Creepy" Crespi, Ernie White, Walker Cooper, Howie Krist, Hank Gornicki. He asked old Lon Warneke to help him teach his young pitchers to pitch. The last fumes of the Gashouse Gang began to disappear, but not the spirit and the aggressiveness. Billy retained that. He injected a ferocious but clean college spirit into the club. Quietly it began to move forward, its progress hardly noticed in fandom's rush to hail first the Reds and later Dem Bums from Brooklyn.

BILLY installed a system of making every player a sort of manager without portfolio. He remembered a time during his own playing days when Billy Craig, the Giants' bat boy, brought him out of a six-week batting slump by telling him he was crouching too much at the plate. Even McGraw had failed to spot that.

No rookie is too green to offer a suggestion to him, and his clubs therefore work better together, have fewer jealousies. For example, one day early in his regime the Cards were losing to the Braves, 1-3, in the ninth inning. Walker Cooper bunted and was safe at first. Johnny Hopp walked, "Whitey" Kurowski forced Cooper at third on an attempted sacrifice. Southworth then selected Ken O'Dea to pinch-hit for Marty Marion. But as O'Dea walked toward the plate, Hopp began to yell from second base to Billy in the dugout. Billy trotted out to second, after calling time.

"Why don't you put in Sanders? He's really hitting the ball," Hopp suggested. Ray Sanders and Hopp were fighting desperately for the first-basing job at that time. Billy nodded, put in Sanders to hit for Marion, and Sanders singled, scoring Hopp and putting Kurowski on third.

Then O'Dea was sent in to bat for the pitcher and ordered to put on the squeeze play with Kurowski. It is a tough thing to ask a slugger to do, but O'Dea dropped a perfect bunt down the baseline, and Kurowski raced home with the tying run. The Cards went on to win the game.

Billy turned down a chance to get "Bobo" Newsom during the grueling stretch drive for the 1942 pennant. He took a youngster named Bill Beckmann instead, and most of the experts suggested that he have his skull examined—because Newsom went to the Dodgers and was considered pennant insurance for that club.

"As great as he is, Newsom just wouldn't fit into the pattern of our team," Southworth explained. "He's a veteran and he's an individualist, and we haven't any players of either type. All we've got, and all we want, is a team that has youth and speed and no solo ambitions."

During the same hectic pennant race of 1942—which saw the Dodgers leading by ten and a half games at one stage—Southworth released his friend and counselor, Lon Warneke.

"Lon understands," he said at the time, though no one was too inclined to string along with him. "It's the old question of youth against age. If I keep Lon I've got to release this kid, Johnny Beazley. If I send Beazley back to the minors it will break his spirit. He's got the poise of a veteran and I'm not going to smack it around."

He kept Beazley, and the rest is baseball history. The Cards won 43 of their last 52 games during that 1942 season. That was the year Mort Cooper's uniform number always coincided with the number of the pitching victory he was after. He never had to ask for the right player's uniform. The fellow always had it ready for him. The team literally gave Mort the shirts off their backs.

The 1942 Cards overcame the Dodgers in September by winning a corking double-header. That night, as the players entered a train station at Philadelphia en route to their Philadelphia hotel, a Negro in street clothes tried to grab Beazley's suitcase. Beazley tugged it away and the Negro pulled a knife and cut the young pitcher across his pitching hand.

BEAZLEY took the mound the next day in the first game of a critical double-header against the Phils. He was trying for his twentieth win, and would have copped it except for two errors in the ninth by teammates who actually wept over their miscues.

Into this emergency stepped young Beckmann, who had been selected over the great Bobo. He won the second game, to give the Cards an even break. The next day Terry Moore hurt his leg, but substitute Harry Walker took over, belted a triple to start a ninth-inning rally that gave the Cardinals a 2-1 edge in the important series. They won again the next day, and were never headed. Not even the Yankees could stop them. In the resultant World Series they ran Joe McCarthy's confident champions ragged.

Most dramatic moment of the 1942 series was reached in the final game when, with Beazley trailing 1-2 and the bases filled, Joe DiMaggio stepped to the plate. Billy called time and trotted out

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PHOTOS FROM PRESS ASSOCIATION

Teamwork has won games for Southworth's Cardinals. Here the boys hoist him to celebrate their third pennant win.

PHOTOS FROM 1ST AIR FORCE

Doing just what they please when they please helps battle-weary airmen sort out their ideas.

The ARMY AIR FORCES' G. I. HEAVEN

BY CAPTAIN PAUL R. HILL

A combination college and country club where convalescent servicemen get back on their feet in a type of Army life that's a G. I. dream

LIEUTENANT PAUL R. BREEDING didn't know about a small town in the rolling foothills of the Berkshire Hills when he climbed into the pilot's seat of his Flying Fortress last February to fly his thirteenth mission over Germany. Nor did he realize that fate and a small group of officers and enlisted men in Pawling, New York, were to play a dramatic role in his life.

Lieutenant Breeding's ship reached its objective, dropped its bombs on the target, and was then attacked by a swarm of Focke-Wulf 109s. One of them loosed a blast of 13.7 cannon shells. A tracer tore through the "greenhouse," killed his co-pilot, and went through Lieutenant Breeding himself. Badly injured, he was made as comfortable as possible in the radio compartment by the crew. The top turret gunner slapped an oxygen mask on his face.

Meanwhile, the pilotless ship weaved crazily until the bombardier, who had escaped injury, managed to right it. Somehow, despite constant fighter attacks, he brought the plane over England, but he knew he couldn't land it by himself. The crew carried the nearly unconscious Lieutenant Breeding, at his own direction, back to the pilot's seat, and Breeding managed to set the big plane down on a friendly airport. Then he passed out.

A month elapsed and he was evacuated by air to the United States from a General Hospital. He was sent immediately to Mitchel Field, New York, and on May 5 was ordered to a post at Pawling, New York. Although marvelous surgery had now repaired his wounds, he was still shaken from his experience. Yet one month later he was declared fit for duty.

How Lieutenant Breeding managed to get into such excellent condition in the amazingly short space of one month is now an open secret. What he went through at Pawling hundreds are now going through, and thousands will benefit from the experience as the air war steps up in intensity. It is an achievement to which the Army Air Forces point with pride.

At the Pawling School for Boys, teen-age youths luxuriously "prepped" for college before the war. Now, at the same school, the Army Air Forces are battling against the ravages of war which inevitably result when men take to the air in combat.

The Convalescent and Rehabilitation Center located there is the answer to urgent questions posed by Army medical authorities: What can be done to restore to normality the physically uninjured pilot who is mentally and psychologically worn out from many operational missions against the enemy? What can be done to bring health to the rear gunner whose flak wounds have healed sufficiently to permit him to move slowly under his own power, but who is still unfit for an Army desk job or for return to civilian life? What can be done for the soldier who no longer can perform the same skills he learned and used in civilian life?

The Air Surgeon's office believes it has found the answer. It is Pawling, or its equivalent. As proof, the office points to the healthy officers and men who now board *departing* trains and buses periodically.

The A. A. F. is still fishing for a name which will tell the complete story of Pawling, and the many "Pawlings" which are now in the early stages of operation. To date, it hasn't been found. Convalescence somehow brings to mind rows of wheel chairs. There are none at Pawling. In fact, many patients are in the trout-fishing-and-golf stage of recovery. Rehabilitation connotes a "return to a former state," but many of Pawling's patients do not want to return to what they were doing. Some who were salesmen will become successful farmers or electricians. Former soda clerks can become expert radiomen if they wish.

Pawling is in the country and its patients derive the healthful benefits of country living. In certain respects the Center offers its patients more club benefits than a fraternity or country club could ever afford. But Pawling has even more than this to offer its injured soldiers. The A. A. F. selected it for a model Convalescent Center for two reasons: the excellent preparatory-school facilities already available, and the proximity of Consolidated Edison's model Green Mountain Farm.

Officers and enlisted men are recommended for Pawling by attending flight surgeons when their wounds and ailments enable them to leave hospitals overseas, or they may be sent from the Distribution Center at Atlantic City, New Jersey, where their condition is determined and final approval granted for transfer to "G. I. Heaven," the soldiers' name for the Center.

Once there, the soldier immediately undergoes a change from his former military status that leaves him bewildered. He is first told that, while officers and men will undergo many of the same treat-

Many a man has always yearned to draw and paint. At Pawling he gets a chance—if he wants it.

ments, rigid military discipline and customs will be held to a minimum. He is further told that his stay is in no sense mandatory and that he may leave any time he desires. (To date, not a soldier has requested to be relieved. Authorities like to tell of one soldier who had to be forcibly placed on a departing bus. He hated to leave.) Fatigue clothes may be worn at all times except at the evening meal, when shirt and pants are acceptable. The soldier is expected to make his own bed and keep his room tidy, but here his official duties end.

From the moment of his arrival at Pawling until he leaves, he, as an individual, will be the chief concern of the staff and personnel. He may have his wife join him in Pawling, although, because of housing shortage, she is asked to room in town, a short distance away. She may have all her meals with her husband at very low cost and is encouraged to be with him as much as possible after hours.

THE daily activity schedule amazes the newcomer. Within limits, he may just about select his own program of activity. The only restriction is that he must advise the director of rehabilitation of what he is doing. For the first week, exercises in keeping with his physical condition are outlined for him. For many just out of the hospital, this takes the form of muscle toning. In some cases it means learning to use muscles to compensate for those which have been destroyed. This is especially necessary in partial paralysis and amputation cases.

Exercise for more active patients may take the form of golf, archery, horseback riding, hiking trips, baseball, volleyball, swimming in the big indoor heated pool, fishing in the best-stocked lake within five hundred miles, or trout fishing in the many shaded streams near by. Six tennis courts are available; twenty-four bicycles stand ready.

And there are no dull evenings for Pawling's recuperating patients. Entertainment of the highest type is provided. Top-notch talent of radio, stage, and screen regularly make the sixty-mile trip from New York City. The casts of Oklahoma, Winged Victory, Mexican Hayride, and other Broadway hits have visited Pawling, and many others are scheduled.

During his stay at Pawling the soldier may learn anything he chooses, whether educational or vocational. If he wants to complete an unfinished high-school course, arrangements will be made for him to do it right at the Convalescent Center.

Radio theory, economic geography, physics, radio production, photography, mathematics, journalism, navigation, savings and investments, military law, bookkeeping and accounting, shorthand, dramatics, music, and biology are a few of the academic courses, first suggested by patients and then made a part of the daily curriculum. Classes are informal—held on the rolling green lawns when the weather permits. To quote an officer instructor, they are "one jump ahead of a bull session." There are no exams and no note-taking.

If a soldier prefers to work with his hands, he may learn farming and husbandry at the model farm, which has a herd of prize Guernsey cows and two thousand chickens and turkeys, as well as a large greenhouse and other farm installations. Most of the food served at the Army messes comes from the farm. Fresh eggs, butter, and milk are served daily.

Others may prefer to use the well-equipped workshop where experience in the use of power tools is gained. A radio-building-and-repair shop is well patronized. One lieutenant made a special project of rebuilding the wooden frame and top of his long-neglected station wagon, which his wife drove to Pawling for him. He was an operational-fatigue case whose mind and nerves needed rest from the constant battering of combat flights.

"We'll provide anything in the way of study from ancient Sanskrit to Basic English for a patient if he really wants it," said Major Hobart H. Todd, youthful commanding officer of the Center, who served with the Fifth Air Force as a flight surgeon in the Southwest Pacific theater.

How would he go about training a patient to become a telephone lineman if the patient had his heart set on it?

"We would first suggest that he familiarize himself with the basic courses in electricity now offered daily, and we would then make arrangements with the local telephone company to take him on as a trainee," said Major Todd. "All we ask is that the soldier tell us what he is interested in and we'll try to provide the instruction."

Some patients must ease into the program slowly. Operational-fatigue cases often pose difficult psychiatric problems. Each patient is urged to consult "his" doctor regularly. Personal medical talks behind closed doors are the rule, and a detailed medical-progress report is maintained for each man. Clinical reports are rendered regularly to Major Todd by all officers associated with each individual, and a "personality picture" is thus obtained on which to base suggestions for the patient's continued improvement.

Does the Pawling system work? Judge

(*Continued on page 75*)

Wounds heal but leave their marks. Often a soldier must learn to use new muscles in place of damaged ones.

The lascars simply burst in and seized us, and they tied our hands behind us.

Wallowing in the Java Sea, the Circe lay at the Japs' mercy. It was a time for cunning and deceit—and the lascar crew took full advantage of it

FOR belated permission to tell this story, my thanks are due to Captain John Peters; and for causing him to give this permission, I must acknowledge the untiring efforts of Radio Tokyo. Their English-language broadcasts gave the first accounts of our misadventures, and after all this time they are still repeating the story. As their versions became more and more fantastic and exultant, they finally struck Captain Peters as odious and intolerable. It is his conviction that the true story, as I am to tell it, exhibits him as a perfect fool, but he prefers that to letting the Japanese enjoy their cheap triumph.

THE confusion which is the keynote of everything I have to relate began in Singapore. They hustled the Circe out of dry dock with her overhauling half finished, to be crammed with the heaviest, the most valuable, and by far the most miscellaneous cargo I had ever seen put in her hold. It was not so much stowed as dumped and poured into her—records of government offices and business houses, the furniture of one of our owners, crates and cases of machinery, a consignment of raw cotton, three hundred dozen of French champagne, and bale on bale of tobacco.

They were clearing out simply everything movable, and we were to put to sea with it—to take it to Australia, if we could, but anyway to get it out of there. The owners chivvied us, and so did the naval men and the port authorities. They overrode all our protests. They got the hatches on and battened down, and rounded up our lascars and sent them aboard. They told us to get a move on, and we did.

Visibly, Singapore was not a place to loiter in just then. There was a storm getting ready to break, and we took that feeling of an impending storm with us when we put to sea. The frantic haste and distraction we had left on shore were part of the feeling, but to me the most ominous part was the irritable loquacity of Captain John Peters. He is an old hand, and when he grows cantankerous and talkative, he sees trouble in the offing.

"Turn us around like a blessed tram at the end of the line!" he exclaimed. "You can't do that with a ship, Gresham! Lord, to waddle into the Java Sea at this time of year with the cargo piled like potatoes in a bin! With Munro's engine room all bits and bolts and spanners, and the crew ready to cut our throats for snatching them away from their gambling dens! A fine thing to let the Japs throw us into such a panic, isn't it? If that's the best the white man can do with his burden—"

I leaned on the bridge rail, for I was weary, and waited. We were in a tight place. Whereabouts of the Japanese, their strength and their intentions were uncertain. The news we got had been chiefly rumors, but something more than rumors had thrown Singapore into such a turmoil. Something more than rumors lay between us and Australia, and I was not thinking of an ill-stowed cargo or of the state of Munro's engine room. Neither was Cap-

The TURNCOAT

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR BREYFOGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

tain Peters, I was sure, though he chose those as appropriate subjects for grumbling. It was something else, much worse, that we had to fear—airplanes perhaps, or a submarine. I turned with a start. Ali, the serang, had come to the head of the bridge ladder and was waiting for me to notice him.

Compared with ours, his preoccupation seemed small. It was a matter of hatch covers, and I told him to see to it himself. Captain Peters watched him go down the ladder and along the deck, and scowled. "Those fellows!" he said. "You never know what they are thinking about!"

"Ali, sir? I should say, about his job and his luck at gambling. He never speaks of anything else."

"That's it! You can't get them to talk. They're close, Gresham, very close! Waiting for something, as like as not. I don't like it!"

In that mood the Old Man was capable of disliking a sextant or the ship's cat. Aboard the Circe, Ali came in the same class of fixtures. He had been the serang for twenty-odd years. He transmitted our orders to the lascar crew, and saw to it that they were carried out. A year before, as a mark of long and faithful service, he had been given a silver medal and a scarlet jacket braided with gold. If the captain wanted to worry about one of the ship's company, he might just as reasonably have singled out Munro, our chief engineer, or myself, the first mate. Or so I thought.

I DO not recall another voyage when so many things went wrong. Munro and Sanderson, the second engineer, did not come up for dinner that evening but asked for a plate of sandwiches and a pot of tea. Even without that indication, we could have told that something was wrong below decks. The Circe merely limped along, and neither the quarter seas nor the slovenly loading would account for her halting pace. At nine o'clock, Munro came up to say that the engines would have to be stopped.

Captain Peters took that as a personal affront. "The engines stopped? And for how long, Mr. Munro?"

Munro chose to answer the tone, not the words. "It's not to be mended by shouting, that machinery! The way they botched their job in Singapore, we'll be having a connecting rod through the ship's bottom at any turn. I'll not answer for my engines, the way they are."

"How long do you propose to stop them, I asked you! Do you understand that we're supposed to get to Australia before the Japs can sink us? And that the seas are getting up and the glass is going down? Do you understand that you've picked the worst possible time and weather to make repairs?"

"I didn't pick the time nor the weather!" said James Munro. "And what I understand is that anything over half-speed will just drop the whole engine room through the keel, the way it is with us now. A poor way to stay ahead of the Japanese that is! If I had them here, the drunken hoodlums that wrecked my engines—"

The captain dropped his voice in time. "How long will you be?"

"A great part of this night," said Munro sourly. "And that much longer for every moment I stand talking here! I'll just get on with my job."

He turned away. There was never any arguing with Munro about his machinery. He was a good man, and we knew the engines must have been in a shocking state. But a chill went up my spine when I heard his "A great part of this night."

Because it reduced us to complete helplessness, put us at the mercy of the slowest Japanese gunboat. They might be coming down behind us even now, or hurrying through Macassar Strait to head us off. We didn't know, for the wireless had been dead since early afternoon. Now the engines were dead too, and the only activity was in the vicious rising seas that heaved the Circe up and down. On a querulous note, Captain Peters said, "The cargo will shift soon, mark my words! This isn't the end of our troubles."

"I was wondering about the lights, sir."

"Eh? What lights?"

"All that we're showing. With the engines stopped all night—"

"Oh, Lord! Of course! Have them turned out, Gresham, every last one! And tell the men not to smoke on deck."

This was a sensible precaution, but most unpleasant. It made the ship into a skulking, fearful thing, and let loose upon us all the terrors of the imagination. Any burst of hammering from the engine room made us jump. The lascars had gathered in the waist, where we could guess at their presence by the intermittent murmur of their talk. They were never a lighthearted lot, but now their gravity and the very composure with which they endured the long waiting seemed sinister and threatening. I am not fluent in their language, that *lingua franca* of all the Eastern seas, and all I knew of their discussion was its earnestness and the fact that the serang did most of the talking. "What's he jawing about?" the captain demanded out of the darkness.

"I don't know, sir."

"About murdering us, as like as not! *They're* not worried, the heathen! Asia for the Asiatics, the Greater Asia Co-prosperity Sphere, Utopia Made in Japan! Isn't that it, Gresham?"

I knew better than to reply. The captain didn't expect it. He has the faculty of talking himself out of his anxieties, and his monologues are often quite irrelevant to the cause of his worry. Thus, with Munro's engines, the state of the weather, and the chance of capture by the Japanese on his mind, he elected to discourse on Ali, our serang.

"Shipmates with him for twenty years, and what do I know about him? The only time I ever saw him anything like human was once when I loaned him money to pay a gambling debt, and the beggar dropped on the deck and started patting my feet! I gathered it would have been a dreadful disgrace to him if he'd left port with that debt unpaid. But even that time it was over in a flash and he was his old wooden self again.

"I don't know what he thinks about me or the ship or the scarlet jacket we gave him a year ago. If he saw me drowning, I don't know whether he'd fish me out or push me under! That's the kind of people they are—all of them, not just Ali. There they are, jabbering away in the dark down there, and that's as close as we'll ever come to understanding them. I tell you, Gresham, I don't like it!"

I have sometimes thought that Captain Peters did it on purpose. He substituted an arbitrary discontent for the true source of his worry, vented his anxiety upon this whipping boy, and thus had his mind rid of gnawing fears when the time came to cope with the real trouble. Certainly a proper emergency always found him quick, cool, and collected. I had an illustration of this trait of his now.

The captain turned sharply. "It doesn't concern you! Get off this bridge!"

For, just on the crest of a big sea, the Circe hung for a moment, lurched sickeningly, and listed hard to port. The racket from her hold told us what had happened. At least one of the captain's fears had not been imaginary: the cargo had shifted badly, might not be through shifting yet.

This was in my department. But before I could stir, Captain Peters was down the bridge ladder and calling to the lascars. The hatch covers came off, and he was the first man down. Young Sanderson came up from the engine room, dripping with sweat and his voice gone to a weary croak. "The chief wants to know what's happened," he said. Then he giggled. "Mr. Munro's put out! He says it's not his notion of a fair joke!"

(*Continued on page 66*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

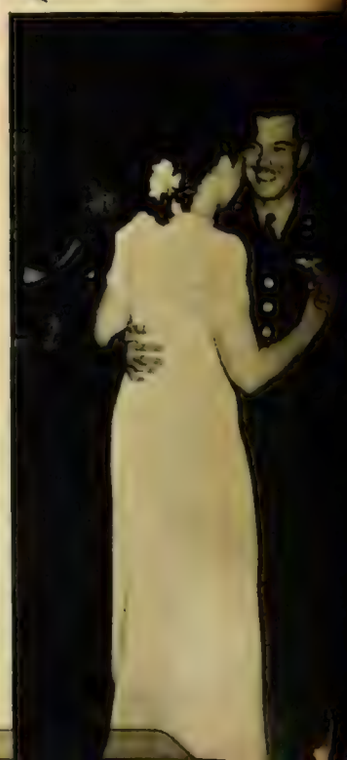
TIGHT TIGHTS—Linda Darnell finds you can't keep a pint of body, no matter how lovely, in a half pint of costume. Linda plays the feminine lead in The Great John L., Bing Crosby's first picture as a producer.

DURABLE TWEED—For those who've missed his picture we present again George Tweed, navy radioman who took to the hills when the Japs took Guam. He eluded capture and eventually U. S. forces retook Guam, freed Tweed.

ROGUES' GALLERY—Liberty's war correspondent Roy Pinney displays souvenirs of the battle for Valognes, France—bullet-riddled photos of Hitler and Göring. Der Führer's face ain't what it used to be.

SCRAP SCOOTER—Sgt. Maurice Tombaugh of Minden, Neb., is a guy who doesn't walk if he can help it. To get around the Jolly Roger bomber base in New Guinea he put together the belly tank of a P-39, an air-compressor motor, parts from a Liberator, and wheels from an oxygen cart. It runs O. K.

NIP GOD NIPPED—This second cousin to the cigar-store Indian is a wooden Jap war god our boys found on Saipan. Now he'll decorate a U. S. command post in the Marshalls.



SWEEP NO MORE— Those rocket projectiles on either side of the picture come from the British Beaufighter carrying the camera. They are on the way to blast a Nazi mine sweeper.

WHO NEEDS TO PARLEZ-VOUS? — Jitterbugging's an international language, so that's the way to celebrate in Rennes, France. Cpl. Rosario Talliento of Brooklyn doesn't speak French and the girl doesn't talk Brooklyn.

STOODENTS? — Bandleader Kay Kyser made no changes in the faculty of his Kollege of Musical Knowledge when he married Georgia Carroll, the reformed cover girl who was, and is, his vocalist.

JIVIN' IVAN—Russian fliers get acquainted with Americans of both sexes at the ATC base at Nome, whence lend-lease planes are ferried.

PIN-UP BOY—Servicewomen at the Norfolk, Va., Army Air Base hold a male beauty contest. The winner, above, obviously has brains as well as beauty—he refused to give his name.

The jeep rolled to a stop in a marsh. They struggled out and raced back to the creek.

BESSIE ARBRUSTER GOES SUPERSNOOPING

BY RONALD G. SERCOMBE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Liberty's swashbuckling heroine was "brung up to keep out of other people's business." But when a bootleg gang moved in on her, Bessie lost her breeding with a bang

THE Lark purred through the darkening waters of Arbruster Bay. Bessie Arbruster, chewing gum vigorously and singing to herself, relaxed at the helm.

"'Oh, what a beautiful evenin'!'" Bessie improvised inharmoniously. "'Oh, what a beautiful night!'"

Bessie was high-tailing for her docks at the Angler's Inn after delivering two hundred pounds of frozen croaker and weakfish to the Coast Guard station at Tuckerton. A couple of solitary hours on New Jersey's vast network of backwaters always put Bessie in a mellow frame of mind, and now, as she moored the Lark, her spirits were as blithe as her actions were vigorous.

With a final tug on the hawser, she secured the bow of the Lark and ambled up the dock to the inn.

It was Tuesday night and the inn was virtually deserted. Charlie, Bessie's aide-de-camp, was lethargically drying beer steins. A lone customer sat on a stool.

Bessie burst in like a sou'wester.

"Ahoy!" she roared, and the stranger nearly jumped out of his skin. Charlie glanced up and waved a weary hand

"Hi, Bess. Things is quiet," he said.

"I got eyes, ain't I?" snapped Bessie. She stared at the stranger for a moment. "O. K., Charlie. Now you run along. I'll expect you at six tomorrow mornin'. I'm goin' out early to git some clams."

Charlie nodded, shuffled toward the door. Bessie bustled over to the cash register, counted the receipts, and then checked on the empty beer bottles.

"Humph," she grunted. "Charlie's slippin'. On'y five bottles o' beer fer himself in four hours."

The lone customer came to life. He was middle-aged, pale-faced, and sharp-eyed. He was dressed for summer, although it was late fall—brown slacks, tropical worsted coat, and straw hat. Bessie knew he wasn't a fisherman the moment she saw him; her mind hoisted storm warnings.

"Let me have some Queen's Taste whisky," the man said casually. Bessie glanced at him sharply

"Haven't had any fer a year," she replied. "Can't git it."

"How about Empire State?"

Bessie's hands moved to her bulging hips and she eyed the stranger curiously.

"Everything I got you kin see on the shelf," she said shortly. "There's on'y three brands and, from what they tell me, they ain't so hot."

The stranger winked slyly.

"It's O. K.," he said in a confidential manner. "Slip me a drink of that private stock you've got under the bar."

Bessie's jowls stiffened.

"Mister," she snapped, "I don't know who ye are an' I care less. I tagged ye as a supersnooper when I first seen ye. Now git, afore I forgit I'm a lady."

Bessie started walking purposefully around the bar. The stranger chuckled.

"All right, Bessie, relax," he said easily. "Commander Crosby told me about you. I just wanted to double-check."

Commander Crosby, in charge of the Coast Guard Barkentine Station, was one of Bessie's warmest friends.

"My name is Aimsworth," the stranger added. "Carl Aimsworth. Special investigator for the Alcohol Tax Unit operating out of Washington. There is a flood of bootleg coming out of Jersey, Bessie. My job is to find the source."

"How come if ye're workin' out o' Washington you got Jersey license tags?"

Aimsworth looked blank for a moment. Then he burst out laughing.

"By gad," he said, "Crosby is right! You don't miss a trick. You wouldn't think it to look—ah—that is—"

Bessie nodded. "I know eggsackly what ye mean," she said. "Go on." Bessie had never learned to care for plain-clothes government agents.

"Why—" Aimsworth looked a little abashed. "I'm using a car I borrowed at district headquarters. As I was saying, thousands of dollars' worth of bootleg is pouring out of Jersey every month. I know this much—a powerful syndicate is in operation between here and Atlantic City. Commander Crosby said you knew everything that went on around Barkentine Island—that you might have a clue."

Bessie pursed her lips and studied the mounted bass on the bar.

"I was brung up," she said finally, "to keep out o' other people's business."

Aimsworth arose politely but stiffly.

"Well," he said, forcing a smile, "if that's the way you feel—"

As he reached the door, Bessie sighed.

"Howbeit if'n I should happen to git growin' pains in me neck, I'll call ye."

TWO nights later, Doc Harrison, at one time an outstanding obstetrician but at seventy-one retired and an inveterate back-channel angler, came barging into the Angler's Inn with a grouch.

"A blue striper," he muttered, spreading his arms, "that long! Had him right beside the boat and the gut leader broke. The gut leader you sold to me!"

"Twarn't the gut," Bessie snapped. "It's the way you jerk yer rod."

"Hot buttered rum," Doc barked, "before I bite somebody!"

Bessie retired to the kitchen to make the drink. Ordinarily she would have argued it out, but tonight she had something important to discuss with Doc.

Doc's melancholia soon thawed beneath Bessie's soothing tonic. He and Bessie were locked in controversy over the relative merits, gastronomically speaking, of croaker and kingfish when two men entered.

The first was short, cadaverous, and beady-eyed. He wore a little yellow mustache and horn-rimmed glasses. Sartorially he was the last word in fashion of poor taste—a race-track checkered tweed, sky-blue necktie, three-tone sports shoes, and a dark maroon Hollywood scarf.

His companion was tall, heavy set, with thick lips and a repulsive sadistic expression. He was plainly dressed.

"Cripes!" muttered Bessie. "Look what the sou'west wind brung."

Doc's heavy gray eyebrows did a nip-up as he observed the newcomers.

The garishly clad man approached Bessie and pompously extended a hand.

"You're Mrs. Arbruster, aren't you!"

"Arbruster's the name," Bessie said curtly, "but I allus knew better'n to git matromonized."

"Oh—" the man was slightly taken aback. "Well—I'm—"

"I know," replied Bessie, waving a hand. "You're Sam'l Davidson, the funeral man. An' the fellow wid ye is Ed Gaincross, the real-estate man. What brings ye to this end of the island?"

Davidson coughed and forced a smile.

"You're certainly well informed," he said, straining to be jocular. "I—ah—won't beat about the bush, Miss Arbruster."

"Never does no good," Bessie commented dryly. "Jest knocks the leaves off."

"Mr. Gaincross and I came here on business," he said finally. "Frankly, Miss Arbruster, we're interested in your property. I have checked over your holdings, and we are prepared to offer nine thousand dollars for everything you have here."

It was Bessie's turn to blink.

"How come you want it?" she asked.

"After the war," Davidson replied glibly, "Mr. Gaincross and I see some rapid developing on Barkentine Island. We plan to develop a high-class residential section here. Your—ah—boating concession and tavern would—ah—hardly fit in."

Bessie waddled to the urn, poured herself a cup of coffee. Then she turned.

"Ain't for sale," she snapped.

Davidson's face hardened and his neck turned a deep red. "The final offer is ten thousand," he said.

"You heerd me," Bessie replied testily. "It ain't fer sale."

Gaincross intervened. "I must warn you that we are determined to acquire this section of Barkentine Island."

"Over my dead body," barked Bessie. "Yer pal here'll never git to handle my corpse-delictus. An' in a couple more seconds I'm a-gonna fergit I'm a fimmel."

Davidson glowered.

"Very well," he said flatly. "We have already purchased the adjoining block, with riparian rights. We'll establish a boating business there immediately—at cut rates. In another three months you'll be begging us to buy for five thousand."

Bessie turned her back. Davidson, enraged, brought his fist down on the bar.

"I'll have you understand—"

Bessie wheeled with abruptness. In her hands she held a two-quart siphon. Seltzer water gushed like a fountain and its target was Davidson's open mouth.

Gaincross headed for the door. The stream caught him squarely in the neck.

Spluttering and fuming, Davidson dashed for the door.

"You—you old cow!" he shouted.

A coffee cup zoomed past his ear and crashed against the door. He ran out.

Bessie, snorting with indignation, bustled around the bar. Doc, who hadn't said a word, grabbed her by her burly shoulders and forced her onto a stool.

"No use getting your entrails into an upheaval," he said. "We've outsmarted smarter people than that pair."

Bessie took a deep breath.

"They're no good, either one of 'em."

"That's right," agreed Doc, lighting his fat pipe. "Gaincross is crooked as an eel and Davidson's a scummy toadfish."

AT seven o'clock the following evening, Bessie, Doc, and Trixie Dunbar, who edited the island's weekly newspaper, were anchored at a lonely spot known as the "intersection." It was where the waters of Little Mud, a tidal creek, churned into the salty Barkentine Channel.

Trixie, young and vivacious, had long been a close friend of Bessie and Doc. Bessie, as a source of information about island doings, was invaluable to a newspaperman. But foremost, Trixie loved Bessie for her naturalness, her uninhibited mannerisms, and her bluntness.

Doc strung half a shedder crab on his bottom hook, a piece of cut shrimp on his top hook, and cast. The line backspun and snarled.

"Humph," Bessie muttered. "If ye're afraid to burn yer thumb on the reel, whyn't you git a thumb guard?"

"Oh, horsecollar!" Doc snapped,

Trixie sighed.

"I came out here to relax," she said

(*Continued on page 70*)

Bessie's hands moved to her hips and she eyed the stranger curiously.

Class in Electricity

Drawn from widely separated peacetime occupations, these purposeful learners in a Bethlehem shipyard are being taught the essentials of marine electrical work.

None of them had ever before set foot in a shipyard, or had any experience with electricity beyond changing a light bulb or plugging in a toaster. But soon these same men and women were installing complicated electrical wiring on troopships and cargo carriers—and doing the work with speed and skill comparable to an experienced electrician.

Not that full-fledged electricians can be produced in a few short weeks. But by well-planned training, learners who are responsive and alert can quickly be trained to do some one branch of the work, and do it with speed and proficiency.

Training unskilled workers in marine electricity has been done successfully by following the same principle as in training workers for hundreds of other jobs: Take complicated operations or crafts that normally call for perfected skills, and break them up into their simple, readily-learned component parts.

Since 1939 Bethlehem employment increased from 100,000 workers to nearly 300,000 at the peak, while over 75,000 employees are serving in the armed forces. Four out of five of our present employees are virtually newcomers, many of them women.

With instructors and supervisory people selected from among older employees to teach and guide them, these new workers have been given intensive, streamlined courses in the things they need to know.

Their zeal, their eager responsiveness to training, their ready adaptability to new tasks and surroundings, have paved the way for the all-time records that Bethlehem is establishing in steel-making and in the construction of Naval and cargo vessels.

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Shipbuilding and Ship Repair Yards . . . Quincy, Hingham, East Boston, Mass. . . . Staten Island, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Hoboken, N. J. . . . Baltimore, Sparrows Point, Md. . . . San Francisco, Alameda, San Pedro, Calif.

ARMY of SHADOWS

BY JOSEPH KESSEL

The soul of the real France — the France that the Gestapo and Vichy's "collaborators" were never able to suppress — shines through these revelations of the exploits of the underground movement. Kessel was himself an active member of the "Army of Shadows" before his escape to London.

ILLUSTRATED BY BARRY O'MEARA

The Escape

IT was raining. The police van picked its way up and down the grades of the slippery road. Gerbier was alone in the interior of the car with a gendarme.

The gendarme looked at his prisoner and shook his head. This man was well-dressed and he had a straightforward way of speaking, a pleasant face. What wretched times. . . . He wasn't the first one he was embarrassed to see wearing handcuffs.

"You won't be too badly off in that camp!" said the gendarme. "I'm not talking about the food, of course. Before the war, the dogs wouldn't have touched it. But aside from that, it's the best concentration camp in France, I've been told. It's the German camp."

"I don't quite follow you," said Gerbier.

"During the phony war I guess we were expecting to take a lot of prisoners," the gendarme explained. "A big center was set up for them in this part of the country. Naturally, not a single one came. But today it comes in handy."

"A real stroke of luck, you might say," Gerbier remarked.

GERBIER, his hands free, but standing, was waiting for the camp commander to address him. The camp commander was reading Gerbier's dossier.

The commander did not look at Gerbier. He had given up trying to form an opinion from faces and clothes. He was trying to read between the lines of the police notes which the gendarme had handed him at the same time that he had delivered the prisoner.

"An independent character, a quick mind; a distant and ironic attitude," he read. (And he translated, Break him.)

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Then, "Distinguished bridge and highway engineer. Suspected of De Gaullist activities." (Break him, break him.) But immediately after, "Freed for lack of evidence." (Influence, influence, the commander said to himself. Spare him.)

"I'm going to put you in a building that was intended for German officers," he declared.

"I appreciate the honor," said Gerbier.

For the first time the commander looked up, with the vague and heavy gaze of a man who eats too much, at the face of his new prisoner. The latter was smiling, or rather half smiling—his lips were thin and contracted.

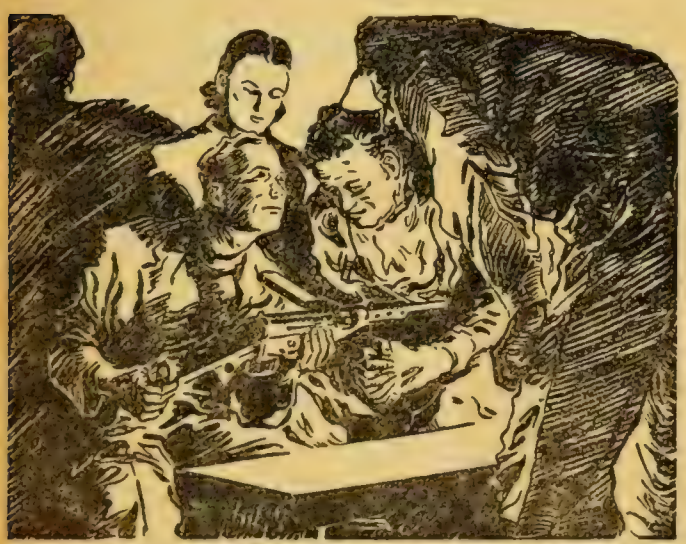
Spare him, yes, the camp commander thought to himself, but keep an eye on him.

THE storekeeper gave Gerbier some wooden shoes and a fatigue suit of red homespun.

"This was intended," he began, "for the . . ."

"German prisoners— I know," said Gerbier.

He took off his clothes and slipped on the fatigue suit.



Then on the doorstep of the shop he let his eyes roam across the camp. It was a level, grassy plateau around which were undulations of uninhabited terrain. A drizzle still fell from the low sky. Evening was coming on. The barbed-wire networks and the patrol road that separated them were already harshly lighted by projectors. But the buildings, of different sizes, scattered over the plateau remained dark. Gerbier headed for one of the smallest of these.

This cabin sheltered five red fatigue suits.

The colonel, the pharmacist, and the traveling salesman, sitting near the door with their legs crossed, were playing dominoes with pieces of cardboard on the back of a mess tin. The two other prisoners were in the back of the cabin, talking in low voices.

Armel was stretched out on his straw bed, wrapped in the single blanket issued to internees. Legrain had spread his own over it, but this did not prevent Armel from shivering. His blond hair was matted with the sweat of fever. His fleshless face wore an expression of rather qualified, but unalterable gentleness.

"I assure you, Roger, I assure you that if you only had faith you wouldn't be unhappy, because you would no longer be in a state of revolt," Armel murmured.

"But I want to be, I want to," said Legrain. He clenched his thin fists and a kind of wheeze issued from his collapsed chest. He resumed angrily. "You came here; you were twenty, and I was seventeen. We were healthy, we hadn't done anybody any harm. All we asked was to be let alone. Look at us today."

Armel and Legrain were among the first internees of the camp. And Legrain had no other friend in all the world.

"I want to see justice on this earth, I want . . ."

The stir in the doorway caused Legrain to break off. A new red fatigue suit had just come in.

"My name is Philippe Gerbier," said the new arrival.

Colonel Jarret du Plessis, Aubert the pharmacist, and Octave Bonnafous the traveling salesman, introduced themselves each in turn.

"I don't know, monsieur, what brings you here," said the colonel.

"Neither do I," said Gerbier half smiling.

"But I want you to know right away why I was interned," the colonel continued. "I made the statement, in a café, that Admiral Darlan was a scoundrel. Yes."

The colonel made a rather emphatic pause, and continued emphatically, "Today I add that Marshal Pétain is another scoundrel. Yes!"

"At least, colonel, you're suffering for an ideal!" the traveling salesman exclaimed. "But I was simply going about my business, crossing a square where there was a De Gaullist demonstration . . ."

Gerbier realized that he would hear these stories a hundred times. With extreme politeness, he asked which was the place he was to occupy in the cabin. The colonel, who did duty as barracks officer, pointed to a free straw bed in back. In bringing his valise over to it, Gerbier approached his other companions.

He held out his hand to Roger Legrain, who gave his name and said, "I'm the oldest in the camp."

"The longest," Gerbier corrected, smiling.

"Next to me it's Armel," Legrain went on, "—the young schoolteacher who's lying down."

"Is he asleep?" Gerbier asked.

"No; he's very sick," Legrain murmured.

"Why are you here?" Gerbier asked, leaning over Armel.

"I gave notice that I would never be able to teach children hatred of the Jews and the English," said the schoolteacher. He lacked the strength to open his eyes.

Gerbier put his valise at the head of the straw bed assigned to him. The cabin was completely devoid of furniture and accessories, except for the inevitable soil tub in the middle.

"Do you play dominoes?" the pharmacist asked Gerbier.

"No; sorry," the latter answered.

"We can teach you," the traveling salesman suggested.

"Thanks, but I really haven't any aptitude for it," said Gerbier.

"Then you will excuse us?" exclaimed the colonel. "There is just time for a game before it gets dark."

Night fell. Roll was called. The doors were shut. There was no light in the cabin. Gerbier reflected, The camp commander isn't so dumb. He stuffs me away between three imbeciles and two lost children.

THE following day when Roger Legrain stepped out of the cabin it was raining. In spite of this and in spite of the chill in the April morning air on a plateau exposed to all the winds, Gerbier, naked in his clogs and wearing a towel tied round his middle, was doing setting-up exercises. His muscles were not visible, but their even, compact play gave the feeling of a block not easily dented. Legrain considered these movements with melancholy. Merely breathing deeply made his lungs whistle.

"Already out walking!" Gerbier shouted between exercises.

"I'm going to the camp power plant," said Legrain. "I work there."

Gerbier completed a body bend and went over to Legrain.

"A good job?" he asked.

A bright flush came into Legrain's hollow cheeks. This tendency to blush occasionally was the only trace of his extreme youth.

"I don't even get a crust of bread for my work," he said. "But it's a job I like and I don't want to lose the knack. That's all there is to it."

Gerbier's nose was very thin at the bridge. Because of this his eyes seemed very close together. When Gerbier looked at someone attentively, as he was looking at Legrain at this moment, his eternal half-smile set in a severe fold, and it was as though his eyes dissolved in a single black fire. As Gerbier remained silent, Legrain pivoted on his clogs.

Gerbier tightened his towel round his waist and resumed his exercises. Legrain's red fatigue clothes were slowly blotted out on the rain-swept plateau.

THE young schoolteacher died one night. In the morning Legrain went to his work. The day flowed by and he behaved no differently from the day before. When he came back to the cabin, the colonel, the pharmacist, and the traveling salesman stopped their domino game and wanted to console him.

"I'm not sad," said Legrain. "Armel is better off as he is."

Gerbier said nothing to Legrain. Night came. Roll was called. The doors were closed. Legrain appeared calm. Gerbier fell asleep.

He was awakened by a familiar sound. Legrain was coughing. Gerbier listened more attentively. And he understood. Legrain was forcing himself to cough to choke his sobs. Gerbier fumbled for Legrain's hand and said to him in a very low voice, "I'm here, old man."

For several seconds there was no other sound from the place where Legrain's straw bed was. He's fighting for his dignity, thought Gerbier. He had guessed rightly. But Legrain was only a child, just the same. Gerbier felt a body without weight and a pair of small, bony shoulders contract against him. He heard a thin, barely audible wail.

"Now I'm all alone in the world. Armel has left me. I can't go on any more. I haven't got anybody in the world. Talk to me once in a while, Monsieur Gerbier, will you?"

Then Gerbier said in Legrain's ear, "We never let a comrade down in the resistance movement." Legrain had become silent.

"The resistance. Do you hear?" Gerbier said again. "Go to sleep with that word in your mind. In these days it's the finest word in the whole French language. You've had no chance to learn it. It came into existence while you were being destroyed here. Go to sleep. I'll promise to teach it to you."

In the morning, Gerbier accompanied Legrain to his work. They walked slowly and Gerbier was speaking.

"You understand, their true war aim is the death of thinking man, of free man. A foul old man tried to suborn our country. 'Be good, be cowardly,' he preached. 'Forget that you have been proud, joyous, and free. Obey and smile at the victor. He will let you rub along unmolested.' The people who surrounded the old man calculated that France was credulous and that she was gentle; that she was the country of moderation and of the happy medium. 'France is so civilized, so weakened,' they thought, 'that she no longer knows the meaning of underground warfare and of secret death. We are not afraid of extremists. They have no connections. They have no weapons. And we have all the German divisions to defend us.' While they were rejoicing in this way, the resistance was being born."

LEGRAIN walked on without daring to turn his head toward Gerbier. It was as though he were afraid of intervening in the accomplishment of a miracle. The grass and the shacks of the camp and the red fatigue suits and the starved figures dragging themselves about at their forced labor—all this was becoming illuminated, assuming a meaning. Legrain felt a gradual liberation from the sense of revolt that had filled him until now—from that blind, desperate, chained, confused, obtuse feeling that was without issue and that struggled within him, tearing and ravaging all his substance.

"How it came about I don't know," Gerbier was saying. "I think no one will ever know. But one day a peasant cut a rural telephone wire. An old woman put her cane athwart the legs of a German soldier. Tracts circulated. A butcher threw into the cold-storage room a captain who was requisitioning meat with too much arrogance. A bourgeois gives a wrong address to the victors who are trying to find their way. Railroad workers, curates, poachers, bankers help escaped prisoners to get through by the hundreds.

"You know nothing of all this. You were here. But for one who felt this awakening, this first stirring, it was the most inspiring thing in the world. The sap of liberty began to rise in the French earth. Then the Germans and their servants and the old man decided to eradicate the rank growth. But blood was what the plant most needed to grow and to spread. The plant will become a forest."

Gerbier and Legrain made the round of the power station. Gerbier went on talking.

"He who joins the resistance aims at the Germans. But at the same time he strikes Vichy and its Old Man, and the Old Man's henchmen and the director of our camp, and the guards you see at work every day."

They sat down in the grass. The wind from the slopes was turning cool. Evening was approaching. Gerbier told about the newspapers of the resistance movement.

"And the people who make them dare to write what they think?" asked Legrain, his cheeks blazing.

"They can dare anything; they have no other law, no other master than their idea," said Gerbier. "This idea is stronger in them than life. The men who publish these sheets are unknown, but some day monuments will be erected to their work. Everyone connected with the paper risks death. Nothing can stop them. Nothing can choke the cry that rises from the mimeograph machines hidden in dingy chambers, from the presses buried away in the depths of cellars. Clumsy sheets somehow get printed or typed. The characters are blurred, the headings thin. The ink often smudges. The people turn them out as they can. Someone collects them, someone secretly arranges them. The police, the agents, the spies, the informers agitate, search, nose about. The newspaper starts out on the roads of France."

"My father was a typographer—so I can realize—" said Legrain. "There can't be many of these papers."

"There are flocks of them," said Gerbier. "Each important movement of the resistance has its own, and turns out tens of thousands of copies. The doctors have theirs, and the musicians, and the students, and the painters, and the engineers."

"Talk, Monsieur Gerbier. Please keep on," Legrain murmured.

AT night they had the best chance to converse. Their little cabin, closed tight, gave back the heat accumulated during the day. The straw beds burned the men's backs. And the darkness was suffocating. The companions in captivity turned and turned again in their sleep. But nothing mattered to Legrain, not even the accelerated whistlings of his lungs, which sometimes, without his noticing it, made him press his chest between his two hands.

Gerbier told how radio stations hidden in towns or in hamlets made it possible to speak every day with friends in the free world. He described the immense network of listening posts and observers that enveloped the enemy, counted its regiments, broke through its defenses, found access to its documents. He said that in every season, at every hour, liaison agents were traveling back and forth, riding, walking, crawling their way all over France.

"These people," Gerbier would say, "could have kept quiet. Wisdom, good sense told them to eat and sleep in the shadow of the German bayonets and to watch their business flourish, their women smile, their children grow. They even had the benediction of the Old Man of Vichy to appease and lull their conscience. Really, nothing forced them to fight, nothing but their free soul.

"Do you know," he said, "what the life of the outlaw, of the man of the underground is like? He no longer has any identity, or else he has so many that he has forgotten his own. He has no ration card. He can no longer even half allay his hunger. He sleeps in a loft, or in a deserted barn, or on a station bench. He can no longer see his family, who are being watched by the police. If his wife is also in the resistance movement—which often happens—his children get scant upbringing. The threat of being caught doubles his shadow. Every day comrades vanish, are tortured and shot. He goes from one precarious shelter to another, without hearth or home, hunted, obscure, a phantom of himself.

"But he is never alone. He feels around him the faith of a whole enslaved people. The poorest one shares his meager ration of bread with him, because he is fighting for all the harvests of France."

One morning on the way to his work Legrain suddenly asked, "Monsieur Gerbier, are you a leader in the resistance movement?"

Gerbier considered Legrain's burning and ravaged

young face with an almost cruel attention. He saw in it a limitless loyalty and devotion.

"I was on the general staff of a movement," he said. "No one here knows it. I was arrested in Toulouse—some informer, I think. But no proof. They didn't even try me. They sent me here."

"For how long?" asked Legrain.

Gerbier shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "For as long as they please, of course," he said. "You know that better than anyone."

Legrain stopped and stared at the ground. Then he said in a choked voice, but with great firmness, "Monsieur Gerbier, you've got to get away from here." He paused, then raised his head and added, "They need you out there."

As Gerbier did not answer, Legrain continued; "I have an idea . . . I've had it a long time. I'll tell you about it tonight."

They took leave of each other. Gerbier bought some cigarettes from the guard who acted as his purveyor. He made the round of the plateau. He wore his usual smile. He was reaching the objective he had been working toward through the stories and the images with which he had patiently intoxicated Legrain.

THAT night when he had made sure their companions were fast asleep, Legrain offered his idea, choosing his words carefully.

"What stands in the way of escape? There are two things: the barbed wires and the patrols. As for the barbed wires, the ground isn't the same level everywhere, and there are places where a slender man like yourself, Monsieur Gerbier, can squeeze under."

"I know all those places," said Gerbier.

"That leaves the patrols. How many minutes do you need to run as far as the patrol road, pass it, and be absorbed in the landscape?"

"Twelve—fifteen at the most," Gerbier replied.

"Well, I can manage to make the guards blind for longer than that," said Legrain.

"I think so," Gerbier nodded. "It's not difficult for a skillful electrician to fix it in advance so the current will break down."

"You thought of it," Legrain murmured. "And you never said a word."

"I like to command or to accept. I don't know how to ask a favor," said Gerbier. "I was waiting for it to come from you. I've already established a contact through the guard who sells me cigarettes." He added abruptly, "In a week—two at the most—we can leave."

There was a silence. And Legrain's heart pounded so hard against his emaciated ribs that Gerbier could hear its beating.

"You said *we*, didn't you, Monsieur Gerbier?"

"Why, of course," said Gerbier. "What did you suppose?"

"I thought at certain moments that you would take me with you when you went. But I didn't dare to be sure," said Legrain.

"So you were willing," Gerbier asked, speaking slowly, emphasizing every syllable, "to make the preparations for my escape and stay here yourself?"

"That's how I had worked it out for myself," said Legrain.

"And you would have done it?"

"They need you, Monsieur Gerbier, in the resistance movement."

For some minutes Gerbier had felt a violent craving for a smoke. Yet he waited before lighting a cigarette. He hated to show the least emotion on his features.

A few nights later, when they were the only ones still awake, Legrain begged softly, "Tell me what's going to happen after the current breaks down."

"I went into the details of that yesterday and the day before," said Gerbier.

"If you don't tell me again," said Legrain, "I just can't bring myself to believe it, and I can't sleep . . . Then there will really be a car?"

"Yes," said Gerbier. "And I think Guillaume will be at the wheel."

"The former sergeant of the Foreign Legion? The hard-boiled guy? The one they call the Bison?" Legrain whispered.

"Yes. And there will be civilian clothes in the car."

"And friends in the resistance movement will give us false papers?" asked Legrain.

"And ration cards for food."

"And I'll work with the underground?"

"I promise you."

"But we'll keep on seeing each other, you and I, Monsieur Gerbier?"

"If you're a liaison agent."

"That's what I want to be," said Legrain.

And during the nights that followed, Legrain would ask each time, "Tell me about Guillaume, the Bison, Monsieur Gerbier, and about anything you like."

A DAY came when Gerbier, on opening a package of cigarettes that he had just bought, found inside it a folded sheet of onionskin paper. Late that afternoon he said to Legrain, "Everything is arranged. We're leaving Saturday."

"In four days," Legrain stammered.

The blood completely left his pinched cheeks. He leaned against Gerbier. "Excuse me . . ." he said. "My head is turning. I'm so glad." Gerbier realized that the last week had taxed the young man terribly. His face had shrunk and his eyes had grown larger.

"You must calm yourself and control your feelings," said Gerbier severely, "and before Saturday you've got to get some strength back. Don't forget, we've got five kilometers to walk."

"I'll do it, Monsieur Gerbier."

"You don't sleep enough. Tomorrow you're going to go and ask for some sleeping pills at the infirmary."

"I will, Monsieur Gerbier."

Legrain left the cabin earlier than usual next morning, and Gerbier accompanied him as far as the doorstep.

"Only three more nights here, and it's the Bison's car," said Legrain.

He started off at a run. Gerbier watched him and thought to himself, He's young, he'll hold out.

That evening Legrain did not ask Gerbier to talk to him about the Bison and the other wonders.

"Did you take your sleeping pill?" asked Gerbier.

"I took it. I'll fall asleep in no time, I guess," said Legrain.

On Thursday he did not eat any lunch, and in the cabin, while waiting for nightfall, he watched the game of dominoes instead of talking with Gerbier. He seemed to fall asleep all at once.

On Friday Gerbier seized Legrain's arm roughly as the latter seemed already asleep and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Why—nothing, Monsieur Gerbier," said Legrain.

"Don't you trust me any more? Your nerves played out? I give you my word that for my part everything is going to be ready."

"I know, Monsieur Gerbier."

"What about your end of it?"

"I'll do a clean job, I give you my word," Legrain insisted.

"Then—what's wrong?"

"I don't know, Monsieur Gerbier, really . . . Headache. Heart's in a knot . . ."

Gerbier's eyes narrowed, as they did in daylight when he wanted to penetrate to the secret of a face. But they were impotent in the darkness.

"You must have taken too many pills," he said at last.

"That's surely it, Monsieur Gerbier," said Legrain.

"You'll feel better tomorrow," Gerbier said in turn. "When you see the car with the Bison."

"The Bison," Legrain repeated.

But he did not go on.

Saturday morning, in the course of his usual walk, Gerbier passed by the power station. He saw with satisfaction that Legrain was calm.

"Everything is ready," said the young man. Gerbier examined Legrain's work. The clocklike mechanism which was to create the short circuit had been conceived with consummate intelligence and skill. The current would be broken at the hour required.

"And don't worry," Legrain reassured him. "Those

dumbbells on the night shift will take forty minutes to repair it."

"Nobody could have done better than you've done. We're as good as out," said Gerbier.

"Thanks, Monsieur Gerbier," the young man murmured. His eyes were very bright.

THE colonel, the pharmacist, and the traveling salesman were finishing their game of dominoes by the last glimmer of daylight. The twilight was gathering its gray smoke over the plateau. But a belt of hard, fixed light imprisoned the twilight within the camp. The patrol road between the network of metallic brambles was violently illuminated. Behind this belt and by contrast it was already night. In front of their cabin, Gerbier and Legrain were looking in silence at the glistening barbed wires. From time to time Gerbier would reach to the bottom of his pocket to feel the tool Legrain had brought back to spring the locks.

"Roll call!" a guard cried.

Legrain and Gerbier went inside. Darkness once more. Each one fumbled his way to his straw bed.

Gerbier was pleased with Legrain's silence. He had feared that the boy would be too excited for this wait. They still had about an hour.

Gerbier smoked several cigarettes, then went to the door and forced the lock without making any noise. He pushed the door open and saw the brutal light that encircled the plateau. He came back to the straw bed where Legrain lay quiet.

"Be ready, Roger, it won't be long now," he said.

"Monsieur Gerbier," the young man murmured with difficulty, "I've got to tell you something." He got his breath again with an effort. "I'm not going."

In spite of all his self-control, Gerbier was on the point of raising his voice. But he got the better of himself and spoke in the usual pitch of these conversations in the dark.

"You're afraid?" he asked very softly.

"Oh, Monsieur Gerbier," Legrain moaned.

And Gerbier felt sure that Legrain was inaccessible to fear. As sure as if he could have seen his face.

"You think you're too tired to make it?" said Gerbier. "I'll carry you if necessary."

"I'll explain to you, Monsieur Gerbier, only don't talk to me," said Legrain. His lungs wheezed. He coughed and went on.

"When I went to get the pills to sleep as you told me, I saw the doctor. He's a nice fellow, the doctor. He's an old man who understands. He didn't think I looked well. He examined me. I didn't understand everything he told me, but enough anyway to gather that one of my lungs is gone and the other is in bad shape. He seemed pretty upset about seeing me shut up here with no hope of getting out. Then I asked him what would happen if I was free. He told me that with two years in a sanitarium I could be well again. Otherwise I wouldn't be good for anything. I came away stunned. It took me until this morning to realize that I couldn't go."

Gerbier considered himself pretty hardened. And he was. He never acted without due reflection. Yet it was without reflection, without calculation that he spoke.

"I'm not going to leave you. I have ways of getting money, and I'll find others. You'll be safe and cared for. You'll have all the time you need to get back into shape."

"That's not why I was leaving, Monsieur Gerbier," said the calm voice. "I wanted to be a liaison agent. I don't want to take ration cards from the comrades for my health. I don't want to hinder the resistance. You've shown me too well what it's like."

Gerbier could not answer.

Legrain continued. "But just the same I'm very glad to know about the resistance movement. I won't be so unhappy any more."

The silence that followed was one whose duration neither of them measured. Without knowing it, they both had their eyes fixed on the slit in the doorway through which they could see the glare of the lights on the patrol road. They got up at the same time because that luminous thread suddenly snapped. The darkness of freedom had joined the imprisoned darkness. The two men went to the door.

Against all prudence, against all good sense, Gerbier spoke again. "They'll discover the sabotage, they'll see that I've escaped. They'll think of you."

"What more can they do to us?" murmured Legrain.

Gerbier still did not leave.

"I'll be useful to you," said the young man. "They'll come and get me to make the repairs, and I'll keep them running around another half hour. You'll be far away with the Bison."

Gerbier crossed the doorstep. "Think it over for the last time," he pleaded.

"I was never the kind to be a burden to anyone," answered Legrain.

Gerbier slipped between the door and the jamb without turning around and headed straight for the opening in the barbed wires. He had studied it a hundred times and he had counted a hundred times the number of steps he would have to take to reach the spot.

Legrain carefully closed the door, went back to his straw bed, dug his teeth into the ticking that covered it, and lay very still.

The Embarkation

JEAN-FRANÇOIS was walking very fast along the Promenade des Anglais, although he was too early to go to the fashionable bar to join a few friends who met there every day, refugees from Paris like himself and, also like himself, having nothing to do. Jean-François was walking fast because of the sun, the sea that broke on the pebbled

beach, and his youth. Before reaching the Place Masséna, Jean-François stopped before a shop window. At this moment he caught sight of a man approaching. He was short, but thickset and powerfully built, and charged, rather than walked, his shoulders lunging.

"Felix," Jean-François shouted lustily. "Felix la Tonsure!"

The man turned around with a hard, springy movement, recognized Jean-François and only then smiled. They had served in the same reconnaissance corps during the war.

"You haven't changed," said Felix. "Still young and handsome."

"How about you? Let's see . . . " said Jean-François.

He made a move to pull off Felix la Tonsure's hat to laugh at the bald spot that had won him his nickname. The other stopped him. "I'm afraid of drafts," he said curtly.

"How come you're in Nice? What about your garage in Levallois?" asked Jean-François.

"The Fritzes wanted me to work on their repair jobs. So I left them some wrecks," said Felix.

His full, alert face had assumed that noncommittal expression which Jean-François had seen when he was in ambush or on patrol. He was a brave man, straightforward, aboveboard, just as Jean-François liked men to be.

"Let's have a drink," he said.

But Felix refused. They would drink later. First he wanted to speak to Jean-François. They went down a quieter street.

"What are you doing in civilian life at the moment?" asked Felix.

"Why, nothing at all," said Jean-François.

"And against the Boches?"

"Why . . . nothing either," said Jean-François, more slowly.

"Why not?"

"I don't quite know . . ." said Jean-François. "How are you going to go about it? Not much you can do, alone."

"Well, I've got some work for you," said Felix. "Something just made for you. Secret papers to carry on the Q.T., and weapons to hide, and teaching bright little boys to outwit the cops and the Gestapo. A reconnaissance corps job. A great life."

"A great life," Jean-François repeated. The one he was leading had suddenly become unbearable to him.

"You'll have to get up early," said Felix, "and spend nights on the road without knowing what it's all about, without trying to find out."

"I like movement, and I'm not curious, as you know," said Jean-François.

Felix la Tonsure rested his eyes for a moment on his companion's athletic shoulders, on his handsome face, so bright and resolute.

"Shock troopers like you are what we need," said Felix. "I haven't wasted my day. You come and see me tomorrow morning in Marseille. I've taken over a little bicycle shop there. That way I can take care of my kids and it gives me a blind. I'll tell you the address."

Jean-François reached into his pocket for a notebook.

"None of that, my boy, none of that!" Felix exclaimed. "Never put anything in writing. And forget you've got a tongue. Just keep your mouth shut. Understand?"

"I'm not crazy," said Jean-François.

"That's what everybody says," Felix observed. "And then you've got a wife . . ."

Jean-François shrugged his shoulders.

"Or relatives you never hide anything from," Felix went on.

"My father and my mother are dead and I only have an older brother, who wouldn't leave Paris," said Jean-François. "There's no danger of my telling him anything. He's a baby."

Felix looked at Jean-François' face, so fresh and rosy, and laughed. He gave Jean-François his address and they went into the first café they found. It happened to be a day when liquor was sold.

THIS life was really made to order for Jean-François. All the elements that could please him were combined: violent physical exercise, the risk and the joy of passing through the enemy's meshes, comradeship, obedience to a group leader whom he loved. He would ride his bicycle over the beautiful red coastal roads. He would travel by train to Toulouse, Lyon, or Savoy. He would cross over into the forbidden zone in spite of the German customs men and their dogs. He would carry ciphered messages, explosives, weapons, radio transmitting sets. In barns, coves, cellars, clearings he taught simple, serious and passionate people the use of the English submachine guns. He introduced himself to them under an assumed name, and he did not know who they were. They loved one another, nevertheless, with an immeasurable warmth and confidence. One morning he swam several kilometers with underwater glasses to locate a mysterious parcel which a mysterious boat had put down at sea. On a moonlight night he picked up some parachutes that had dropped out of the sky.

Felix la Tonsure (Jean-François continued to know only him in the ranks of the organization) spared his reconnaissance corps comrade neither fatigue nor danger. "With your baby face," he would say, "you can get by with anything."

This was true. And Jean-François felt it. And this complicity, this friendliness of fate redoubled his strength, his boldness, and his pleasure. He was responsible—with a handful of intrepid lads—solely to Felix la Tonsure. Felix received his orders from a higher source. Beyond that was utter darkness. But the mystery did not irritate, did not tantalize, and did not even interest Jean-François.

A mission that took Jean-François to Paris showed him how completely he was changed and absorbed by the clandestine life. When he got off the train at the Gare de Lyon, he was carrying a suitcase that contained an English radio transmitting set, dropped by a parachute some days before. A man caught with such baggage faced death by torture.

Now, that morning some agents of the Gestapo and the Feldgendarmerie were inspecting all luggage at the station exit. Jean-François had no time to reflect. Near him a child with big knees and skinny calves trotted painfully behind an aged woman. Jean-François picked up the child and at the same time handed his suitcase to a German soldier who was walking along with his arms dangling.

"Will you carry this, old man?" said Jean-François smiling. "I'll never manage alone."

The German soldier looked at Jean-François, smiled in turn, took the suitcase and passed without examination.

Jean-François delivered the transmitting set to a secondhand furniture dealer on the Left Bank. The latter asked him to lunch with him. He had just the day before exchanged a bedside table for a fine smoked sausage and a little butter and he was eager to share this feast with his comrade.

But Jean-François refused. He had a surprise to carry

out. He crossed half of Paris on foot. Whistling the march of his former regiment, he arrived in the Avenue de la Muette in front of a charming little house, built at the end of the last century. It belonged to his elder brother. It held some beautiful paintings, innumerable books, and a few precious ancient musical instruments. Jean-François's brother had refused to leave his house because of these treasures.

Jean-François forbade the old housekeeper to announce him and noiselessly opened the library door. He saw his brother there, buried in an armchair and reading a thick volume. One could hardly see his face because he was wearing a heavy overcoat with the collar turned up and a wool cap pulled far down over his eyes. This struck Jean-François as very funny. Still warm and tingling from his fast walk, he did not feel that the house was icy.

"Greetings, Saint Luc!" cried Jean-François.

His brother's name was simply Luc. But because of his even temper, his love of the spiritual life, and his benevolence toward all men, some of his classmates had baptized him Saint Luc. The name had clung to him in the family.

"Little Jean, little Jean," said Luc, whose head barely reached Jean-François' shoulders.

The two brothers embraced. There was considerable difference in age between them, but this did not unduly impress Jean-François. He felt himself so much stronger, more practical, more resourceful than his brother.

"All the books are here, and the harpsichord and the oboe," said Jean-François. "So life is still beautiful."

"Still, still," said Luc. Then he asked, "But how did you come, little Jean? I hope you have an *Ausweiss?*"

Jean-François laughed. "Yes, I have an *Ausweiss,* Saint Luc, and even—and even—" Jean-François paused for a moment, because he had been on the point of saying that his safe-conduct was false and admirably reproduced. He concluded, "And I'm even dying of hunger."

"We'll have lunch right away," said Luc.

He called the old housekeeper and asked her, "What do we have that's good today?"

"Why, yellow turnips, like yesterday, Monsieur Luc," said the servant.

"Ah! ah! and what else?"

"Some unrationed cheese," said the housekeeper.

"Ah! ah!" said Luc. He looked at Jean-François with a guilty expression.

"There is still a little butter," said the housekeeper. "But we have no bread to put it on."

"I have loads of bread tickets," exclaimed Jean-François, "and I even . . ."

He caught himself again. These tickets had been stolen for the benefit of the organization by a city-hall employee, and Jean-François had been on the point of saying so. "And I can let you have them," Jean-François added.

The housekeeper grasped the ticket-book with a kind of hard avidity and ran out to a bakery.

"You're not doing very well by yourself," said Jean-François to his brother. "What about the black market?"

"Old Marion is afraid of the gendarmes," said Luc. "And I . . ."

"And you, too, Saint Luc," said Jean-François with much friendliness and a touch of disdain.

They had their meal in the kitchen, which was the only room in which there was any fire. Luc kept on his coat and his cap.

"I'm storing up heat," he said.

"Well, I was so hot this morning I thought once I was going to die!" Jean-François exclaimed.

He stopped himself once again and explained, "In those trains and crowded subways you nearly choke."

At this moment he remembered the secondhand furniture dealer and was sorry he had refused his invitation. Then he felt ashamed of preferring a sausage to the company of his brother, whom he had not seen for two years.

But as Luc was questioning him on details of his trip, Jean-François realized that if he was thinking so regretfully about the dealer's back room it was because there he could have spoken about his false *Ausweiss* and he could have revealed the origin of his bread-ration tickets. Above all, he could have told him at length about his adventure of the day and many other things and laughed with him at the German and French police. And the dealer, whose shop served as a storage and exchange depot and letter box, would for his part have known a hundred good stories.

Jean-François felt that the little secondhand dealer whom he had barely met was closer to him than the brother whom he had always cherished but with whom he no longer had anything in common but memories.

Felix had allowed Jean-François three days in Paris, but the latter took the train for the south that same evening.

He later claimed that he had had a premonition.

WHILE Jean-François was having lunch with his brother, Gerbier in Lyon was receiving Felix.

"I sent for you because it's urgent," said Gerbier. "They've searched the premises of our friend the doctor in the southwest sector. By luck, none of our people were in hiding there that day."

"I see. I see," said Felix.

"How many people in all do you have to embark for Gibraltar?" asked Gerbier.

"Well, the two Canadian Commando officers from Dieppe, as you know, and then three new fellows of the R. A. F. dropped by parachute, and two Belgians."

"And there is also one of our radiomen who is going for a course of training in England, and then a girl," said Gerbier. "That makes nine. Where are they going to wait for the submarine?"

"*Nom de Dieu,*" said Felix, "the doctor's house was so handy. Can't we leave them scattered in the landscape in small lots?"

"No," said Gerbier. "They're already doing foolish things. The Canadian colonel goes to the café. He thinks he speaks French without an accent, and everybody knows what's what. The village population can be counted on, including the gendarmes. But if there should be a chatterer . . ."

"Or a drunk."

"And then the submarine is returning from operations," Gerbier continued. "Its passage will be signaled to us only the day before it leaves. They must all be together somewhere near by."

Felix slowly rubbed his bald spot till the tonsure became red.

"Then we'll have to make reconnaissance of the region and find some establishment that will receive our people," said Gerbier. "Within forty-eight hours."

"It's risky," said Felix.

"Everything depends on the man you choose for this mission," Gerbier told him. "No need of an organizer or a great intelligence. It will take resolution, and especially a good, quick eye that will recognize people one can trust. It's a question of instinct."

"I see, I see," said Felix, "and I've got a chap who is made to order. Only he's in Paris. He had to deliver a new transmitting set there this morning."

"And when will he be back?"

"In three days."

"Why not before?"

"He has a brother whom he hasn't seen since the war. I didn't know that we would have need of him so soon," said Felix.

"Oh, this business of families!" said Gerbier between his teeth.

"Was that for me, that remark?" Felix's voice was controlled, but so aggressive that Gerbier refrained from answering. Felix's eyes were burning from lack of sleep, the edges of his eyelids were red, and his round face had an earthen color.

He doesn't sleep enough, his nerves are sick, thought Gerbier. But none of us sleep enough.

"If your reproach about the family is addressed to me it's going a bit too far," Felix broke out again.

FOR a moment Gerbier did not know what he was driving at. Then he remembered and asked, "How is the little boy?"

"Not well," said Felix. "The doctor found tubercles in his lung . . ."

"You must send him to the country," said Gerbier.

"With what?" asked Felix. "You can realize that being constantly on the road as I am I haven't got a minute left to earn a few pennies. We just manage to eat, and that's only because my wife hires out as a housekeeper. She accuses me of being lazy and useless. What can I tell her? And the kid hangs around all alone in the damp shop."

"You've never told me about that," said Gerbier. "We've got funds . . ."

"Please, Monsieur Gerbier," said Felix. "Do I look like a beggar, by any chance?"

Gerbier was absent-mindedly making streaks in the wood of the desk at which he was sitting by running his fingernail along the grain. At this moment Felix, the garage mechanic, reminded him of Roger Legrain, the young tuberculous electrician of the camp. The same dignity. The same sense of honor. Gerbier's silence, now, deeply embarrassed Felix.

"I didn't tell you all that to complain," he murmured apologetically. "I don't know what came over me. When you spoke about family I thought of the fact that you—well, that you were alone, that you weren't tied to anyone."

That was true. Gerbier had come close to attaching himself to Legrain. But Legrain had refused the chance to escape.

"So what do we do for this reconnaissance mission?" Gerbier asked brusquely.

"I'll go myself," said Felix.

"You need a good night's sleep," said Gerbier.

"I don't care about that," said Felix. "But I swore to my wife and to the kid that I would take them to the movies tomorrow."

Felix was able to keep this promise after all. He ran into Jean-François on the Paris-Nice express. It did not take Jean-François long to locate a likely spot; a farm situated halfway between the big national highway and the sea. The spacious outbuildings, solidly built in the old style, formed a kind of horseshoe around the main house. Toward the sea horizon, almost to the water's edge, stretched cultivated fields, vineyards, clusters of trees. These lands were enclosed by low walls.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS, sitting by a path with his bicycle lying beside him, eyed this property. Of all the possible refuges that he had noted in the course of the day this one appeared to him in every way the most suitable. He got up, mounted, and rode into the courtyard where an old farm hand was chopping wood.

"Where's the boss?" Jean-François asked him.

The old man straightened with difficulty in a series of movements, wiped his expressionless and perspiring face with the back of his patched sleeve, and with his hand formed a kind of awning round his ear.

"I can't hear you," he said.

"The boss," Jean-François shouted.

The door opened and a woman in a black dress and shawl appeared. She was of middle age, small of build, and held her head very straight.

"The boss isn't here, the boss is in town," she said, with the sharp and lively accent of the region.

Jean-François smiled. "That doesn't matter, madame," he said. "You're the real boss, I'm sure."

Jean-François was wearing a heavy turtle-neck sweater, a pair of old knickers, bicyclist's stockings, and old sport shoes. His fair hair was windblown and fell in locks over his forehead. But because of his hands, his bearing, and his voice, the farmer's wife felt sure that he belonged to the well-to-do class.

"If it's for the black market, it's no use," she said. "We haven't anything to sell."

"Well, you can give me a drink, anyway," said Jean-François. "My throat's on fire."

"Come in," said the woman.

In the large living room there was a fire in the tall fireplace. The setting sun made the polished wood of the rustic old furniture gleam. From outside came the dry sound of splitting wood. The farmer's wife put a bottle and a glass on the table.

"Water would have been good enough," said Jean-François.

"Augustine Viellat has never refused wine to a passer-by, even in these times of misery," said the woman proudly.

She watched Jean-François drink and repressed a sigh. She had no son, and she would have liked to have a big boy like him, strong, handsome, and simple.

He suddenly got up, went over to the radio, switched it on and turned the dial to the London station.

"It's not the right time," said the farmer's wife.

She was standing beside the table. Jean-François came and sat down beside her on a corner of this table.

"Before nightfall I have to find a place to hide a few comrades," he said.

No change came over the woman's features, but she lowered her voice to ask, "Are they escaped prisoners?"

"They're Britishers," said Jean-François. "Some are from the Dieppe affair, and there are some aviators that were shot down."

"Holy Virgin . . ." murmured Augustine Viellat, "Holy Virgin . . . British soldiers down here. I thought they were only in our countries of the North."

"That's where they hid first, all right," said Jean-François. "They've been wonderfully treated."

"I should hope so," said the farmer's wife. She had drawn her black shawl across her chest and the shawl trembled a little.

"So, if I bring them to you?" asked Jean-François.

"I shall thank you," said the farmer's wife.

"And what about their safety?" asked Jean-François.

"My husband and my daughter think the way I do and the farm hand was here in my father-in-law's time," said Augustine Viellat impatiently.

They arrived in small groups in two nights. To bed them in the attic, Augustine Viellat stripped all the beds of their mattresses and took out of the chests her finest sheets. To feed them, she found raw hams smoked with herbs, preserved goose, eggs from the yard, salt butter, honey from the hills, and jams made on the farm with pure sugar.

Her guests never knew that she was thus sacrificing all the reserves she had accumulated for a winter of famine, and that she was giving up to them all her family's bread rations.

"Be quiet," Augustine Viellat would say when they thanked her for some attention. "What would have become of us if it hadn't been for you?"

And they, who had received the same welcome throughout the whole of France, would smile and look embarrassed.

Jules Viellat, who had been rejected for service in 1914 and in 1939 because of his clubfoot, kept repeating to himself, "And I'm doing my small share in the war, too, now."

His daughter Madeleine, who had black eyes and a Spanish complexion like Augustine, did not know whether she was more in love with the tall, broad-shouldered, and affable Canadian colonel, or with a young pilot who had the face of a child. The Belgians made her laugh with their accent and their rather racy stories. The old farm hand, because he was born in a frontier village, thought his bosses were sheltering smugglers. They let him believe it.

After nightfall, everyone gathered to listen to the English broadcasts in the large farmhouse living room where everything—doors and shutters—was carefully closed. Augustine Viellat would gaze at those strange, foreign faces against the background of the old walls, amid the old furniture that had known only the same family of modest peasants, and shake her proud little head with incredulity.

THIS went on about a week. Then one evening Jean-François came back. He announced that they were leaving the following night. Gerbier arrived before daylight.

Jean-François took him aside and said, "The fisherman will be waiting for us tonight from ten o'clock on. He has a big boat. He can take everybody. That will avoid several trips. The girl of the house will take you to the spot across the fields to avoid the patrols."

"It's well planned," said Gerbier.

"Do I go back?" asked Jean-François.

"No," said Gerbier. "I have a mission for you. A capital mission, *mon petit.*" His voice was oddly gentle and penetrating. "You will take the big chief to the submarine. You understand—the big chief. He's leaving, too. And I don't want him to go aboard with the whole gang. It's too risky. There are too many of us. You will leave with him—from another point—in a rowboat. The Bison will bring him to you. Wait for my signal when I'm on board. Three blue dots and a dash."

Jean-François was delighted. He loved to row.

Augustine Viellat went down to serve breakfast to the new visitors.

"As we shall be in a great hurry tonight, madame, I should like to know right away what I owe you," said Gerbier.

"Oh," Augustine murmured, "oh! How can you . . ."

"But look here—all these people for a whole week—in these difficult times," Gerbier insisted.

"What about you? Do they pay you by the day for what you're doing?" Augustine looked at him hard. "No! Then I must tell you that, peasants though they are, the Viellats are as proud as you."

Gerbier thought of Legrain, thought of Felix, and went into the kitchen to have breakfast. When he had finished, he said to Augustine, who had not deigned to give him

a look: "I should like you to allow me to bring you back something from London when I return."

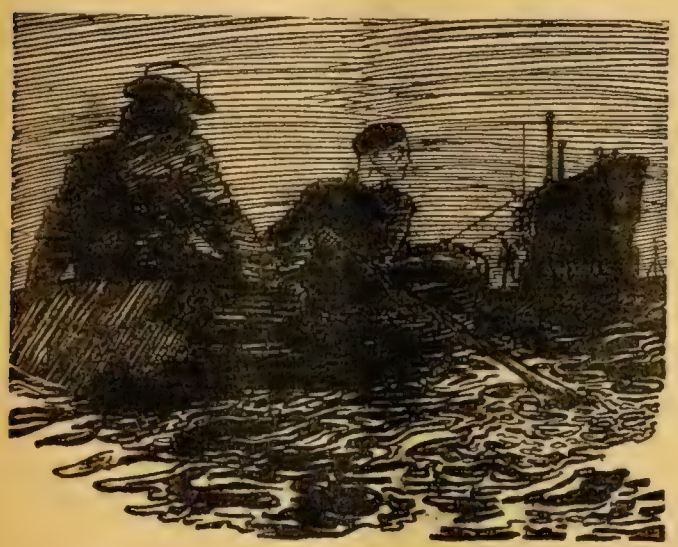
"You—you're going to come back?" stammered Augustine, whose head was beginning to reel a little. "Do they do that, too?"

"Sometimes," said Gerbier. "And I should like to bring you back a souvenir."

Augustine took a deep breath and whispered, "Arms, give me arms. The whole canton will be able to use them when the day comes."

THE darkness was intense. Yet the ridges of the steep rocks that notched the cove could be half made out against the nocturnal sky. The grotto forming the bottom of the wild, narrow cut was in the form of a jagged arrow through which the sea penetrated the coast with its thousand twists and turns.

Jean-François was lying on the sand at the bottom of the cove and so close to the water that the longest wave



wet his bare feet. He was wearing a pair of duck trousers rolled up to his knees, an old wool sweater, and he felt wonderfully comfortable in his light, loose clothes. At regular intervals he would shut his eyes, the better to hear what was happening in the hollow of the night and the better to see afterward. Jean-François had learned this in the reconnaissance corps during his watches, and he had learned to foil the mirages of the darkness that form enemies and fear out of nothing.

A light flurry lashed the sand. Jean-François was glad to feel it subside. He was not afraid of a heavy sea. Of all the sports in which he excelled, nautical games were those he did best. He knew his strength. He knew his skill.

Even in bad weather he was sure he could bring the skiff that lay within reach of his hand to the British vessel. But Jean-François preferred a calm sea for his passenger. Perhaps he did not have sea legs.

Jean-François shut his eyes and now he was nothing more than a kind of listening antenna. Nothing stirred around him but the waves. Very far up, on the road that wound along the broken coast, a motor droned feebly. It might be the Bison's car. Jean-François raised his eyelids. It was strange to think that the chief would soon take his place in the boat, and that he had the dimensions and the weight of the whole world. Felix's group, even Felix himself, had never approached him. He was without a name and without form, and yet on his orders one went to prison, to torture, to death. He made arms drop from heaven and ammunition surge from the sea. His existence was enveloped in a kind of sacred cloud. His departure had all the magnificence of a theatrical wonder. Coming from no one knew where, he was about to be swallowed up by the sea.

And here Jean-François, who never thought about serious things, was going to serve as a ferryman to the big chief, to the one who planned, organized, and commanded everything. Jean-François derived no feeling of pride from this, but a kind of gaiety. The summit and the base of the pyramid meet, he thought to himself. A funny kind of mathematics. I'll have to talk to Saint Luc about it after the war. Jean-François felt himself smiling in the night. Poor Saint Luc, with his wool cap, his yellow turnips, his fear of the gendarmes, while life was so beautiful, so vast, so . . .

Jean-François raised himself lightly on his elbows. All thought in him was suspended. He was certain he had heard someone moving at the point of the rocks which sheltered the cove on the right. The man must be extremely familiar with the terrain. He had made no more noise than a lapping of the water casting up a pebble. Now the silence was again complete. The boss was going to arrive any moment. And any moment the signal might flash in the night. That unknown watcher must not see them. Jean-François began to crawl along the beach. He had in his hand a rubber bludgeon. Blended into the wet sand, light and slippery as a snake, Jean-François quickly made his way round the bend of the cove. He then perceived, between two blocks of stone, another block—as motionless, but cut of a slightly grayer shade. It was the man.

Jean-François settled the handle of his bludgeon securely in the hollow of his palm. The blow on the watcher's head would not be deadly, but it would surely put him to sleep till dawn.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS advanced another few inches. He was well within reach and gathered his muscles. But the man abruptly disappeared behind a rock and Jean-François heard a muffled voice:

"No nonsense. I'm armed."

Two short waves broke one after the other against the point. Then the voice asked (and Jean-François felt that it had the habit of authority):

"What are you doing here at this time?"

"What about you?" Jean-François retorted, getting ready to jump over the rock.

"I am Augustine Viellat's brother-in-law," said the invisible interlocutor.

Jean-François let his whole body relax and murmured, "Our farmer?"

The man came out of his hiding-place. "I'm making the rounds to see if everything is going well with the embarkation."

"And how is it going?" asked Jean-François.

"Fine," said the man. "The gendarme patrol passed up above. The Boches aren't numerous enough and they don't know the country. They trust the customs."

"What about the customs?" asked Jean-François.

"What about it?" said the man. "It's damn good! I'm the customs! I'm the officer for the whole sector along here."

"I'll say it's good!" said Jean-François.

He put the bludgeon back into his pocket.

Sparks of bluish fire rose above the water, flickered and disappeared. Jean-François saw the signal and was on his feet at the same time. Almost immediately, on the path that led from the road to the bottom of the cove, he heard heavy, awkward steps. The silence was such that the sound of each step seemed to Jean-François to resound through the whole of France. He pressed the handle of his bludgeon and removed the safety catch on the revolver he had in his pocket. His orders were to assure the departure at all costs.

After a few moments two shadows appeared and began to glide across the sand.

"Get aboard," said one of them.

Jean-François recognized the Bison's voice. He pushed the boat into the water, keeping it as close to shore as he could, and used all his strength to steady it.

In spite of this, the passenger got on board so clumsily that he nearly caused the skiff to capsize.

He certainly wasn't trained in the free corps, thought Jean-François impatiently. He got the skiff back on an even keel and seized the oars.

"Good luck, chief," the Bison whispered.

Only then Jean-François remembered who the awkward passenger was. And the inexperience which the latter had shown before the elements struck him as infinitely touching and suitable.

If he were like me he wouldn't be the big chief, said Jean-François to himself. He no longer thought of anything but rowing the boat as fast and noiselessly as possible. The passenger was sitting in the stern.

The signal flashed once again. The distance to be covered was considerable. But Jean-François' arms moved back and forth like well-oiled, regular pistons. At last a vague form became outlined on the horizon, quite close. Jean-François gave a last smooth stroke with one oar. The boat made a quarter turn and edged itself against

the shell of a submarine that barely emerged above the water.

Someone on board leaned forward. The luminous sheaf of a strong flashlight suddenly flooded the whole boat. For the first time the two men who occupied it saw each other's faces snatched from the night. The one who was getting up with difficulty from the stern seat spoke in a subdued voice:

"*Mon Dieu* . . . little Jean . . . is it possible?"

And Jean-François recognized his elder brother.

"The chief," he stammered. "Listen . . . how . . ."

The flashlight was turned off. The night became blacker than before, impenetrable. Jean-François took a step blindly. As he was touching his brother the latter was lifted by invisible arms. The submarine moved off and plunged.

By a reflex Jean-François started his boat into the wake that was carrying his brother away. Suddenly, drained of strength, he abandoned the oars. The skiff slowly drifted.

Jean-François had no idea how long it took him to understand and believe what had happened.

"That confounded Saint Luc . . ." he finally murmured. "What a family! . . ."

Then he began to laugh and, singing softly, rowed toward shore on the dark sea.

"Those People Are Wonderful"

DINNER was by candlelight. The candles were tall, slender, and tea-rose-colored. The old lady never allowed any other kind of lighting when she had guests. To her friends, she still looked a little like the portraits of her which were scattered through the rooms and which had been painted during the reign of Edward VII. The house overlooked Belgrave Square. The bombings had ruined many of the houses in the vicinity, but the old lady had consistently refused to leave hers. The servants being of an age that exempted them from military duties, she had been able to keep up her establishment on its normal footing and to indulge her old habits. One of these, formed in the time of the Entente Cordiale, was the holding of frequent gatherings of eminent Frenchmen in London.

It was in this atmosphere of ease and elegance that Gerbier first heard about Mathilde. Saint Luc was also a guest at the old lady's dinner table that night. He had just come from France. He was visibly bewildered, like a traveler who lands on an unreal shore where the laws and the patterns of life are utterly unrecognizable.

"Everything is surprising around us, isn't it?" asked Saint Luc's neighbor.

"More than surprising," he answered with warmth. "We have landed right in the midst of the miraculous."

Gerbier, listening, thought, His voice is a little weak, but it has great persuasive power.

"Life suddenly becomes so easy," Saint Luc went on.

"Too easy," someone added.

Saint Luc gave the speaker a look of friendly understanding. "You are thinking of the conditions in which we live at home," he said, "and you are embarrassed here by the stacks of white bread . . . and the hot bath every morning with soap that lathers."

He half closed his pensive and limpid eyes.

"I'm undoubtedly immoral," he went on, "but in all sincerity, I can't bring myself to feel any remorse. I accept things as they come to me."

"You can't have left your ivory tower very often," Saint Luc's neighbor remarked.

"You mean that I'm a bookworm." Saint Luc laughed.

His laugh was barely audible, but it cast a beautiful childhood glow over the face of the grown man, as though he were suddenly learning about the amusing things the universe had to offer and were laughing at hearing himself laugh. It had an extraordinary charm.

"What made you guess? The shape of my shoulders? My hair?" he asked.

He pulled with embarrassment at the bushy white tufts that curled over his temples and said:

"It's too long, I know. But I just can't make up my mind to go to an English barber. I am so used to ours. They are wonderful people." As he kept rumpling his graying hair, his laughter, that was so youthful, became even more engaging. "I wasn't thinking of skill," he said, "really not . . ."

HE shook his head and continued. "In Paris I regularly patronize a barbershop on the Left Bank. It's a small place. The boss works there himself, with two employees. His wife is in charge of the cash register. They have a little boy and a little girl. A perfectly ordinary family. Well, one morning as I went in to my barber's he came running up to me, shouting, 'Look, look what I've just received, monsieur. I found this in my mail.' He was holding a copy of the clandestine paper, Liberation. 'The articles in it are wonderful,' the boss said. 'Against the Germans, against the collaborationists, with names, details, and everything. It takes courage to print things like that. Isn't that so, gentlemen?'

"And everyone agreed. The clandestine paper had made the round of the shop. 'Imagine their sending it to me. To me!' the boss kept saying. He was beaming with pride. 'It's really a great honor they're doing us,' his wife at the counter said gently. 'Read it fast,' the boss whispered to me. 'I'm expecting a lot of people this morning, and everybody must get his chance at it.' For two cents he would have posted the paper in his window."

"Was it before or after the circulation of the resistance papers was punishable by death?" someone asked.

"After, long after," said Saint Luc.

He laughed, but his face expressed an almost tender admiration. "Barbers are wonderful people," he affirmed.

Meanwhile, the dinner was coming to an end. The butler was serving *crème au chocolat.* It was rich and light, smooth to the taste as to the eye. One had to be from France to appreciate this incredible thing to the full.

Saint Luc stopped talking to give himself up entirely and in all innocence to the pleasures of the palate. Then he murmured, "This dinner is a dream. We owe a great deal to this lady. Women are wonderful beings."

Lest anyone should mistake the occasion of his enthusiasm, he added in a half-joking, half-guilty tone, "You know, it's quite aside from any *crème au chocolat.* I remember a woman whose name was Mathilde and whose husband was a bailiff's clerk. I didn't know her, but I have often heard a student friend of mine speak of her.

"This student's favorite pastime, when she traveled in the *métro,* was to put anti-German tracts in the pockets of German officers and soldiers. She lived on the same

floor as Mathilde, in a moderate-rental apartment house. Mathilde was yellow, lean, worn out from her household cares and her seven children.

"One day, in sheer fun, the student slipped a tract into Mathilde's coat. But the clerk's wife was quicker than the soldiers of the occupation. She seized the girl's wrist and read the leaflet.

"'At last I've got my hands on one of them, thank God!' said Mathilde. 'Let's go up to your apartment.' My friend was most anxious to avoid a public incident. She obeyed.

"In the bachelor girl's apartment the bed was unmade. Clothes were scattered about. Mathilde was taken aback. But the disgust which further lengthened her already long-drawn face suddenly gave way to an expression of humility. She seized the girl's hands with her two rough ones and said, 'Mademoiselle, you must help me!' 'Help you?' the puzzled student repeated. 'Against the Boches,' said Mathilde. And unexpectedly this utterly taciturn and rigid woman, who seemed as dried up in her feelings as in her body, was carried away with passion. She told of her children's hunger, the futile food lines, the torture of coalless winters, her husband's lung congestion, the hunt for clothes and shoes that were not to be had. None of her words had a note of complaint. They expressed a fierce sense of revolt against the Germans. Mathilde's only despair was to remain inactive. 'I want to work for the Boches' downfall,' she concluded. 'I won't consider anything too difficult or painful or dangerous.'

"My friend answered her. 'You shall work in my circuit distributing our sheets.'

"Mathilde was entrusted first with a section of a street, then with the whole street, then with another, then with a whole district. It was an enormous task that she accomplished with method and with flawless attention to detail. She grew still thinner, but her face no longer expressed hostility toward the world. She was especially happy when she had to add explosives to the thick bundles of printed sheets. She would put the newspapers and the cartridges of dynamite at the bottom of the little carriage that she used for her last-born, an eighteen-month-old baby. Who could have suspected this hollow-cheeked woman taking her undernourished children out for a bit of air?"

Everyone had left the dinner table and gone into a large drawing room, completely absorbed in the story.

"Mathilde, however, was caught in the end through an indiscretion for which she was not responsible," Saint Luc concluded. "Nothing could make her talk. When I left France the police had not yet decided her fate."

Philippe Gerbier's Notebook

BACK from England yesterday. At the moment of plunging from the plane into the black night, I remembered one of our men who made a bad landing and broke both his legs. He nevertheless buried his parachute and dragged himself five or six kilometers to the nearest farm, where he was taken in. In my own case, a rather acute stricture about the heart when the pilot signaled to me. Afraid for no reason. Not a bit of wind. Landed in a plowed field. Buried the parachute. Knowing the region, had no difficulty finding the small local railway station.

Some peasants, workers, railroad men were waiting for the first train. At first, the usual conversation—Food, food, food. But also a new note: the deportations to Germany. Not a family, they said, that was not affected or about to be. They were thinking up ways of keeping their sons, their nephews, their cousins from going. The rage of prisoners straining at their chains. They likewise discussed the war news. Those who had a radio told the others all about the London broadcasts. I was reminded that I had spoken over the BBC in behalf of the French engineers two days before.

Went to an architect friend of ours who treated me like a ghost. "You come from England, you come from England," he kept saying. He had recognized my voice over the radio. I didn't realize that it was so unmistakable. There I committed a rather stupid and serious blunder. Indiscretions are due not so much to malevolence, the temptation to talk, or even stupidity as to admiration. Most of our people are carried away by their enthusiasm. They like to magnify, to create a halo around our comrades, especially the leaders. It keeps them going, rouses them, and gives color to their monotonous little everyday work. "You know, X has done a magnificent thing," one who is in the know says to another. And the latter feels a need to share his enthusiasm with a third. And so on until the story reaches the ears of an informer. There is nothing so dangerous as this generosity of feeling.

SPENT the night at the architect's. Had a visit from our local chief. This man tells of searches, police raids, traps. The Gestapo is trying to decapitate the resistance. Ten times its blows miscarry, but they end by striking home. Our Command Posts discovered in Lyon, Marseille, Toulouse, and in Savoy. Three radio stations seized. We don't yet know what is happening in the North, but down here it's serious. My second in command has been summarily executed. My secretary deported to Poland. Felix arrested.

Lemasque, one of our young recruits of whose ability I did not at first feel sure, has done very well. He has set up an emergency Post in his office. Little by little, as the others fell, this Post has become important. Lemasque has replaced the men who have been taken by new men. He has proved to be quick, energetic, efficient.

NEWS of Felix from Jean-François.

Felix was arrested in the street by two men who spoke perfect French but were agents of the Gestapo. He was questioned but would not admit his identity. The Gestapo took him to his house in the middle of the night. His wife and his little boy, terrified and knowing nothing of Felix's underground activities, made no bones about recognizing him. The German policeman beat him in front of his wife and child till he fainted. Then they began a search, smashing everything in the room. Felix came around and had the presence of mind to lie still and get some strength back. Suddenly he dashed to the window, broke through the shutters, and jumped into the street. He sprained an ankle, but ran all the same. A patrol of French cyclist police was passing. They took him to one of our people. Felix has his foot in a light cast and will soon be out. He has asked me for a new assignment. He won't be able to see his wife and child again till the war is over. He thinks his wife is very angry.

A GOOD day:

(1) A radio transmitter is operating at the home of the farmer's wife Augustine Viellat.

(2) Felix has left the clinic with his ankle quite cured and a flourishing beard. He is in touch with Lemasque.

(3) Mathilde has arrived. She escaped with sixty suspects from the Palais de Justice in Paris, where they had been taken for questioning. She doesn't know how it was arranged, nor by whom. Inside accomplices, most probably. At a given word they had only to follow the corridors as far as a door leading to the Place Dauphine, open it, and walk out.

Mathilde remained in hiding in Paris for three days. She resisted the violent temptation to see her children. She showed me a photograph which she managed to hide through every search. "I'm sure my big Thérèse will take good care of the little ones," Mathilde said. "I won't be able to look after them till the war is over." She has asked for work right away, lots of work, dangerous work. I know she can do a lot and do it well. I must find the best possible use for her.

Mathilde has found an attic in the house of a little dressmaker. She is claiming to be a nurse. Tomorrow she will have her papers. She is going to direct one of our fighting units.

THE chief is in Paris. I relayed to him verbally, via Jean-François, the contents of a large stack of mail. Jean-François is back. On his way to Paris he was carrying a valise full of tracts. He had also put a ham in the valise. He feels sorry for his brother. As a matter of fact, the chief is dying of hunger. . . . In the street Jean-François was suddenly grabbed by a *garde mobile*

and had to open his valise. The guardsman examined the contents thoroughly. His face wore a hard look. Jean-François was preparing to drop the valise and run. But the guard merely said to him, "You oughtn't to mix up the black market with the business of fighting the Boches. It's not right." When Jean-François told his brother the story, the chief was deeply moved by it. Much more than by the adventures in which so many of our people lose their lives.

THE Bison is still unbeatable. Mathilde asked him for four German uniforms. The Bison got them. That means for certain the death of four German soldiers. We will never know how he did it.

Mathilde amazes him and inspires his respect. He says of her, "She's somebody."

HAVE moved again. Have taken an apartment under a fifth alias. My papers: A colonial officer on leave. Inoculations against malaria. Mathilde, as a nurse, comes to give me the injections.

MATHILDE'S first operation. One of our most useful group leaders had recently been removed from the prison where he was held, to a hospital. Yesterday evening an ambulance with four German soldiers and a nurse drew up before the hospital. The nurse showed an order from the Gestapo to hand our group leader over to her. Neither Mathilde nor her men had to use weapons.

MATHILDE has made a discovery which definitely confirms certain information about which we were not quite sure.

The dressmaker whose attic Mathilde has taken has a son about twelve. Mathilde is very fond of him. This little boy works as a page at the Hotel T. Lately, the little boy has been sleeping terribly. He would moan, weep, scream, and choke in his sleep. The frantic mother consulted Mathilde, whom she still takes for a nurse. Mathilde spent part of the night listening to the boy's nightmares. Then she woke him up gently. She asked him questions. A woman who has had as many children as she has knows how to talk to youngsters.

The dressmaker's son told her everything. About a week ago he was put at the disposal of the guests who occupy the fourth floor of the hotel. He has to stand by on the landing and answer the bell. The whole floor, he says, is occupied by gentlemen and ladies who speak French well but are all Germans. They receive a lot of people. There are men or women who always come between two German soldiers. They are always taken to the same room, No. 87. Almost always cries and peculiar noises and moans can be heard in this room. The noises stop and then go on again and again. "Till it makes you sick, I swear to you madame," said the child to Mathilde. "The voices of the women they are hurting are worse than anything. I didn't want to talk to anybody about it because I'm afraid to think about it."

That is how we located the torture chamber for this town.

A SEVERE blow for our newspaper. One of its editors was caught. The Gestapo have already demanded that he be turned over to them.

I think he will resist the ordeal of Room 87. But in any case, we must change all our printing places. Now, with the German tortures, we must observe a strict rule. As soon as a comrade who knows something is arrested we must assume that everything that he knows the Gestapo also knows. I am changing my name and my address.

THERE are two people following me. One is an old gentleman with the Legion of Honor ribbon in his buttonhole, and the other a man who pretends to be selling tickets for the National Lottery. It is time for me to disappear. Evidently I have been traveling too much.

I HAD to take some plans to a large business office in Paris on the Avenue de l'Opéra. Having traveled only by small local lines, I presented myself there. As I was about to ring the bell, the door opened of its own accord. A hand fell softly on my wrist and drew me inside. I found myself facing German policemen. Since morning the office had become a trap.

"Who are you? What have you come here for?" I made up a reason which fits in with the normal operations of the business. "Your papers?" I showed my latest ones, which were fabricated subsequently to my being shadowed by the two old men. One of the policemen went to the telephone and spoke with the Gestapo headquarters. I understand German and I followed the conversation. At the other end of the wire they asked the policeman to read a list of names. I heard the one which I went under only ten days ago. The policeman came back to me, gave me back my papers, pushed me to the door. I went down as slowly as I could.

In the concierge's lodge I thought I saw a man in spectacles. I went out, started walking, and stopped before a shop window. A few paces from me was a man with glasses. Then I went as far as to a bakery, which I knew had a double exit. In this way I gained a few minutes. I saw a fire station where I found some well-disposed people. They hid me in a fire wagon and took me in their car to a secondhand furniture dealer on the Left Bank, one of our best agents. I handed him my plans and the next day I left Paris pushing a handcart full of old chairs.

I HAVE gone into hiding in a tiny village. This morning I had a rendezvous at the studio with Jean-François, Lemasque, and Felix. As I was coming up to the house, the concierge was on the doorstep desultorily beating an old rug. Seeing me cross the street, she suddenly began to beat it with a kind of frenzy. This concierge has never been one of us and knows nothing of my activities. All the same, I did not go in. This woman saved my life. The police had found my address on one of our liaison agents. A trap was laid, too, for Lemasque, Felix, and Jean-François and they were caught. It was only after this that the concierge thought of using the rug as an alarm signal.

NEWS of Felix.

On a scrap of onionskin paper Felix had the address of an emergency apartment rented in the name of a young girl, where I would go from time to time in the guise of protector. This address Felix had written in a code of his own. When questioned, he managed to interpret the signs as a rendezvous taken on a certain day and a certain hour in a public square with an important leader of the resistance. He let this come out with the hesitations, the evasions, and the reticences which were needed for him to be believed. In the same way he agreed to lead two policemen to this supposed rendezvous.

He arrived in the middle of the square, leading the policemen by a few steps. A streetcar was just then passing. Felix jumped in, slipped through and out the other side, where he disappeared in the crowd.

Then he wanted to let me know and went to the emergency address. But in the meantime the girl who had rented it had come to the studio, where the police had been able to make her talk. Felix was recaptured. He is locked up in Vichy in the cellars of the Hotel Bellevue which has been requisitioned by the Gestapo.

NEWS of Lemasque.

He was shut up in the same cellar as Felix, with handcuffs and irons on his feet. Felix was questioned the very first day. He did not return from the questioning, but that night, by the light of the bulbs in the ceiling, Lemasque saw Felix's corpse being dragged through the corridor by a rope tied round the neck.

There were no longer eyes in his face, no lower jaw. Lemasque was able to recognize him by the top of his bald head. Felix la Tonsure. . . .

Lemasque was so afraid of undergoing the same tortures that suddenly he *knew* that he would escape.

He succeeded (he will never be able to say how) in undoing the padlock that fastened the irons to his ankles. With his handcuffed hands he loosened the insecurely anchored bars of the cellar vent, and, feet first, he wriggled out. There he was in the streets of Vichy with his hands still shackled. The only person he knew in Vichy was a ministry clerk who lived in a commandeered hotel.

Lemasque had been to see him just once to obtain false papers. In the streets overrun by patrols of *gardes mobiles* and the Gestapo on their beats, Lemasque, with his handcuffs, started off to look for the hotel. He would have to find it before dawn or he was lost. Hours went by. Lemasque kept wandering round. At last he thought he had found the spot. He entered the sleeping hotel. One last effort, a desperate effort of memory to recall the floor and the exact position of the room. At last he knocked at a door. It was opened by the comrade he had been looking for.

That evening a friendly workman came with a hack saw and freed Lemasque from his handcuffs. I have had the story confirmed by the ministry clerk and by the worker. Otherwise, I should always have wondered if Lemasque had not weakened and thought up this escape in the interest of the Gestapo.

FELIX'S wife begs to be allowed to work for us. When one of our emissaries who was to give her some financial relief saw her, she refused the money and began to weep. She kept repeating: "If I had only known, if I had only known."

She will be a liaison agent. It is the most dangerous work; but the wives of executed comrades have always accomplished this kind of mission better than anyone else.

We are assuming the responsibility for Felix's consumptive little boy.

LEMASQUE has been arrested again. He was taken to Room 87. He fainted after half an hour of questioning. He regained consciousness. He swallowed a cyanide pill.

THE most recent invention of the Gestapo questioners: They apply a dentist's drill to the gum till the point attacks the jawbone.

AUGUSTINE VIELLAT'S daughter Madeleine, who is seventeen, has joined us. She will be paired as a liaison agent with Felix's widow, who is doing very good work.

MADELEINE and Felix's widow have been arrested. Denounced by a militiaman.

MATHILDE and the Bison have executed the militiaman who denounced Felix's widow and young Madeleine.

MY photograph has been communicated through the Gestapo to all commissariats, to all prefectures, to all gendarmeries. I found this out through Leroux, a policeman who is one of ours. He advises me to put up at his house. It is the safest shelter for the moment.

FELIX'S widow and little Madeleine have been taken to Room 87. They did not reveal anything. After each of the tortures they sang the Marseillaise. Leroux has transmitted a copy of the official German report to me. He has likewise informed me that the two women vowed they would not talk.

The thought that she persuaded Augustine to let her daughter go into the resistance movement is eating Mathilde's heart out. She does not think about Felix's widow. It's the girl. She is the same age as Mathilde's eldest daughter.

MATHILDE has committed an act of madness. She tried to rescue Madeleine by main force right out in the open street as she was being taken from the prison to be led once more to Room 87. Mathilde had with her the Bison, Jean-François, and three men of the combat groups. They came close to succeeding, but a charge of the SS broke their attack. They fell back. A chase through the streets. Several Germans killed but they got two of ours. The Bison and another were wounded. Mathilde and Jean-François succeeded in escaping. Mathilde has only aggravated little Madeleine's situation, and she has broken up a whole combat group.

THE leaders of all the interlinked organizations have decided to meet. The chief has asked me to come. Leroux begs me not to take this long trip. He says that my description has been sent out everywhere and that I head the list of those who are being sought.

I WENT to the meeting of the resistance leaders. Leroux accompanied me with a warrant. I was Leroux's prisoner. An ideal safe-conduct. The meeting lasted a long time. When it was concluded, the chief said to me, "There are fourteen of us here. Only fourteen, but we are borne up by thousands and probably millions of men. We know that our soldiers change their names a hundred times and that they have neither a shelter nor a face. They move in secrecy, wearing shapeless shoes, on roads without sunlight and without glory."

BACK at Leroux's. I transmit the warning to newcomers who wish to enter the ranks of our organization that they must not count on more than three months of freedom; that is to say, of life. This will certainly not keep them out, but it is honest.

A Cigarette for Later On

THE German soldier stopped walking in the corridor and glued his helmeted face to the cut-out square in the door. Among the men condemned to die, Gerbier alone noticed him. Gerbier was the only one not to conceive life as ended. He did not feel himself in a state of death.

The German soldier's eyes encountered those of Gerbier. He doesn't seem afraid, the soldier thought.

The other condemned were seated in a circle on the bare flagstones and were talking in low voices.

Neither do they, the soldier reflected. Yet this is the morning.

The soldier wondered for a moment how he would have behaved if he had known that he had only two hours to live. He wondered also what these men could have done. Then he yawned. It was a long watch. He might as well pace the hall till the execution. This was war, after all.

Gerbier brought his glance back to his comrades, whose feet were chained like his own. The barrack room of the former French barracks had livid gray walls. The feeble electric light gave the same tinge to the condemned.

There were six of them besides Gerbier. The one who

was speaking at the moment had a pronounced Breton accent. His extreme youth was perceptible in intonations that still held a childish freshness. But his face, simple in line and so lean that it seemed carved in boxwood, showed no trace of it. He was eighteen.

"It's the second time I am to be shot," said the lad. "The first time wasn't the real one because I was only fifteen then. It was in Brest, on account of some machine guns which a contingent of French soldiers leaving for England must have left. We didn't want them to get into the hands of the Germans. We buried them. A post-office employee betrayed us. He got a knife between the shoulders for it, but twelve of our boys older than myself were

executed. Because of my age, they changed the sentence at the last minute and sent me to Germany as a prisoner."

Gerbier handed his companions a half-full package of cigarettes. Each took one and each lit his, except the oldest, a peasant with hair that was gray and hard as a boar's bristles. He put his cigarette behind his ear and said, "I'll keep it for later on." They understood that he meant the hour of the execution.

The German soldier smelled the odor of the tobacco in the hall, but said nothing. It was he who had sold Gerbier his package of cigarettes.

"When I escaped and after a few months they wanted to send me to work in Germany, I defended myself with a knife," said the boy. "And here I am. . . . This time it's the real thing. . . . I'm old enough. . . ."

The peasant with the cigarette on his ear asked, "Have you bled many of them, son?"

"I haven't had time," said the Breton.

"Well, I've done my share," said the peasant. His lips, sprinkled with hard gray hairs, curled up. He was not laughing, nor was he smiling. It was more like the movements of a hunting dog's chops expressing contentment. He told his story:

"My property is situated along a highway. Some Fritzes had their billets in the vicinity. Every day some of them came over to my place to ask if I had anything to drink. They only came one at a time because it was forbidden and they are always suspicious of their comrades. Then one evening along comes a noncom who's a little drunk and doesn't see the open trap door to the cellar and falls in. My cellar is pretty deep. The Fritz broke his neck, all right. I went down and I found him dead. I didn't want any trouble and I buried him right in the cellar. . . . It may well have been that corpse that started my head working. . . . I can't be sure, of course. But damned if a few days later the trap door wasn't open again when a Fritz came in. He drank a glass too many, too, and he also fell in. Only this time I helped him a little. So I buried him next to the first one. And then there was another, and still another. I kept count.

"It got up to nineteen. . . . At last I was going too fast. One Fritz disappearing every month might be passed off. But two and three a week, you've got to admit, is more than you can account for. The Kommandantur started investigating. They finally looked in my cellar. And the bottom of my cellar—well, the bottom had climbed too high. There were three layers of Fritzes. So here I am. I've done my share."

The peasant's lips once again went through the motions that recalled the expression of satisfied hunting dogs.

Gerbier thought, We ought to get him into our combat group. Then he thought almost simultaneously, But he's going to be shot in a few minutes. And almost at the same time an inner voice said, "And so am I . . ." But Gerbier did not recognize this voice.

"I've done my share too, in spite of the fact that I'm not twenty yet," the student began. Youthfulness was in the fire of his voice, the life that animated his face, and even in the little dark mustache which must have grown in prison. With his bulging forehead and solid shoulders he looked like a young bullock.

"I'm a Lorrainese, from annexed Lorraine. I was taking courses at the university when the Boches announced that my class would be mobilized six months later in the German Army. I didn't hesitate a second. I had just time to spend Christmas at home and get away.

"We had a fine midnight supper. I don't know how my mother had managed to get hold of a goose. My father had brought out the last good bottles. I felt pretty blue about leaving them without telling them. Than at the end of the meal my father embraced me and led me to the door. He opened it. And he said to me, 'We know what your duty is.' My mother gave me a valise she had prepared and some money.

"In the morning I got across to the French frontier. Right then I thought, with parents like that you're not going to be able to lead a quiet little life, and wait for victory to be won for you. In Paris I tried to make myself useful. I knew a group of fine youngsters. I worked on a paper of independent opinion. I had wanted to be a writer. Well, I was able to be one."

Next, the man with lively, melancholy eyes and curly hair, who was seated beside Gerbier, began his story, talking so fast that the words seemed to bump into one another. He was a rabbi. When he stopped, it was the turn of the next man.

When the sixth condemned man had finished his story, they turned instinctively toward Gerbier. Gerbier was resolved to keep silent. He felt that he was not inwardly attuned to his companions. He had nothing to confide to them. And they had no curiosity about his confidence.

If they gave him a questioning look, it was out of simple politeness. Yet Gerbier, too, spoke.

"I shouldn't want to start running by-and-by," he said. "Here they shoot prisoners with a machine gun and on the run. I think they do it by way of training. They let you go, you start running, you cover twenty, thirty meters. Then, fire. . . . It's a good exercise in firing at a moving target. I don't want to give them that pleasure."

Gerbier pulled out his package of cigarettes and distributed in halves the three that remained.

"No one will want to run," said the student.

"It doesn't do any good," said the peasant.

"And it's really losing face," said the landed proprietor.

The piece of helmet, of flesh, and of scrutiny filled the opening in the door. The German soldier cried some words to Gerbier. "He asks us to hurry with our smoking," Gerbier translated. "They're coming for us in a moment. He doesn't want to get into any trouble."

The student had become very pale. The rabbi began to mutter Hebraic verses.

"This time it's the real thing," said the eighteen-year-old Breton.

Gerbier gave a half-smile. The peasant slowly reached for the cigarette behind his ear . . .

The Rifle Range

THE central part of the old barracks communicated with the rifle range by means of a very long vaulted corridor. The condemned men entered it one by one, flanked by soldiers of an SS unit. Gerbier found himself approximately in the middle of the line. The student was in the lead and the peasant came last. The condemned men advanced slowly. They still bore shackles on their feet.

The corridor had no outside openings. Electric globes at regular intervals filled it with a confused light. The shadows of the condemned and those of their armed guards formed a gigantic and vacillating escort on the walls. In the resounding silence of the hallway the booted tread of the soldiers made a deep, heavy sound, to which was added the clanking of the chains and the scraping of shackles.

It composes a kind of symphony, said Gerbier to himself. I wish the chief could hear it.

Gerbier remembered the expression that had come over Luc Jardie's face when he spoke about music.

It's really curious, said Gerbier to himself. Our shackles

make me think of the chief. The word "love" has meaning for me only when it applies to the chief. He means more to me than anything. But it was then that an answer came to him from his heart: "More than anything and less than life."

The shadows danced, the shackles groaned.

Saint Luc is what I love most in life, but Saint Luc could disappear and I should still want to live. And I am going to die . . . and I am not afraid. It's impossible not to be afraid when one is going to die. . . . It is because I am too limited, too much of an animal to believe it. But if I don't believe it till the last moment, till the ultimate limit, I shall never die. . . . What a discovery! I must go into this more deeply . . . I must . . .

AT this point Gerbier's flashing meditation was broken off abruptly. For the first moment he did not understand the cause of this cessation. Then a song resounded through the corridor. The Marseillaise. The student had begun it. The others had immediately taken it up. The student and the rabbi had fine voices, full and impassioned. It was they that Gerbier heard best. But he did not want to listen to them. He wanted to think. And above all, he did not want to sing.

The Marseillaise. . . . It's always done in situations like this, said Gerbier to himself.

For a moment he rediscovered his half-smile.

The line of the condemned men advanced slowly. The song passed over Gerbier without touching him.

They don't want to think, and I do . . . he said to himself. And with savage impatience he waited for the familiar stanzas to die away. The corridor was long.

I shall still have some time to myself, Gerbier decided. The Marseillaise came to an end.

Quick, quick, I must explore my discovery, thought Gerbier. But the student's strong, pure voice rose again. And this time Gerbier felt himself caught and tightly held within as by a magic hand. The Chant du Départ had always had this effect on him. Gerbier was responsive to its accents, to its words. He stiffened. He did not want to do like the others. He had an essential problem to solve—about death. Yet he felt the melody surge within his chest. He clenched his teeth.

Gerbier clenched his teeth harder because the words were already singing in his throat.

I won't yield . . . I won't yield . . . Gerbier said to himself. It's the mob instinct. I don't want to sing, just as I don't want to run before the machine guns.

This association helped Gerbier to hold back the song that was ready to burst from him. He had the feeling of having surmounted an inner danger.

The shackled line at last reached a little door contrived in the thickness of the wall on the left. The shadows stopped dancing. The scraping of the chains ceased. And also the song. A sentry opened the door. A natural light spread across a section of the corridor. The student again took up the strains of the Marseillaise and the condemned men, one after another, entered the enclosure of their death.

It was a stereotyped military rifle range—a bare rectangle enclosed by rather high walls. Against the back wall and separated from it by a narrow space, one saw the stop butt for the targets. A few old shreds of cloth and of paper quivered on its slopes in the sharp morning breeze. The light was melancholy. One by one the condemned men stopped singing. They had just perceived a few paces away six campaign machine guns. An SS lieutenant, very lean, with a metallic face, who was in command of the firing squad, looked at his watch.

I won't run. . . . I won't. . . . Gerbier kept saying to himself.

The others, as if fascinated, did not avert their eyes from the lieutenant. He shouted an order. Some soldiers advanced with keys and undid the locks that held the prisoners' shackles. Gerbier thrilled to feel himself suddenly so light. He had the impression that his legs were all new and young, that they were going to carry him away at a winged pace. He looked at his companions. Their muscles were agitated by the same impatience. The student especially could barely control himself.

Gerbier looked at the SS. officer, who was tapping a cigarette on his thumb. He had blank, green eyes.

He knows what my legs want to do, Gerbier thought. He's getting ready for the show. And he felt himself more securely chained by the assurance of this man than he had been by his irons.

The SS officer looked at his watch and addressed the condemned men in a very distinct French: "In one minute you will go and stand with your back to the machine guns and facing the stop butt," he said. "You will run as fast as you can. We shall not fire immediately. We shall give you a chance. Those who get behind the butt will be executed later, with the next batch."

"We've got nothing to lose," said the peasant to the rabbi.

The latter did not answer, but his eyes avidly gauged the distance that separated him from the stop butt. The student and the young Breton were doing likewise.

The soldiers aligned the seven men as the officer had ordered. And no longer seeing the machine guns, feeling their muscles at his back, Gerbier was seized with a strange contraction. A spring within him seemed to be impelling him forward.

"Go . . ." said the SS lieutenant.

The student, the rabbi, the young Breton, the peasant set off immediately. Gerbier and the others did not stir. But they had the impression of balancing back and forth, as if they were struggling to maintain their equilibrium between two opposing forces.

I won't . . . . I won't run . . . Gerbier repeated to himself. The lieutenant with his revolver fired three bullets that sped past Gerbier's and his companions' cheeks. And the equilibrium was broken. . . . The condemned men followed their comrades.

Gerbier had no sense of advancing of his own accord. The spring he had felt being wound inside him had been released and was hurtling him straight forward. He could still reflect. And he knew that this race that was bringing him toward the stop butt served no purpose. No one had ever come back alive from the rifle range. The machine gunners knew their job.

Bullets hummed above his head, against his flanks.

Idle bullets, said Gerbier to himself. Crack shots. . . . To make us run faster. . . . Grotesque to wear ourselves out. And yet at each whistling that passed close to him Gerbier lengthened his stride. His mind became muddled. His body was getting the better of his mind. Soon he would be only a hare maddened by fear. He would not allow himself to look at the butt. He wanted none of that hope. To look at the butt was to look at death, and he did not feel himself in a state of death. . . . As long as one thinks, one cannot die. But the body was winning . . . still winning over thought. Gerbier remembered how this body, in spite of himself, had relaxed in London. . . . Bright points of candlelight flickered before his eyes. . . . The dinner at the home of the old lady with the chief. The points of candlelight burned, burned, like sharp suns.

THEN there was darkness. A wave of thick black smoke swept from one end of the rifle range to the other across its whole width. A dark curtain had fallen. Gerbier's arms hummed so violently that he did not hear the explosions of the smoke shells. But because his mind had not quite reached the breaking point he understood that this deep fog was intended for him. And as he was the only one who had never accepted the state of death he was the only one to utilize the screen of fog.

The other condemned men stopped short. Gerbier summoned all his reserves of wind and muscle. Now he no longer thought at all. The bursts of machine-gun bullets followed him, the bursts surrounded him, but the gunners could fire only at random. A bullet tore a shred of flesh from his arm. Another burned his thigh. He ran faster. He passed beyond the butt. Behind was the wall. And on that wall Gerbier saw . . . a rope . . .

Without using his feet, without feeling that he was pulling himself up with the strength of his wrists like a gymnast, Gerbier reached the crest of the wall. A few hundred meters away he saw . . . yes, there was no doubt of it . . . a car. He jumped . . . he flew. . . . The Bison was waiting for him, the motor was running, the car started off. Inside were Mathilde and Jean-François.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

IN 1862, Anna Leonowens, a young English widow, arrived at the palace of the King of Siam, under royal appointment to serve as tutor to his sixty-seven children. The adventures that followed are told by **Margaret Landon** in **Anna and the King of Siam**, a bizarre bit of history that has an engaging once-upon-a-time flavor.

Anna Leonowens

King Mongkut was a monarch who knew what he wanted. In his letter of appointment to Mrs. Leonowens, he said: "We hope that in doing your education on us and on our children, you will do your best endeavor for knowledge of English language, science, and literature, and not conversion to Christianity." He was equally determined that none of the customs of his kingdom were to be interfered with.

Anna Leonowens, however, was a strong-minded woman. In spite of the weazened little tyrant and his tough prime minister, she set out from the first to wage a one-woman war on the institution of slavery. The story of her struggle and her eventual success reads like a cross between a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale and a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. It was the teachings she instilled in the Crown Prince, Chulalongkorn, that brought the ultimate abolition of slavery.

In 1872, when she had returned to England, the redoubtable Anna received from her good friend Lady Son Klin of the Siamese court a letter that began:

"My dear friend and teacher. My goodness gracious. You will not know us any more, we are all so changed, a freedomed people."

Published by the John Day Company, New York. Price $3.75.

WHEN Hitler came into power in 1933, a good many warning voices were raised to tell us about his blueprint for world conquest. Possibly the reason why the prophets of those days (who included Winston Churchill) weren't taken seriously was that their predictions sounded too much like the plot of a hiss-the-villain movie.

Curt Riess

In **The Nazis Go Underground**, **Curt Riess** now cautions us that, unless we avoid past errors, the global melodrama through which we have been living will turn out to have been a mere curtain-raiser. German officialdom, he says, decided in May, 1943, that this war was lost, and began making methodical, detailed plans for World War III. These plans, he maintains, include the formation of a duplicate organization for every branch of the German government, every industry, and every public utility, for the purpose of sabotaging the peaceful administration of the country after the Allied Military Government takes over.

The Nazi line of reasoning, says Mr. Riess, can be found in a widely circulated memorandum by General Otto von Stuelpnagel, from which he quotes:

"What does a provisional defeat matter to us if, because of the destruction of manpower and material which we will have been able to inflict on our enemies and neighboring territories, we have obtained a margin of economic and demographic superiority greater than before 1939? . . . We shall be better placed to conquer in twenty-five years than we were in 1939."

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, New York. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

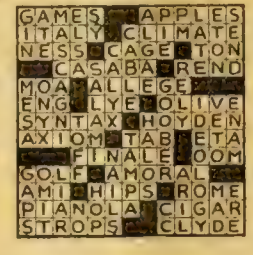
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

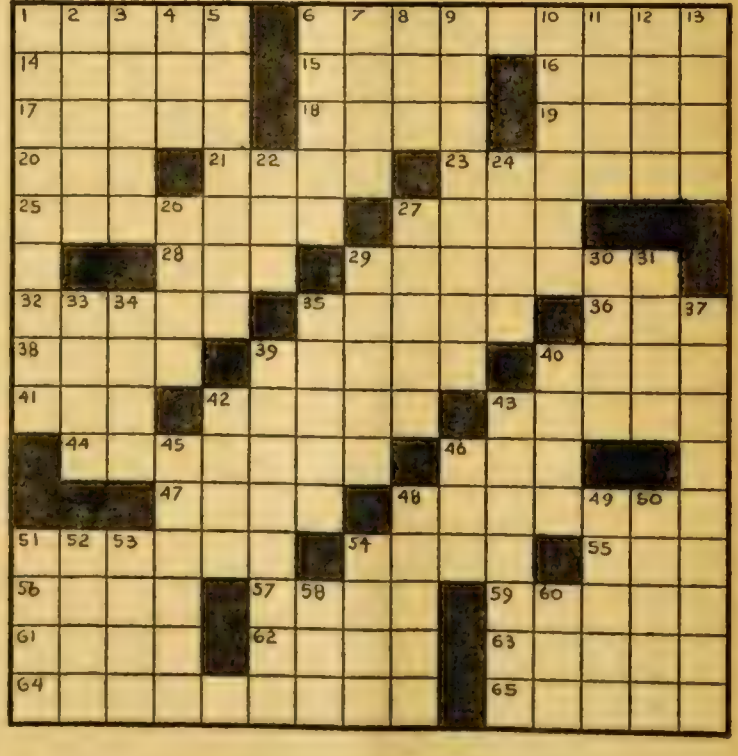
1 Grable-bodied seamen
6 Stuffy little room, with people drinking themselves insensible to noise, high prices
14 How few Japs are getting back to Tokyo ——
15 —and what they're giving up lots of
16 An old sharper
17 Best thing on Grammaw's table
18 A word bird with a sublime rhyme and ode rent
19 Miner's entrance
20 Lovers Coo Ecstatically (abbr.)
21 It's the very last word in religion
23 Astronomical buzz-bombs
25 1,001 things every Spaniard could use
27 Bloke
28 Cherman brep-posishun unt tidle
29 Some of the most beautiful women appear in these
32 How Hitler's bound to look
35 A hunka real estate
36 The few so many owe so much to (abbr.)
38 The night and potatoes have 1,000
39 The first pickle factory
40 The due that falls on the 1st
41 Hustled by shanks-mare
42 Kind of nut
43 One of three early Spanish invasion craft
44 Farmer's excursion
46 A tit for this ——
47 A hammock, a whodunit, no work until Monday
48 Battlewagon
51 Reorganize
54 Kind of trap that never catches flies
55 This ain't Spanish hay!
56 One of those funny birds about Xwords
57 Toin (anagram)
59 Penal (anag.)
61 What dogdays do to the ears on a brass monkey
62 Sear (anag.)
63 Corps that soon will be corpses
64 What docs do for a pain in the belly
65 A dozen big red argument squarers; wife appeasers

VERTICAL

1 Flower, space, flower, space, flower, space —ad insanitatum
2 Whimsical visitor to the underground
3 Ex-member of the tennis racket
4 Your mom and my mom!
5 Man who beats his gums for his country; Hon. Windbag
6 Panes in the neck occur here (pl.)
7 An old smoothie
8 The awe of boyhood
9 Ticket to buy your hat back (2 wds.)
10 These chaps are knockouts
11 Dole (anag.)
12 It's one for all
13 Losing propositions
22 Kind of power every woman loves
24 Kind of oven
26 Shortage of evenings (pl.)
27 Kind of pot the kettle replied the pot was
29 Flier, has Bee card, hangs around queens
30 A pain in the British neck
31 Shake, brother; it's raining but not pouring
33 "Oh, nurse!" cried Gandhi
34 The leaping lady of yesteryear
35 Hull of a good way to keep the world peace
37 Standard bearers
39 Radio announcers claim Krunchies are whatter than Kracklies?
40 Teensie-weensies
42 Stuff
43 Common to business, doubles, marriage, and crime
45 Oh, where are these vitamins of yesteryear? (pl.)
46 Tea for George of Greece
48 Questionable part of a sentence
49 The rattlesnake Injuns
50 Having a 5,000-blood pressure
51 What smells of gasoline and runs around the edges of Manhattan?
52 What Hitler's dying for
53 Isn't this loathsome!
54 Jap backhand (Nasty dig, eh?)
58 Numskulls Rattle Inanely (abbr.)
60 Leo, terribly mixed up



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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Good food and drink have much in common... for each depends on the *quality* of the ingredients, and the *skill* of those who combine them.

Seagram's 5 Crown—today, as always—is made from the very finest ingredients... blended by men who inherit all the skill and craftsmanship of Seagram's 87 years... every drop 100% pre-war quality... *no compromises!*

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$39.50 *Box spring available. Slightly higher in Pacific Northwest.*

SLEEPING ON A SEALY IS LIKE SLEEPING ON A CLOUD

FURLOUGH FOR HANNAH

Continued from Page 19

"You'll only hinder my chores. Must get done so I can mow the lawn and weed the carrot patch."

Mrs. Humphreys blinked. "But, really—"

He got his way. He was gay about it and was firm about it. While Olivia dressed, noises of Bruce's activities came first from the garden, then from the hall where he was sweeping, then from the broom closet where he was polishing shoes. Then he was answering the phone.

He came and knocked at Olivia's door.

"Mr. Jack Poynton desires to know will you be at the Rogers' party," Bruce said.

There was silence, then Olivia's voice came: "Tell him yes."

When she left the house in the late afternoon the family car was at the door. Bruce sat behind the wheel. He had found the chauffeur's uniform and had put it on. He got out and held the door.

Appreciatively Bruce's eyes moved over Olivia's soft green suit and dark-framed white face. He whistled. "Not bad! Where to, miss?"

Olivia looked at him. His eyes watched her; his eyes were slightly mocking. She got in.

"By the way," Olivia said coolly before he closed the door, "you won't have to wait for me. I'm sure there is still much work to be done in the house. When you're through," Olivia said, "you might entertain Hannah, my white knight."

MRS. HUMPHREYS faced Hannah in her room. "Hannah, whatever possessed you to tell Captain Wingate you were a member of the family?"

Hannah answered dauntlessly, "I never told him any such thing, mum. He just took it for granted. He came bustin' in here by mistake. 'Oh, pardon!' he says. 'Don't think another thing about it,' I says. So we fell to chattin'. 'What's your name?' he says. 'Hannah,' I says. 'Oh,' he says, 'you must be Olivia's Aunt Hannah.' 'Must I now!' I says. 'Yep,' he says. 'You're Aunt Hannah. Miss Olivia wrote me about you being sick.' "

Weakly Mrs. Humphreys sat down. "I don't know what to say, Hannah. You have put us in a most embarrassing position. Did you tell him you were ill?"

"No'm. I told him I was restin' up."

Mrs. Humphreys cast about in her mind. "Well, we'll just have to make the best of it. You'll have to keep on resting up."

"Yes'm." Hannah was meek.

Mr. Humphreys exploded when Mrs. Humphreys told him. "What am I paying her a hundred dollars a month for?" he demanded.

Mrs. Humphreys battled hysteria. "Now, Harry, don't *you* be difficult. I've enough to contend with. And," Mrs. Humphreys said tremulously, "don't let Hannah see that you're angry. If we lose her, heaven knows where I'll find another maid!"

In the morning a large box of flowers arrived. Mrs. Humphreys received it at the door and was becomingly flustered. Then Mrs. Humphreys saw the card: "Aunt Hannah— A quick recovery. Bruce." Mrs. Humphreys carried them up.

Bruce took over the housework. On the third day he dashed triumphantly into the living room.

"Hold everything, people! Aunt Hannah's going to come down for dinner!"

MR. HUMPHREYS, coming home, was quickly collared by his wife. She explained things to Mr. Humphreys.

"I'll be damned if I will!" he blustered.

(*Continued on page 56*)

"A man doesn't get to be a grandfather every day!"

There is one very good reason for taking your time over Dry Paul Jones. When you linger over it, you'll have more chance to enjoy the fullness of Paul Jones' flavor . . . one of the most magnificently full-bodied flavors that ever graced a whiskey. Try sipping Paul Jones and see. *A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.*

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To Australia—AND BACK—

in 95 hours and 20 minutes!

1. 12:00 midnight Sunday: A huge Liberator Express, loaded with a secret cargo, roars down its California runway and soon dwindles to a speck on the horizon. The dispatcher checks off another routine flight for CONSAIRWAY, the military airline established in 1942 by Consolidated for the Air Transport Command.

2. 10:30 p. m. Tuesday: The ground crew at an Australian airport speedily unloads the Liberator's high-priority cargo . . . checks the engines . . . heaves aboard tons of mail for the U. S. A. A new "Pony Express" flight crew jogs out, climbs aboard, and the giant transport streaks down the runway for the return trip.

4. So far, CONSAIRWAY Liberators have made 1764 round trips between the U. S. and Australia—a total of 25,900,000 over-water miles, without a single fatal accident. The original Liberator that pioneered the Australia run has now completed 84 round trips and is still going strong!

5. Born of war, CONSAIRWAY's job, in the beginning, was to bring back Ferry pilots who had delivered bombers to the South Pacific. Westbound cargoes, today as then, consist of tons of spare aircraft engines and parts, medical supplies, and ammunition—in short, *any* supplies that are *needed fast* by our fighting men "Down Under."

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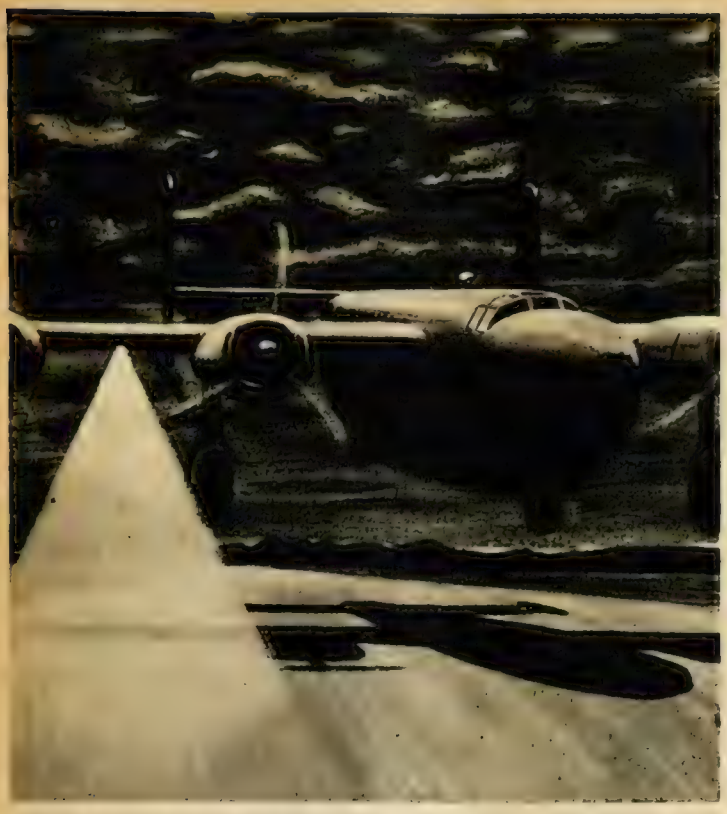

3. 11:20 p.m. Thursday: The Liberator contacts the control tower at its California airport . . . "CONSAIRWAY plane No. 10 coming in!" . . . and it's back home again. Since it left that same airport, 95 hours and 20 minutes ago, the land-based Liberator Express has logged 14,690 miles over the Pacific—to Australia and back!

6. After the war, long-range Liberator planes will continue to supplement other forms of transportation—the train, truck, and ship—in rebuilding the peacetime world. But airplanes will also have *another* role to fulfill: a permanent postwar Air Force can become America's soundest investment in the interests of a lasting peace.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air — *The planes shown below were all designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, transoceanic cargo-and-passenger planes*

LIBERATOR... 4-engine bomber

LIBERATOR EXPRESS... transport

CORONADO... patrol bomber

CATALINA... patrol bomber

VENGEANCE... dive bomber

VALIANT... basic trainer

RELIANT... navigational trainer

SENTINEL... "Flying Jeep"

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Atlantic "Millpond" — So far, during the war, Allied aircraft have flown more than 15,000 Atlantic Ocean crossings.

• • •

Life Saver—Probably one of the smallest warplanes in use, the famous Consolidated Vultee "Flying Jeep" has added a new job to its many other uses. Modified as a flying ambulance (*capacity: 1 litter*) it is speeding wounded men to base hospitals from small jungle clearings and other inaccessible spots.

• • •

Postwar "sky roads"— 20,000 air strips, placed 10 miles apart in a pattern of squares, would cover the country. Adequately marked, they would enable the postwar small-plane owner to travel cross-country without learning a complicated system of navigation. Cost per strip: $6000 (*about ¼ the cost of 1 mile of national highway*).

• • •

"It is becoming increasingly clear to an air-minded America that a greatly expanded Air Transport, a permanent postwar Air Force, and a healthy, competitive Aircraft Industry will be important factors in helping to maintain a lasting peace and prosperity." Tom M. Girdler, Chairman of the Board, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation.

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Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

(*Continued from page 52*)

But Mrs. Humphreys' tears won. The family stood stiffly in the living room and waited for Hannah's entrance for dinner.

She made it on Bruce's arm. She wore her good black dress. Her flaxen hair was combed to a heavy knot at the back of her head, and her mouth was folded firmly.

During dinner Bruce trotted in and out of the kitchen and blithely prodded stories out of Hannah.

"Tell the one about when Private Dill was a rookie at Camp Hahn, Aunt Hannah!"

Hannah stiffly told her stories. But only Bruce seemed to get a kick out of them.

NEXT afternoon a dressmaker hurriedly lengthened one of Mrs. Humphreys' evening gowns on Hannah's frame.

Bruce had breezed in after lunch.

"Good people, we are going to end my stay in a blaze of glory!" He was leaving for his home in Philadelphia the following day. From his pocket Bruce produced a fan of pasteboards for Right Face! the town's gayest musical. Five tickets.

Panic was in Mrs. Humphreys' smile. She said, "How nice! But I doubt if Hannah feels up to it—do you, Hannah?"

"Yes'm," Hannah said. "I feel fine."

The dress was possible. For a wrap, there was an evening coat of former years from Mrs. Humphreys' wardrobe. Hannah balanced on one foot while Mrs. Humphreys tried to push one of her evening slippers on Hannah's other foot.

"Hannah, your feet are too large."

"I'm sorry, mum."

"You'll just have to wear your own."

A taxi dropped them all at the theater a few minutes before curtain time. Bruce was irrepressible. Preceded by Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, he supported Hannah on one arm; on the other was Olivia, a vision in white, her chin elevated. An usherette showed them to the second row.

The music ended. In the lull a voice spoke behind them. A chill started at the top of Mrs. Humphreys' spine and moved downward. It was Alice Poynton.

In a tone that could have carried to China, Mrs. Poynton whispered archly to her husband, "Isn't that the Humphreys with Hannah? No wonder a five-dollar raise didn't appeal to her! And Jack tells me that young man is their chauffeur."

CAME the intermission. Olivia lost track of her parents. She went searching for them and, in the press of the foyer, recognized Jack Poynton's marcel.

He pushed solidly toward her. Jack Poynton said, "What makes? Your snazzy-looking chauffeur let you down?"

"Don't be silly." Olivia's eyes searched the crowd.

He grinned. "He's at the theater entrance, buying violets for your maid."

"That," Olivia said, "is *his* business."

Jack Poynton said, "How's about supper afterward?"

"I couldn't. Thanks."

Bruce dashed back to Hannah with a bunch of violets from the flower vender. Gravely he presented the violets to Hannah.

"With all my thanks," Bruce said.

Hannah chuckled deeply. "We sure had some fun too, didn't we, Mr. Bruce?"

He said, "And anyway, you needed a furlough."

"Yes," Hannah admitted. "I did."

He looked at her. He said, "Now, Hannah, don't you ever tell anybody I always knew you weren't Aunt Hannah and that I only wanted to show her—"

He felt a presence behind him. Bruce whirled. Olivia was standing behind him. Without a word she turned and disappeared in the crowd.

Hannah was stricken. "Now I've done it, Mr. Bruce!"

"Don't worry," he told her. But the laughter had gone out of him.

When he got back to his seat, Olivia would not speak to him. Jack Poynton was leaning forward and was whispering to Olivia. Bruce could hear them making a date for El Matador after the show.

"Hannah," Bruce said, after he had taken Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys home, "your furlough deserves a fitting end. What say I take you to a night club?"

Hannah was quite overwhelmed. "Why, I'd like that fine, Mr. Bruce!"

LIGHTS were low and the music was as soft and deep as the gauze drapes at El Matador. Preceding Bruce, Hannah cut a monumental figure as she stolidly followed the headwaiter.

Bruce stopped suddenly. He peered at two figures seated in the dimness at one of the tables. He said cheerily, "Fancy seeing you here!"

Olivia looked up. "Fancy," Olivia said. She stared at them. She seemed paralyzed.

Jack Poynton stood up. "You can send your man home, Olivia," he said. "I have my car."

Olivia gathered all of her strength. She spoke calmly. "Mr. Poynton, this is Captain Wingate, and this is Miss"—she actually remembered Hannah's surname — "Miss Looseshanker."

Poynton sank back on his chair. Not waiting for an invitation, Bruce pulled up chairs for Hannah and himself. Bruce ordered champagne. He enveloped the table in an unquenchable flow of good humor. He prodded stories out of Hannah.

"Come on, Hannah! Tell about Private Dill and the mosquitoes."

"Oh, now." Hannah flushed and was pleased. "They've heard enough out of me, Mr. Bruce."

"Not a bit of it! I want Livvy to hear it. This'll kill you, Poynton."

"Well," Hannah said, "this Private Dill and his buddy hid under the bedcovers one night from the mosquitoes. Pretty soon Private Dill's buddy, he peeked out and saw a firefly. So he said, 'We're sunk, Joe! Here's a mosquito looking for us with a flashlight.'"

There was a moment, and Olivia looked up. There was laughter dancing in her eyes.

Bruce called the waiter.

"More champagne!" Bruce said.

HANNAH was neat in her maid's uniform. Hannah looked only a slight degree paler than usual. She would have started upstairs with a water pitcher, a glass, and a blue bottle on a tray, but for the impeding figure of Captain Bruce Wingate. He had just come in the front door with a carton under his arm.

"Who's that for, Hannah?"

"It's for Miss Olivia, sir," Hannah said. "She says she has got the most terrible headache—" Hannah stood stolidly. "I don't feel so good myself."

He grinned. "But you had a good time."

Hannah chuckled. "I sure did, Mr. Bruce! And," Hannah giggled, "that Mr. Poynton, he is such a good dancer—"

Bruce stood in the way. He said suddenly, "Give me that. I'll take it up."

A feeble voice answered his knock. Somewhere in a tumble of bedclothes, Olivia showed a hangover face without make-up.

"Breakfast!" Bruce said cheerily.

"Go away," moaned Olivia feebly.

Briskly Bruce set the tray on a small table and put the carton on the floor.

(*Continued on page 58*)

Grandma Knew Just What To Do ..AND HOW TO DO WITHOUT

Scraps, nails and string . . . paper, fats and fuel . . . anything and everything that could serve another time or another purpose was saved by our ancestors as a matter of dire necessity. The frugality of America's rugged pioneers helped to win battle after battle in our nation's history.

Today, our country asks us to practice that same frugality to help win the war, to save our way of life and to protect our freedom of opportunity for every American family.

Peace and the change-over from war-stimulated activity will pose many problems to challenge the ingenuity of every one of us. Fortune will favor the family that has learned to save and has bolstered its future by the purchase of War Bonds. It's so much sounder to save than to wait to be saved.

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

(Continued from page 56)

"If I'm going to marry you," he said, "I might as well see you at your worst." He sized her up. "You look like hell."

"Get out! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last— Ooh! My head!"

"Why wouldn't you marry me?"

"Because you deceived me. You and Hannah. I don't like to be deceived."

"But that only gave me a chance to show you what a good husband I'd make," Bruce said expansively.

Olivia said, holding her head, "I don't want that kind of husband."

"What do you want?"

"An ice bag," Olivia said.

Bruce left the room. Soon he was back with an ice bag for her head.

"There is still," Bruce said, "the problem of hats."

From under the ice bag Olivia said, "A woman has got a right to express herself—"

"Hold on." Bruce took up the carton. "What's that?"

"A peace offering." He held up a small object covered with tissue paper.

Bruce drew off the tissue paper. On his hand perched something resembling a silver platter. On one side was what looked like a cocktail shaker, upside down. In the center was a bunch of red cherries, and out of the cherries rose a sheaf of green straws. He thought it was the most obnoxious hat he could find.

Olivia stared in absolute rapture.

"Why, Bruce!" Olivia gasped. "It—it's the most wonderful thing I ever saw!" Olivia took off the ice bag. She put on the hat. "Please—get me that mirror."

She turned her head and looked at herself in the mirror. "Bruce! You darling!"

Bruce stood very quietly. On his face there was a look of utter resignation.

Olivia cried, "Isn't it the cutest, the most adorable little hat you ever saw?"

A grin spread over Bruce's face.

"Yes," Bruce said. "You are right."

Olivia said, "Let me kiss you, darling! You know I always loved you."

MRS. HUMPHREYS came home from the airport and went straight to bed.

Hannah, hovering in the doorway, said, "Are you sick, mum?"

"No," Mrs. Humphreys said. "I just feel tired. I am going to rest."

Hannah stood in the doorway, her large-knuckled hands folded. "Now, that's funny," Hannah said. "That's just the way a person feels sometimes."

"I can see your point," Mrs. Humphreys said. "And, Hannah, you might lend me your book. Incidentally," Mrs. Humphreys said, "Captain Wingate and Olivia are getting married the end of this month."

THE END

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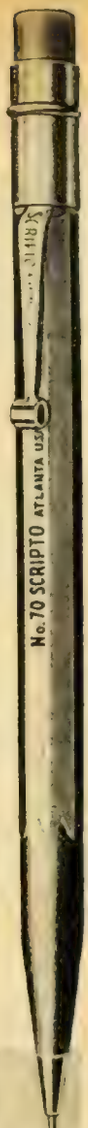

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THE DEWEY PERSONALITY

Continued from Page 17

major as well as minor problems. She has repeatedly consoled him and encouraged him when he has felt some particularly sharp rebuff.

Better than anyone else, Mrs. Dewey understands her husband's temperament. She knows how deeply a certain type of criticism cuts him. She understands the goad of ambition which, beneath his calm and correct exterior, drives him on.

That, of course, is the real key to Dewey, the man. He has disciplined a strong, proud temperament so that only two or three people ever guess the emotions seething beneath the aloof exterior.

The new Webster's dictionary defines the verb introvert this way: "To direct the mind, thought, or effort within oneself." That spells out precisely the way Dewey has always worked. Psychologists have devoted volumes to discussing the difference between the introvert and the extrovert. They might have taken Dewey as a model for the former—reserved, cautious, thoughtful, ingrown.

Similarly they might have taken another political figure—Wendell Willkie—as the example of the extrovert. He is the opposite of Dewey—impulsive, generous, sometimes reckless, wearing his emotions for the world to see. It is small wonder that the two men heartily dislike each other. Here, typically, Willkie the extrovert makes far less a secret of his dislike than Dewey the introvert.

The introvert is rare in American political life. He may be the administrator, the behind-the-scenes manager. But it is most unusual for him to step out in front and undergo the cruel focus of a national political contest.

It shows Dewey's strength of will that he has been able to reshape his character to the extent that he can act a more or less popular role in public. Those who know him realize that the process of self-education has not been easy. Dewey might have been happier as a scholar or a scientist dealing in fixed classifications and categories rather than with the fallible, changing stuff of human nature.

He might even have been happier as a singer, as one who puts on and takes off a role professionally. In opera or on the stage you are not expected to be "natural." You put on like a cloak the part you play for the evening.

THE morning after his nomination Dewey was having breakfast in the Stevens Hotel with his running mate, John W. Bricker. Movie and still cameramen were taking shots of them in their first conference.

"Shake hands with Governor Bricker, will you, please, Governor Dewey," one of the cameramen directed.

"One does not," Dewey replied with a certain reproof in his voice, "shake hands across a breakfast table."

Demanding news photographers are one of the harassments of political life. They are part of the hair shirt a candidate must wear. Another man might have refused to make the gesture, but he would scarcely have ventured to give hard-boiled cameramen a lesson in manners.

As part of the discipline of political life, Dewey has perfected a technique in his public appearances. Over the radio and to mass audiences he is a worthy rival of President Roosevelt. His voice is strong and true. Here, of course, his training

(Continued on page 62)

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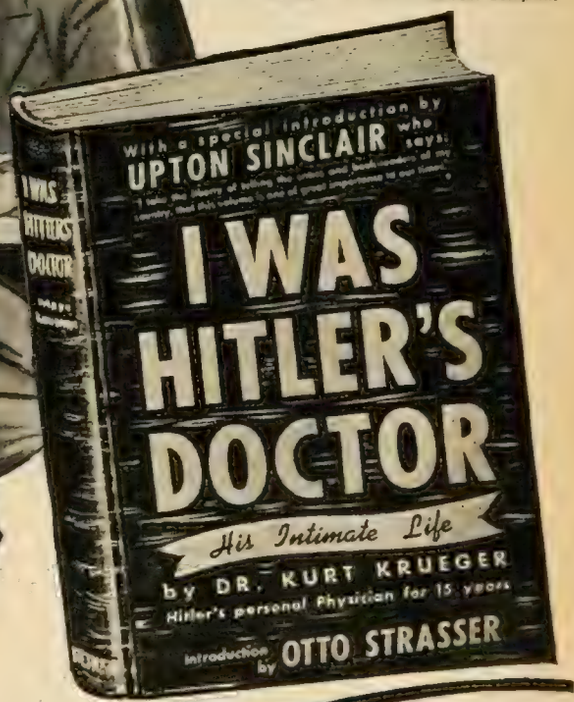
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(*Continued from page 60*)

as a singer in breathing and timing stands him in good stead.

As a public figure of the younger generation, Dewey grew up with a microphone and is perfectly at home before one. He understands all the modern instruments of publicity better than could an older man to whom they are comparatively new and strange. It was one of the striking contrasts at the Republican Convention to see Herbert Hoover struggling, as he has struggled before, with a battery of mikes. Dewey, with perfect assurance, projected his voice into the machines that would carry it to millions around the world.

During his rise to fame as district attorney he kept very careful control over the keys to the publicity organ. They were pressed when he wanted them pressed and to the tune that he wanted played. In the tightly-knit organization he built up as prosecutor there were no advance "leaks" to newspapermen. The big stories were timed just right. Enterprising reporters often resented this tight news policy. But the rising young prosecutor kept the controls in his hand.

The way he worked as district attorney in cleaning up New York's racketeers and criminals illustrates certain facets of his character. He quite frankly admits that he stretched the law almost to the breaking point in putting such overlords of vice as Lucky Luciano in prison. His determination brooks no obstacles. You had to fight fire with fire, he argued.

It was during this period that he gathered around him many of the loyal inner circle who have worked so hard to advance their friend and hero. They bear a certain family resemblance, most of them, to Dewey himself. Herbert Brownell, Jr., his campaign manager; Paul Lockwood, his chief assistant; Charles Breitel, his legal adviser, all are quiet, efficient, intensely hard-working, unspectacular. Their unswerving devotion to Dewey and his career is a tribute to his qualities.

One of the characteristics that made Dewey a good prosecutor is his suspicion. It is a deep-rooted trait of character that colors many of his reactions today. He must be thoroughly convinced before he opens up to those who protest their friendship and good will. Sometimes he attributes far more sinister motives to his opponents than they actually have. In other words, his suspicion carries him too far.

LIKE all introverts, who are naturally shy and reserved, Dewey is doubly appreciative of any mark of affection that comes to him. In late March I had lunch with him in his office in the state Capitol at Albany. It was only a few days after his birthday, which he had observed with his family at his farm estate near Pawling. The Negro messenger who brought in our trays had put on Dewey's tray a birthday card on which he had written a special greeting. Shyly Dewey thanked him. After the messenger had left the room, the governor read the message aloud. He was as pleased as though he had been presented with the keys to the White House.

While he has acquired the discipline to smile and smile and smile while wearing the hair shirt we impose on seekers after high office, Dewey does draw a line. He wants as nearly as possible to keep his wife and his two sons out of the spotlight. He is determined to keep his private life as private as possible. At his farm at Pawling he refused to pull any stunt poses for the cameras.

Nor will he deliberately assume a humble role to please the public. When he went out to the Mackinac conference last September, he went in a private car, disregarding the fact that the public might not approve. Other governors and senators would never have dreamed of indulging in such apparent luxury. It happened that no ordinary accommodations sufficient for the governor and his party were available, so when a railroad volunteered an official car, Dewey accepted.

It is when he deliberately steps out of character in an effort to reach a common level that Dewey appears at his worst. Occasionally, when talking off the record with reporters, he uses earthy language that does not seem to come naturally from him. He did this at the governors' conference at Hershey, Pennsylvania, and some of the veteran political correspondents were offended. They felt he was deliberately trying to talk down to what he conceived to be their level.

PERHAPS the best clue to the man is his appearance. It is doubtful whether even in the heat of the campaign the cameras will catch him ruffled or rumpled. He is always carefully groomed, not a hair out of place, his mustache perfectly trimmed. That mustache, incidentally, conceals a long upper lip which, like his mother's, indicates strong resolution, an indomitable will.

Here again the contrast with the Republicans' 1940 standard-bearer is most striking. That rebellious shock of hair was always falling in Willkie's eye and he was forever sweeping it back with a careless gesture. Indifferent to the clothes he wore, he had to be ordered to get a haircut. One of Washington's political reporters summed up the differences as follows:

"Willkie can win over ten people seated in a hotel room and antagonize 10,000 in a hall. Dewey can antagonize the ten people and win over the 10,000."

There is no little truth in that. I believe Dewey will conduct an extremely shrewd campaign. He will emphasize the need for youth and energy; the need to clear out the "tired, cynical" men now in Washington. He will present himself as the efficient manager of the people's business.

Then, if advance reports can be relied upon, he will conclude as the district attorney. Toward the end of the campaign he will live up to the dragon-killer legend that is one of his chief assets. According to persons close to him, he has had a staff of investigators working in Washington to unearth some fairly substantial scandals that lead to prominent figures in the Roosevelt administration. The nominee will unleash this attack in the closing weeks of the campaign.

I discovered when I traveled through the Middle West in the spring that it is this image—the dragon killer—which has won Dewey most of his popularity. People out in the country think of him as the boy from the Michigan small town who went to the city and cleaned up vice. This concept, of course, has been carefully cultivated by those who have helped to push Dewey up to the remarkable position he holds at the age of forty-two.

As a boy in school, according to one of Dewey's first teachers, he was so supremely self-assured that most kids of his age found him conceited. The same teacher said that the boy was the most interesting personality he had encountered in fifty years in the classroom.

Nothing essential has changed that self-assured youngster. He is still supremely confident of his own powers and capacities. It is one of the qualities that may put him in the White House at a time of testing when America's future will hang in the balance.

THE END

HOME FOR A SOLDIER

Continued from Page 23

by our youngster when he was about your age, son. He ran it until he went off to war. He used to laugh just like you're doing now, watching that fool dog."

The boy sobered. "Was this his dog too?" he asked. "I used to have a pup when my folks was alive. This pooch acted tickled last night when I crawled in the car, and slept close to me. When I climbed out, he started chewin' that tire."

"That was his way of coaxing Danny to take him out for a ride," I said, just as Jim Halsey shot in on his motorcycle.

"So there you are!" Jim said to the boy.

"You let him be, Jim Halsey!" ordered Mom. "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves for needing a dog to tell us what we should do."

"A dog tell us what, Ma?" asked Jim.

"Racket saw what we didn't. He knew this boy needs what every boy needs—a home, and people to love and pet him, and a dog, and an old car to tinker on if he likes. It's a shame on all of us that there's a single boy in this rich country without a real home. Besides, Danny wants it," finished Mom.

"Danny?" said Jim, puzzled again.

"If he doesn't, how come Racket let this boy sleep in the car? You know Racket never let anybody come near this car unless Danny told him it was all right—never. You fix it up with the industrial school. He's not going back there."

Jim rode on out while Mom went over to put her arm around the boy's shoulders.

"You come on in, now, son. We're just having breakfast and there's aplenty for you this morning, and every morning."

THE END

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

Continued from Page 22

came screaming down out of a tight bank into a shallow dive and headed straight for the boat. I thought surely we were going to ram it. Suddenly the plane pulled up. As I started to rise from my kneeling position between the pilot and navigator I found I couldn't move. The shoulder straps supporting my camera, automatic, and binoculars pressed down on me as if someone were hanging on them. I was being held by the terrific centrifugal force of our tight pull-out.

When, finally, we leveled off and banked, I heard Radovich swearing at himself. He had been so intent on getting the bombers in attack formation that he had forgotten to turn the "bombs-ready" switch to the "on" position, and we'd dropped no bombs when he pressed the release button on the steering wheel.

The planes were making a wide circle like six huge buzzards hovering over their prey. The circle dipped to within a few feet of the river on one side and rose to 1,000 feet on the far side. Each plane was dropping its bombs on the boats, but on the first time round, only one found its target. On our second attack we sent two 500-pounders through the camouflaged steamer and they exploded on the shore just at the water level, or so it appeared. It's only conjecture, because in a low-level attack things happen too fast for accurate observations. You fly by the target in a split second. All guns are blasting away, bombs are dropping, and the engines roaring as they put out every ounce of power. A man would have to be an extraordinarily cool observer to determine exactly how much damage was done.

All our bombs were expended in two runs and no one had seen any antiaircraft fire. Some of the rafts had disappeared and the town was on fire. Grant Mahoney, the imperturbable, boyish pursuit pilot from Oakland, California, had his Mustangs stooging around above us just in case some Zeros came along.

As the second phase of our raid began, I was busy grinding away with the movie camera. I had moved into the seat beside Rad. Bill Burns, the harassed navigator, had stepped into the gun well to become our "cannon walla" or cannoneer. We were rushing down on the ship and were nearly 1,000 yards away when there was a terrific explosion. At the same moment a wall of brilliant orange flame appeared in front of us and we flew right through it. In another moment the cockpit was filled with the acrid stench of burned powder. Radovich had fired the 75-mm. cannon in the nose of the ship.

The plane responded to the firing with a slight lurch and I could see our first shell hit the water. A miss. Burns, in the gun well, was sweating like a stoker as he rammed another shell into the breech. Rad quickly adjusted the gun sight atop the dashboard and there was another crashing noise. The second shell passed cleanly into the ship and exploded. The last two shots of that run went high.

There are three buttons on the wheel of the B-25-H. One fires the cannon, another drops the bombs, and the third fires the six forward machine guns. In the few seconds it took Bill to reload, Radovich would rake the target with the .50-calibers. Inside they sounded like a violent hailstorm on a tin roof, even above the roar of the engines. Six streams

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of machine-gun shells would fly out ahead of us toward the boats, some leaving a trail of fire and others ribbons of smoke that we tore through.

Low-level bombing is the most dangerous type of aerial attack. The pilot, while he is dropping his bombs, firing his cannon, or shooting his machine guns, is also flying a huge airplane at great speed only a few feet above the treetops. To this, add the duties of a squadron leader directing the attack of all his other planes and you have a picture of a busy man. The slightest error in pilot judgment may mean death. Then add the dangers of ground fire at point-blank range, and of aerial attack in the most vulnerable position, and the total is the sum of all the dangers of combat flying.

As we flew in, our gunners in the top turret, at the waist, and in the tail were emptying their guns on the enemy. I could hear Rad screaming instructions and encouragement through his throat mike to the other bombers in the squadron: "Drive it home, Owen!" (Randy Owen of Nashville). "Drive it home! Good deal! Good deal! Think you got him!"

Little Dan Sinski was driving his Mitchell in behind Owen. He began firing too far out. We could see him plainly as Rad racked the plane over on its left wingtip. Radovich yelled like a third-base coach: "For God's sake, Sinski, ride it in . . . ride it in! You were a mile wide." Then, to everyone, "Watch the pattern, sports. Tighten up, tighten up."

Murrell Dillard, a tall handsome blond boy from Eustis, Florida, was too eager to begin his attack. Rad yelled to him: "You're starting too high, Dil. Get down, down!" As Dillard approached the target, tracers could be seen spitting from the tail of his plane. We knew "little Postie," one of the two Postlewait brothers of Manoa, Pennsylvania, in the outfit, was raking their path with his tail guns.

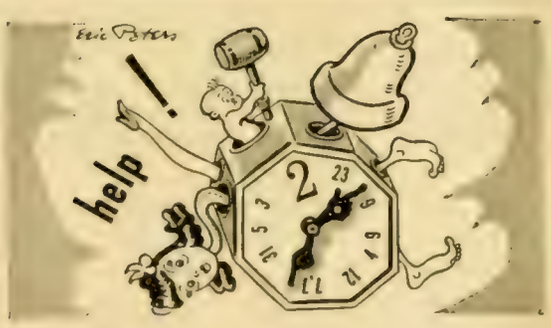
As we cleared the funnels of the ship by not more than ten feet and pulled up just in time to miss hitting the tall trees on the shore, the hazards of such wild flying never occurred to me. The barge flashed by; the burning ship raced under our nose; on each run the wall of green would loom up ahead and I could feel the blood leave my head as we climbed to clear it. In the excitement of the shelling and bombing you don't think much about these things. Pilots and crews are doing the same every day.

But suddenly Grant Mahoney, who was watching the show from his Mustang above, screamed into the radio: "Rad, look!" We looked back on the target in time to see a wing fly into the air and a rocket of yellow flames shoot up from just above the trees. It was Dillard, riding to death. The bomber careened as its tail section struck the trees. It seemed to come apart and fly into the sky. The broken plane skimmed along like a huge torpedo gone berserk. Now, with one wing and the tail section, with Little Postie in it, gone, it was on its back, and it plunged into the trees, searing a path through the jungle foliage for 200 yards. Suddenly it came to a stop and there was a violent explosion which sent a pillar of black smoke rolling up high above us. Then there was nothing but silent flame.

AS if everyone hadn't seen it, Radovich, who felt his responsibility for his men keenly, kept calling: "That's our plane down there! That's no bomb burst—that's our plane down there!" We broke the pattern and headed down for the crash. We had made four passes at the target and with our pals down there below us there was no stomach for going on. Calmly Rad called the others through the throat microphone: "Rad to all planes. Re-form, fellows. Re-form. We're going home; we're going home. Over and off." He switched the radio off, turned and said only, "Nuts!"

We made two runs over the burning jungle. The trees were gone and the earth was scorched. At the end of the swath there was a fire. The Agatha, named for Dil's mother, was gone. The crew met death instantly, and that's the way Dil would have wanted it. In poker Murrell Dillard was a plunger. In training he always tried to outdo the other fellow. In his third run he had overshot because he pulled up too soon. I suspect that he drove his last attack home by riding his shells right into the target. The trees on the bank came up in front of him too fast; he hauled back on the stick too quickly; the plane went into a high-speed stall; the right wing caught a tree, and handsome, friendly Dil and his crew "had it." No airman will ever criticize him because Dil was known as an "eager Joe." That's good enough for any pilot.

THE END



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

LUNATICK: A crazy clock.

KITTYLOGUE: A small catalogue.

SEWJOURN: Trip to a tailors' convention.

LORD HALIFACTS: The gentleman who knows what goes on.

SADDERDAY: The morning after a Friedday night.

PRAIRPLANE: For flying chaplains.

PRE-MADONNA: An expectant diva.

LAUNCHEON: Noonday meal on a power boat.

MANE-TENANCE: Taking care of a horse's hair.

CANNIBULL: One who eats matadors.

PORTRAIT OF TWO FIGHTING MEN

Continued from Page 25

to the mound to talk to the kid in whom he had vested so much confidence.

"That's all right, Billy. I'll get out of it," Beazley told him.

"Of course you will," Southworth said. "I just want to tell you a way."

Seventy thousand fans glued their eyes on the little scene in the center of the Yankee Stadium's diamond. DiMag waited menacingly.

"Now," said Billy quietly, "he murdered the only two fast balls you've thrown him all day. Give him two curves—keep 'em wide—and then throw him the fast one again, high and a little inside." Then he trotted back to the dugout, and many wondered why he had not removed the faltering young pitcher.

Beazley did as ordered. With a count of two balls and no strikes on the game's most dangerous hitter, Beazley let loose with the high hard one. Taken by surprise, Joe half swung, tried to stop his swing, and rolled out weakly. Everything was over except the shouting.

Southworth won the 1943 pennant by an overwhelming margin, even though the war had taken from him the services of men like Beazley, Moore, Enos Slaughter, and others. He filled their places with new men who fitted into his pattern.

His 1943 club won 105 games and lost 49, finishing miles ahead of the second-place Reds, who won only 87 and lost 67. But in the World Series they went down to defeat before the Yankees—no disgrace, but a surprise that shook baseball fans around the world. The Series was short-waved to six continents and the seven seas. Billy's boy heard it in a blacked-out Nissen hut at eleven o'clock at night, somewhere in the English Midlands.

THE Cards could win only one game in that Series last year. Mort Cooper, who had never been able to win against American Leaguers, won the single game in dramatic style—a few hours after being notified that his father had died. Mort's brother Walker got a hit. Southworth had come to them when the news of the father's death was wired to the Yankee Stadium, and offered to send them home.

"We'll play," Mort told him. "Dad would have wanted it that way."

Nerves were scraped raw during the Series. In the first game Frankie Crosetti gave Max Lanier the hip and caused him to make a disastrous throw to first base. In the third game Johnny Lindell gave Kurowski a severe drubbing in a slide into third base; and when there was some criticism of Yankee roughness after the game, Joe McCarthy snapped, "What do they want—a pink tea?"

Billy called his players to him before the fourth game and said, "I'm tired of seeing you shoved around. We'll play that kind of ball from now on—if that's what they want."

It didn't help, nor were matters made any easier when Southworth (at the suggestion of McCarthy) barred reporters from the Cardinals' dressing room. It was a bad blunder and he knew it—and profited thereafter by his new knowledge. "A baseball writer is as important to baseball as any player," he now says, and acts accordingly.

The answer to the 1943 Series was that the Cards could do nothing right. When the heat of the battle was over, Southworth was a graceful loser. The Sportsmanship Brotherhood gave him their annual award, to be added to the two trophies Sporting News had presented to him in 1941 and 1942 as the outstanding manager.

The war made further inroads into the Cardinals, as it did to all teams facing the 1944 season. Gone from Southworth's roost were Ernie White, Harry Walker, Lou Klein, Howie Pollet, and others. "I've got a better team in the Army and Navy than I've got in the National League," Southworth said.

But kids nobody ever heard of came up to the team, boys like Emil Verban, Ted Wilks, Al Jurisich, Fred Schmidt, and Augie Bergamo. And Pepper Martin came back to play a little and help Billy.

Over the first 100 games of the 1944 season Billy's curious assortment of players won 73, equaling a thirty-eight-year-old record set by the 1906 Cubs. They became the first National League club to win more than 100 games three straight years.

After all his headaches, Southworth is riding high. When a reporter with tongue in cheek asked Sam Breadon if he planned to fire Billy because he was beaten in the 1943 World Series (as Breadon had fired McKechnie for losing the 1928 Series), Sam laughed. "Southworth took this club when it was hopelessly mired in the second division in 1940 and finished third. He came in a good second in 1941, despite injuries that would have wrecked any other club. He won two pennants with a total of 211 victories. Could anyone ask more of a manager?" In August, Breadon signed Southworth for two more years.

And as the 1944 race neared its close, Branch Rickey, another old champion of Southworth, now with the Dodgers, added: "Southworth is the perfect baseball manager. He's a gentleman, a shrewd baseball man, and an inspirational leader. I've seen him when his clubs were losing by huge margins, and there has always been an honest belief in his eyes that he could win the game. The man just won't quit and he has the knack of making his players feel the same way. I think he's wonderful."

Southworth's hat size remains the same. When Sporting News presented him with his first trophy as the game's outstanding manager, he said, "I don't have any illusions about this prize, fine as it is. It's not for me. It's for the players and coaches who made my success possible."

HIS handsome young major son talks the same way, and just as sincerely. Last summer his battered Fortress was booming through its target run. The German ack-ack was ferocious. Young Billy's bombardier opened the bomb-bay doors and dropped the load on the target.

"Are the bomb-bay doors closed?" young Billy demanded on the intercom.

"Not yet," the bombardier said.

"Well, close them!" young Billy said, a little sharply. When open, the doors slow down the speed of a bomber.

The bombardier took his time. Just then a shell came up from below, went right up through the open doors of the Fortress, and broke through the metal back of the ship. The shell exploded just above the bomber, but only dented in its roof, because most of the force of such shells is upward. If the doors of the bomber had been closed when young Billy ordered them closed, the shell would have exploded in the plane and blown it to bits.

"I'm just a guy with a good crew," the young major told me after the mission.

His old man says the same thing. But young Billy's fellow fliers swear there's never been a better Fortress pilot. And baseball man everywhere agree that the old man—who came back the hard way—is the best pilot in his own exciting trade.

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THE TURNCOAT

Continued from Page 29

"Nor mine. It isn't a joke at all; it may delay us longer than the engines. How are you getting on down there?"

"A couple of hours more. Gresham, if ever I get ashore again, I'm going to be a good boy! And I'm going to settle down a very long way from Mr. Munro!"

Sanderson shook himself and departed. The captain came back on the bridge. "I've left them at it," he said. "It's a long job."

All night I had strained my eyes and my ears for the first sign of the Japanese. There was none; our troubles remained local to the Circe's hull. The paradox was that the more they pressed upon us, the more we turned away from them, to watch and listen for the Japs. I was not the only one. The lascars on deck, the ones who were not down struggling with the cargo, were all peering seaward. It seemed to me that they were getting more excited. They had bursts of chattering among themselves, and they did not stop, as they usually did, when Ali came up out of the hold. They seemed to appeal to him, and he answered them gravely but with no hint of reproof. The ship was done for, he seemed to be telling the others; the odds against her were overwhelming. I saw that they received this news with a kind of eagerness.

It was beginning to get light now, and the breaking day underlined our helplessness. The ship lay inert, with a steep slant to her decks, and there was no smoke from her funnel. Ali was coming up to report to Captain Peters, but he took his time about it, and Munro was ahead of him. "We've not finished yet," Munro announced. "We'll want maybe another three hours, and even then we'll have to run the engines a while before we can tell."

That time the captain simply nodded. "You can't do better than your best, Mr. Munro," he said.

The captain glanced at Ali, and the serang said they had moved all the cargo that could be moved. Now they must wait until the ship could be turned into the wind, to reduce her vicious rolling.

Captain Peters nodded again. "Take your men out of the hold," he said. "They needn't go down again until the engines are started."

"When will that be?" the serang asked. The captain turned sharply. "It doesn't concern you!" he said, biting off each word. "Get off this bridge! When you are wanted, you will get your orders!"

In all the time I had served aboard that vessel I had never known the serang to receive such a reprimand.

But the captain appeared to dismiss the man's insolence as of no importance. He stood looking out to sea for a moment, and then he said, "Gresham, I think we're for it."

"Not much doubt, sir," I said.

"It's scarcely possible that they'll miss us. It won't improve our personal prospects, but I think we'll scuttle the ship rather than let the Japs have her. Will you tell Munro and Sanderson? I'd rather not send word to them by anyone else. And then come back up here and we'll have a good breakfast." Munro and Sanderson merely grunted when I gave them the captain's message. It made no difference to them that the ship might be scuttled before noon. That was our affair.

On my way back to the bridge, the lascars stared at me as I had never known them to stare before. I tried to tell myself that it was because they had nothing to do, and went up to have breakfast in the chartroom, with Captain Peters.

IT all happened while we were at breakfast, and so quickly that it must have been planned long in advance. The lascars simply burst in and seized us, and presently they brought Munro and Sanderson up, too. They tied our hands behind us, and then Ali shouted to them from the deck and they helped us down the bridge ladder and started pushing us along toward the dining saloon. I heard Captain Peters say, "Just as I thought!"

He had good eyes. The Japanese destroyer must have been little more than a speck when he first picked it out. But it was coming up fast, and then I looked aloft and saw that our colors had been struck and we were flying a white flag. Ali the mutineer retained the efficiency of Ali the model of serangs; he thought of everything.

I dare say I should have been badly shocked by his perfidy, but I wasn't—not even when I saw him swelling about in his gold-braided scarlet jacket, wearing the silver medal given him for long and faithful service.

It was otherwise with poor Sanderson, who had exhausted himself over his ail-

(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 66)

ing engines, and whose principles were doubtless a little more austere than mine. When he saw the serang, it took three of the lascars to hold him.

"If the Japs want any truck with you," Sanderson cried, "it must be because the very dogs have snarled and turned away from them! You'll need a brighter coat than that one to cover your black heart!"

It made no visible impression, though I fancied that Ali looked a little pleased—I didn't know why.

THE door opening on deck was left open. We could hear the destroyer, and in a matter of minutes they sent a launch over and a prize crew boarded us. The exchange between the Japanese lieutenant and Ali was in English—the only language they would have in common, I suppose. We overheard it all.

What struck me most forcibly was the Jap's delight when the situation was explained to him. He put his head in at the door of the dining saloon, and his eyes fairly bulged at the sight of the ship's officers trussed up. He sent the launch hurrying back to the destroyer with the great news that a native crew had mutinied, seized their white officers, and thrown in their lot with the Japanese. Then he returned to his excited conference with the serang.

"Why did you do it? Were they harsh masters? They were, weren't they?"

"Asia is for us!" Ali said loftily. "This is our time to be rid of them."

"Do all your people feel as you do?"

"Nearly all. Let the news go out that one lascar crew has been given fair treatment by the Japanese, and dozens—hundreds—will follow!"

From the sounds he made, the lieutenant found this prospect enchanting. "You will be given the best of treatment! But—did you begin to scuttle the ship? Why is it listing?"

Ali told him about the engines and the cargo. "But now the engines are nearly ready again, thanks to the work the white men did on them! In a day, two days, the cargo could be properly stowed. Leave a guard, and tell us to what port to sail the ship. Meanwhile your man-of-war can hunt down other vessels."

"The officers can go on the destroyer."

The serang objected. "We may need them, if the engines do not work well. And it does my people good to see them held prisoners where once they were masters. Leave a guard, but even without a guard, they will not escape. It was not love for them that made us seize the ship!"

The launch crossed between the two vessels several times before it was all settled. Then an ensign and a dozen Japanese marines came aboard us, the lieutenant took leave of Ali, and presently we heard the destroyer steam off.

They posted a guard outside the door of the saloon and untied our wrists. Evidently we were to be kept together.

Captain Peters said, "Mr. Munro, are the engines fit for duty again?"

"Aye, they'll do nicely, I'm afraid."

"Then it's only a matter of trimming the cargo. I heard them order the ship to Batavia. They'll probably get way on her and deal with the cargo as they go. Ali's done a good stroke of business for himself. He'll take tea with their admirals for this!"

"And choke on it, I'm hoping!"

The captain shrugged. "Here they come with lunch. Ali's not going to serve us, at least!"

Our regular mess boy brought lunch, looking scared, and shying away from the Japanese marines at the door and from us inside. He was the only member of the crew we saw. An hour after lunch, Munro's engines throbbed into life once more, and we heard a methodical commotion in the hold, so they were at the cargo. As for us, we waited. Sanderson was lucky: he fell asleep.

My thoughts were anything but heroic. I foresaw a Japanese prison camp, and I thought we might even be exhibited in a sort of triumph to mark the revolt of the peoples of Asia against their supposed oppressors. But my feeling about all this was no more than a profound distaste. When I reflected upon it, there was a sordidness about the serang's treachery that disgusted and sickened me. It wasn't as if he had run any risk; he had simply waited until it was all safe and then struck his cynical bargain. And if that made us look like fools, what did it make him look like?

SOMEHOW the long day passed, and that night we slept on the settees in the dining saloon. The next day was the same, except that twice we were stopped by Japanese warships. They sent officers aboard us, and the officers returned to their own vessels in a high state of excitement. It was easy to guess that we had become famous, and I knew that every propagandist in Tokyo must be feverishly embroidering our story. "I'd like to hear what they make of it!" Captain Peters said suddenly, as if he had been following my thoughts. "But if they don't stop coming aboard to make a fuss over Ali, he'll never get that cargo properly stowed!"

"A progress!" Munro grunted. "They'll have us doing a tour of all their seaports. Aye, with our names up in lights!"

But in spite of the interruptions, the work in the hold went on. The ship was righting herself. Toward dusk we heard them getting the hatch covers back in place, and we could feel the Circe's speed

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increase. When the mess boy brought dinner, he tried twice and finally got out a whispered, "*Tuan!*"

He startled me. But the captain, in whose ear the word had been breathed, never raised his head. He said, "Yes?"

"The serang sends greetings."

"Does he? And what does he want?"

"He bade me say no more—only that your serang sent greetings."

The boy snatched up his tray and fled. We took our cue from Captain Peters and addressed ourselves to dinner.

But what did it mean? And why did Ali send greetings just now, with the damage all done and the ship at full speed for a Jap-held port? Why—unless he wanted to spoil the last good dinner we might eat for a long time?

I was thinking—we had got badly off our course while Munro and Sanderson were tinkering with their engines, and an informed guess now would put us south and a little east of Billiton. Not that the position would be of any importance to us, but a seaman gets into the habit of such calculations. Looking more terrified than ever, the mess boy had come back and cleared away the empty dishes. We were filling our pipes and Munro had struck a match for his. Just then a terrific row broke out on deck. I remember how Munro sat there, holding the lighted match until it burnt his fingers.

OUR guards had gone pounding off aft, but we sat as if we were paralyzed, with that pandemonium breaking all about us, shots and shouting and the noise of feet running on deck. The sudden silence after that outburst was far harder to endure. It went on for what seemed an eternity, and the first human voices we heard were as loud to our straining ears as doom's trumpet. Ali asked hoarsely, "Is it done?"

The other lascar said, "It is done."

A moment later Ali was at the door.

He didn't give us time to question him then. He wiped away the blood from a long gash in his head and cried to the captain, "Be quick! In darkness and at speed, we may escape! The yellow men are all overboard, dead like dogs. Be quick, before others come!"

I had to run, to catch up with Captain Peters. Munro, with his face working queerly, had already scrambled off to the engine room. We got the Circe swung about on her new course, lights out and driving east into the darkness. And there, somewhere between Borneo and Java, we got the story out of Ali.

"It concerned the salt we had eaten for twenty years!" he told us. "It was a matter of our free service, freely undertaken, and the free man's pride in it. When we saw that the Japanese must surely have the ship, myself and the other older men among us made this plan. We had to have time, if we were to stow the cargo properly, and this would give us the time. That is all."

"Not quite all!" said the captain. "Why didn't you tell us beforehand?"

The serang shook his scarred head. "It was a time for cunning and deceit—at which you do not excel! It had to appear that we had indeed seized the ship and you. If you had known— But there was no need for you to know. It was better this way. Besides—"

"Well?" said Captain Peters at last.

"It was *our* honor that was touched, not yours! It was of *us* that they were willing to believe treachery. Therefore the quarrel was ours. We requited them as they deserved, with a treachery that cut two ways. *Tuan*, the ship goes well now. We will bring her to Australia!"

THE END

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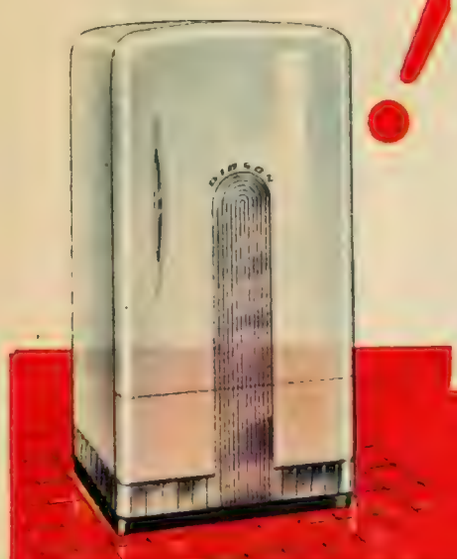

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BESSIE ARBRUSTER GOES SUPERSNOOPING

Continued from Page 33

wearily. "If you two are going to fight, as usual, put me ashore."

Trixie looked lovely. Deeply sunburned, blue eyes dancing, black curly hair fluttering in a balmy southwest breeze. She wore dark-blue slacks, light-blue silk blouse and, incongruously, a salt-stained suède jacket and a skipper's cap.

Doc puffed a smoke ring at her.

"Stop criticizing us. Can't we have any fun? Now look, Trix. Cast over there by that clump of bayberry bushes. That's right. Last year I hung a six-pound weakfish right there."

Bessie snapped her chewing gum.

"You certainly dream 'em up big," she said.

Doc started to snap back, but a yacht, zooming down Little Mud and heading directly for the Lark, occupied the attention of the three of them. It was a beautiful craft, at least thirty-six feet, with polished mahogany cabin and chrome fittings. She bore down on them until a crash seemed inevitable. Then she swerved to port, missing the Lark's stern by less than two feet.

"Cripes!" roared Bessie. "I'll—"

Then she saw Davidson at the helm. Gaincross was stretched out on an aft seat.

"Get a boat that can take it!" Davidson yelled. as the Lark tossed perilously.

As they swept past, Gaincross heaved overboard an empty quart bottle which narrowly missed the Lark.

"Real gentlemen," Trixie said between her teeth.

"The dirty—the—" Bessie began.

Then her eyes suddenly riveted on the empty whisky bottle as it floated past the Lark. She grabbed the crab net and fished the bottle out of the water.

"H'mmm," Bessie observed.

"H'mmm what?" snapped Doc.

"See the label? It's Queen's Taste. Ye can't buy that whisky any more."

"So what?" Doc asked testily. "Davidson probably has a big cellar."

Bessie shook her head. "It ain't got the right-shaped label," she said. "An' the bottle didn't have any state seal on the neck. Asides all that, what was Davidson and Gaincross doin' down here this time o' night? They don't fish an' they didn't have wimmin wid 'em."

Bessie reached for a fresh stick of gum.

"Up anchor, Trix," Bessie ordered suddenly. "We're takin' a little spin up to Skeleton's Cove."

Doc noticed that Bessie's jaw was set firmly and that in her frosty blue eyes there was a distinct gleam. He retired to the aft seat and relighted his pipe. Trixie stretched out on the cabin roof. They churned through Little Mud for about twenty minutes and finally reached a point where the channel bank curved to port sharply, forming a deep cove. In the center of the cove a sand bar rose.

Bessie cut motor, dropped anchor. It was getting dark, but she broke out a pair of field glasses and peered through them at a tiny sand-duned island at the edge of the cove.

"H'mmm," Bessie muttered.

"Most interesting," said Doc acidly.

Bessie pursed her lips. "Ye-up," she said. "Feetprints on the sand."

"I don't—" Doc began, but Bessie suddenly grabbed his arm.

"Smell that?" she asked excitedly. "Coupla times I smelled it afore. It's from the island."

Doc sniffed the air and shook his head.

"Now, if it were whisky," he said.

"Cripes!" Bessie exploded. "That's what I mean. Don't ye smell alky-haul?"

Trixie hopped down off the cabin roof.

"I do, Bessie," she agreed. "It's strong—sort of—well—moonshiny."

Bessie started the motor and spun the helm.

"Two an' two," Bessie muttered, "makes four. An' I think I know how to raise it to eight."

THREE hours later the Lark was again anchored in Skeleton Cove. An odd-looking quartet climbed over her rail and set foot on the little island. They all wore dungarees and high rubber boots. Each had a flashlight.

"Now, Mister Aimless," Bessie whispered loudly, "jest foller me an' if'n what I think is correct, then by guppy, you've got what ye're lookin' fer."

Bessie's trail wound between corrugated sand dunes and across treacherous marshes. She kept her flashlight on the sand and mud and carefully followed fresh footprints. Doc, walking behind Aimsworth, his arm linked in Trixie's, softly belittled Bessie's mystery trip.

Abruptly Bessie's flashlight revealed a large hump in the sand over which a pile of bushes had been strewn. They walked around the hump, found an entrance beneath it. It was a spacious cabin, built right into the side of a sand dune. The door was padlocked.

"That's easy," said Aimsworth. He pulled a bunch of keys from his dungaree pocket, tried several of them. There was a click.

"Ye see!" Bessie exclaimed triumphantly, as her light shone inside.

It was an elaborate still with ample yardage of coils. In one corner of the cabin, sugar sacks were piled roof high. In another corner were barrels of a sickly sweet-smelling fluid. Shelves, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, were loaded with quart bottles. The labels on them, freshly placed and apparently freshly printed, read "Queen's Taste."

Aimsworth patted Bessie's back grimly.

"I'm satisfied," he said. There was deep respect in his tone. "You've done a great job, Bessie. But there are many details to be cleaned up—the distribution system, the identities of the racket leaders. That will take time. Please keep mum, folks."

They agreed and, as they left, Aimsworth carefully replaced the padlock and removed all evidence of their footprints.

Bessie carried on, however, even though she managed to keep mum. For the next two days she was extra busy at the inn while her aide-de-camp, Charlie, was instructed to take one of her rowboats, equip it with a three-horsepower outboard, and go fishing.

Charlie, to put it mildly, was flabbergasted. But he agreed with alacrity.

"But," Bessie added firmly, "you got to fish all day up at Buoy Number Nine, which is opposite the rear of Davidson's undertaking parlors. Davidson keeps his yacht in a little basin behind his house."

"But there ain't no good fish up there," Charlie whined.

Bessie slapped his arm impatiently.

"Use yer bean, ninny," she told him. "You gotta watch what goes on in back of the funeral joint from dawn till eeltime. An' you report to me what happens. I'd go meself, but Davidson'd know me."

Charlie proved to be an able lieutenant. When he put-putted back to the docks the second night he was actually excited—the first time in fourteen years that Bessie had seen Charlie that way.

"Hey!" Charlie began. "Hey!"

"S'hhh," warned Bessie. "Don't tell the

(Continued on page 73)

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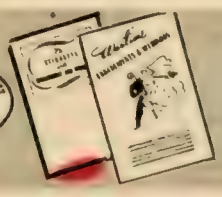

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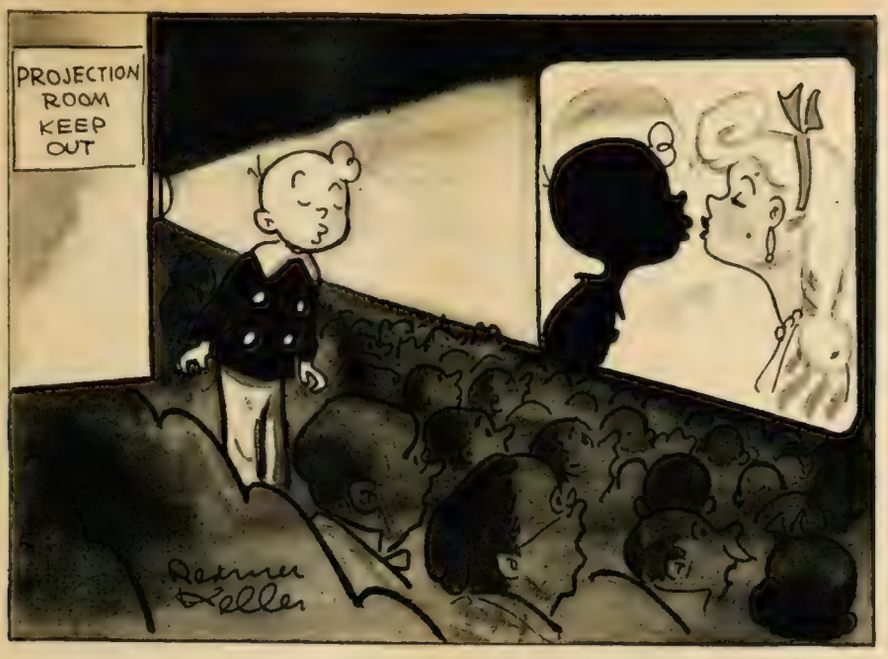
SHIPS FOR VICTORY
SERVANTS FOR PEACE



(*Continued from page 70*)

whole bay about it. Now what's what?"

"They went out 'bout dawn."

"Who did?" Bessie sniffed impatiently.

"This guy Davidson and that guy Gaincross. They went out in the yacht about dawn. Took a lot o' bags wid 'em."

"Wimmin?" asked Bessie.

Charlie snorted disgustedly. "Sugar bags, I reckon. Then they come back 'bout eeltime. They're still unloading boxes of somepin' and puttin' 'em in Davidson's boathouse. I heard Davidson tell Gaincross that the funeral would be at four o'clock tomorrow afternoon. An' they both laughed like crazy."

Bessie ambled back to the inn. She drew Charlie a beer, poured herself a cup of black coffee. For a long time she sat there thinking. Then she went behind the bar, unfolded a copy of the Atlantic City newspaper and studied a list of funeral notices.

"Funny," she muttered. "There ain't—" She straightened up suddenly.

"Cripes!" she said. "Four an' four makes eight."

"Yeah." Charlie stared at her stupidly.

Bessie rushed to the phone. She dialed Trixie's number.

"Git on over," she ordered. "You an' me an' Doc has gotta have a corkus."

"A—what?" Trixie asked weakly.

"A corkus. A gatherin' to lay plans."

"I'll be," said Trixie, "over right away."

Then Bessie told Doc about the corkus.

"Never drank one," Doc replied.

"You know what I mean. We gotta get together," Bessie said irritably. "Now highball over to the inn."

Bessie outlined her plans. Trixie was enthusiastic, but Doc was dubious. "Let Aimsworth handle it," Doc advised.

Bessie shook her head vigorously.

"I got a bone to pick wid them two vipers," she said determinedly.

"But look," Doc objected. "If you want to trail them, how do you expect to do it without being recognized? They know your station wagon. They would probably recognize Trixie's car."

For a few moments the plotters were deadly silent. Then Trixie jumped up.

"I've got it!" she burst out. "Might be a little irregular, but what the heck! I'm a member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary. Tomorrow morning I'm making a tour of three local bases—using a C. G. jeep. I'll have it all day. It's one of these jeeps with a top. You and Doc sit in the back and I'll do the driving. What do you say?"

Bessie agreed immediately.

"Well," said Doc, brightening, "might be all right. I've always wanted to ride in one of those blamed things. Meet at my place at three thirty."

AT exactly three forty-five the following afternoon a hearse and three shiny black automobiles lined up in front of Davidson's Funeral Parlors on Ocean Boulevard. Two coffins were placed in the hearse, and, over them, a huge wreath of flowers. Men in black carried out additional flowers and wreaths and placed them over several boxes which had been piled in the cars behind the hearse. Mr. Davidson and Mr. Gaincross, clad in full dress and wearing high toppers, stepped into the driver's seat of the hearse. Mr. Gaincross sat at the wheel. Ushers manned the automobiles behind the hearse.

As the procession moved slowly through the city, a blue-gray jeep bounced merrily along about a block behind it.

"They—they're headin' f-fer Absecon!" Bessie gasped.

"Hell!" Doc roared. "This thing rides like a steam roller, Trixie."

Trixie laughed. "Road will be smoother when we hit the state highway," she said.

They reached the state road and the hearse headed west. The jeep dropped back until it was a quarter of a mile behind. They drove for half an hour.

"Hey!" Trixie said suddenly. "We're losing one of them."

Sure enough, the last car had turned off the highway. Trixie drove cautiously. The funeral car stopped at a combined service station and tavern. Over the pump in large letters was the name "Joe Davis." The car backed up to a garage beside the tavern and the driver started to unload the boxes.

"Delivery point number one," Doc muttered. He wrote something in a notebook.

Twelve miles farther on, the other two cars deserted the hearse and pulled off the highway. They stopped beside a white cottage adjoining a summer hotel.

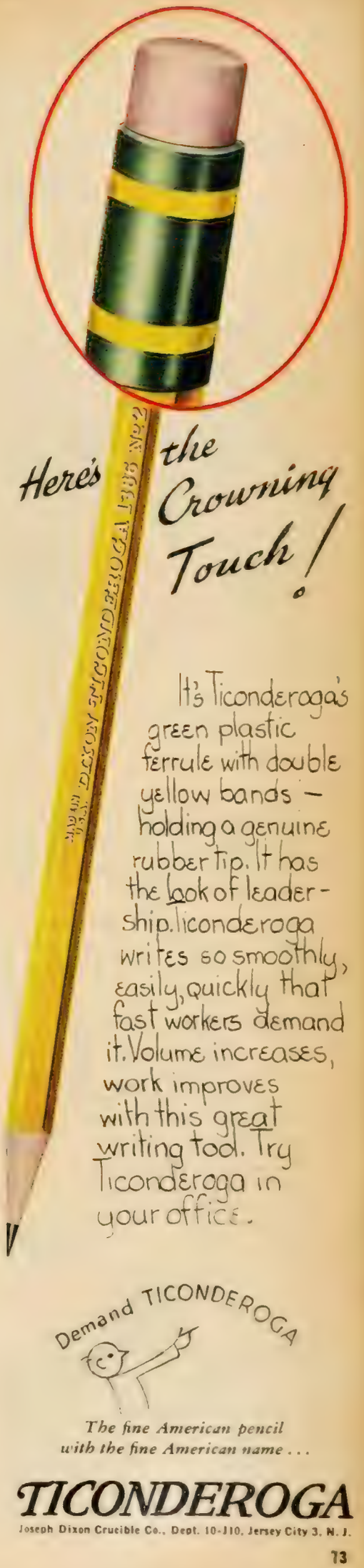
"Number two stop," Doc said. "The Semenac Hotel."

They drove on, the hearse about a quarter of a mile ahead. A few miles south of Absecon, the hearse suddenly pulled off the road and disappeared.

"Now what?" asked Trixie doubtfully.

"Step on it," urged Doc. "I know that road. It's just a strip of sand. Leads down to the Bayfront Night Club."

The jeep roared down the highway, made the turn into the sand road on two wheels. Again the hearse loomed. Now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it was only a hundred yards in front.

"They're suspicious," Trixie said. "They were waiting for us."

"Just pass them," Doc suggested. "Bessie and I will duck."

Doc and Bessie hung on with teeth gritted as the jeep weaved and bobbed down the sandy road. Now they were almost abreast of the hearse, which was moving about thirty-five miles an hour. Trixie could see Gaincross staring into the fender mirror, watching the jeep.

The jeep was almost past the hearse, clipping along at forty-five, when its right front wheel plunged into a sinkhole. For a frightful moment the vehicle balanced on two wheels.

"Hold it!" shouted Doc.

The jeep righted itself, out of control. Its right front fender ripped into the hearse with a mighty crash. The hearse zigzagged wildly. Then it tore off the road, rammed a fence, and plummeted, nosefirst, into a black tidal creek. As it struck the creek, its windshield seemed to explode.

Trixie desperately jammed on the brakes of the jeep. It finally rolled to a soggy stop in a marsh.

"Cripes!" breathed Bessie.

They struggled out of the jeep and raced back to the creek. The rear of the hearse was sticking up in the air. Its hood and the greater part of its body were completely submerged. Doc ripped open the rear door. He disappeared inside.

"Doc," Trixie shrieked, "careful! The tide's moving it!"

The hearse was sinking lower.

Doc's muffled voice reached them: "Here—give a hand."

Bessie clambered onto the back of the hearse. Her brawny arms stretched inside. She jerked, grunted, and the next moment was carrying Gaincross across the muck and onto the sand road.

"Doc—jump!" Trixie screamed.

The hearse lurched, slid sidewise. It disappeared beneath the swirling black waters just as Doc leaped for shore. His feet hit the water, but his arms were on the channel bank. Trixie helped him scramble up the bank. Doc looked back.

"Gad!" he said, and his face was screwed up in horror. "Not a thing we can do."

"I'll phone," said Trixie, whose face was white. She raced to the jeep and a moment later was roaring up the road.

Doc joined Bessie. Gaincross was coming around. He groaned, raised a hand to his head, which was bleeding. Then his eyes opened and he saw Bessie.

"Y-you got nothing on us, you old mud hen," he muttered. "No evidence. Hah!"

His right hand fumbled toward the inside pocket of his coat. Doc leaned over and relieved him of a thirty-two-caliber pistol.

"Thought so," Doc muttered. "Just sit on him until Trix gets back, Bessie."

Bessie obeyed, literally. She planted her broad beam on Gaincross' big chest, and thus did Aimsworth and the State Motor Patrol find them when they arrived fifteen minutes later.

LATE that night, at the tavern, Aimsworth beamed as he raised his glass. "A toast," he suggested, "to Bessie Arbruster—the best female supersnooper I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. To Miss Arbruster, who has smashed the greatest Eastern liquor syndicate in the history of the Alcohol Tax Unit."

Trixie sipped her cocktail. Doc swallowed a slug of buttered rum. Commander Crosby, who had just dropped in to say hello, drained a glass of buttermilk, and Bessie turned a brilliant red.

"My agents," Aimsworth added, "have rounded up seven men besides Gaincross. Davidson's body has been recovered. Gaincross and Davidson have been working this racket for more than a year. Been making their own stuff, printing labels, and distributing twice a week to points in Jersey, Maryland, and Pennsylvania."

"What was the take?" inquired Doc.

"We figure that on the average trip they hauled fifty cases, or roughly six hundred bottles. They were collecting five dollars a quart. That's three thousand bucks—twice a week. Not a bad take."

Aimsworth turned to Bessie and smiled.

"We need people like you," he started, "down at—"

Bessie scrambled to her feet.

"Oh, cripes!" she said, "let's talk about somethin' interestin'. Like fishin'."

Aimsworth looked a little abashed.

"Don't mind her," Doc said gruffly. "Her bark is worse than her bite."

Bessie's blue eyes focused on Doc. She started moving around the table.

"Fer five years, Doc," she said slowly, "you been tellin' that to people. I got a half a mind to prove ye're wrong."

"Avast!" Doc roared, moving back. "It'll cost you five red points."

THE END

THE HOME FRONT

"Of course I slapped him when he kissed me—every time!"

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THE ARMY AIR FORCES' G. I. HEAVEN

Continued from Page 27

for yourself from experiences of men who have been through the Center and have returned to duty or civilian life.

A lieutenant flying a B-24 fought a tough running fight with a German submarine while on South Atlantic convoy patrol. He finally sank the sub, but was forced to ditch his plane and in the operation broke his back. For six months he lay encased in a plaster cast at a hospital. Just five weeks after entering the Pawling Center he was able to perform seventy-five "sit-ups." Shortly after, he was discharged to duty with a superior rating for physical fitness!

Another case is that of the rear gunner of a Fortress, who was hit during an attack over Germany. The bullet had gone through his neck, paralyzing an arm. The gunner felt that he could not face the future as a cripple. When he entered Pawling, life to him seemed hopeless, even though doctors noted a slight regeneration of the arm nerves following his operation. In the two months which followed, he was given a set of exercises, physiotherapy treatment, and was put on the Center's full program. At the end of the second month he had fully regained the use of his arm.

However, even excellent treatment, mental, physical, and medical, cannot make dead nerves come to life. So much of the work at Pawling is showing patients that the use of legs and arms can be regained by the use of other muscles and combinations of muscles. Circulating water tubs, short-wave diathermy, and corrective exercises are just a few of the methods used at Pawling.

EXERCISE is now the keynote of Army Air Forces' recuperative therapy. When Lieutenant Colonel Howard A. Rusk, then a newcomer to A. A. F. medicine from a successful civilian practice, was making his first rounds of inspection at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, he was appalled at the listlessness of his patients.

Why, reasoned Colonel Rusk, must this be? True, complete rest seemed to be the accepted medical practice; but, he thought, my patients would heal *faster* if their attention could be focused on problems which would stimulate their minds.

As a beginning, Colonel Rusk prescribed exercises for all in amounts permitted by each patient's physical condition. Mere wiggling of the toes and fingers became exercise for bed patients, while whole classes of pajama-clad soldiers were soon seen in the sunshine outside their barracks, doing those exercises which could be done safely. Next, patients were supplied with various types of equipment whose operation commanded mental attention. Colonel Rusk found that those who exercised and thought constructively got well more quickly. His program was soon installed in all A. A. F. hospitals.

Pawling is now one of the six convalescent centers of the newly formed A. A. F. Personnel Distribution Command headed by Major General Hubert R. Harmon. The five other centers are located at Denver, Colorado; Spokane, Washington; Nashville, Tennessee; St. Petersburg, Florida; and Albuquerque, New Mexico.

General Arnold said in his report to the Secretary of War: "Our interest and responsibilities do not stop at the moment our men drop their bombs on the target."

Pawling, a happy combination of college, muscle factory, and country club, proves it.

THE END

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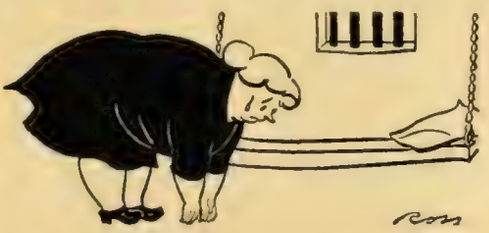
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

PUNISHMENT PAR EXCELLENCE: When Mrs. Velvalee Blucher Dickinson, former owner of a doll shop on Madison Avenue, New York, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and fined $10,000 after pleading guilty to sending letters in code to a Japanese agent in Argentina, Judge Shackelford Miller, Jr., commented, "For a woman who sold out to the Japs for dollars, I believe you are lucky to escape the death penalty." He made no mention of that super-torture she had already suffered, to wit, gaining twenty-five pounds during her six-month stay in



the House of Detention for Women. Short, fifty-year-old Mrs. Dickinson is said to have weighed an even 100 pounds when incarcerated last winter. Adding 25 per cent to her weight must have widened her hips and heightened her remorse almost unbearably.

THEY SAID A MOUTHFUL: Private Adams, somewhere in Italy, wrote to an APO pal whose exact whereabouts in Italy he could not determine: "I doubt if our paths cross, but, who knows, maybe I can sometime see you. What I would like is to meet you soon on a boat headed for home." And from another American who had made the trip up from Naples: "What a fantastic pounding! Yet the peasants are back in the fields alongside the ruins ploughing and threshing. Life goes on—trees are greening again after that inferno; grass sprouting through the rubble! No army can beat Mother Nature."

BAD BLOOD: The old hot rivalry between Harvard and Yale is kept alive by such conscientious feudists as Ralph Abercrombie, who tells of an operation he underwent which necessitated a blood transfusion. His surgeon, knowing how fiercely loyal Ralph was to Harvard, kept him in suspense for some time before he told him that the blood used came pulsing direct from the veins of an interne who was a graduate of Yale. Abercrombie claims that physically he has been rugged ever since, but mentally he has been going downhill.

LIVES IN THE BALANCE: Good war news is bad when it prompts people to break appointments at blood-donor centers. The Brooklyn Chapter of the American Red Cross was particularly hard hit one day when only 417 persons kept their appointments, while 463 were absent without even notifying the center. Would-be donors who have legitimate reasons for canceling should notify their centers in time to call substitutes so that the flow of vitally needed plasma to the armed forces is not retarded. Even after the war is won, plasma will be needed, and no volunteer should forget that failure to keep an appointment may cost some soldier or sailor his life. . . . To mark the second anniversary of her marriage to Daniel Gody, who died in Normandy on June 12, Mrs. Mazie Gody donated her tenth pint of blood at the Brooklyn Red Cross Blood Center. She met her husband in December, 1941, when both were air-raid wardens. They were married in August, 1942, two weeks before Private Gody went overseas. Mrs. Gody recently enlisted in the Cadet Nurse Corps. . . . John Chieffo of Brooklyn met up with a German bullet on December 24, 1942, in Tunisia. Three units of blood plasma saved his life. Honorably discharged from the Army, Mr. Chieffo now works in a Brooklyn war plant. Mindful of the magic plasma that brought him back from the valley of the shadow, he recently went to the Brooklyn Red Cross Blood Center and gave the equivalent of the blood he had received. That's gratitude—after fighting for his country, to feel he should repay the blood given him in his hour of need.

A RESPITE FROM THE TELEPHONE

No longer do I worry when
I miss a call—because the men
Whose voices I am lonesome for
Have gone away to win the war.
I answer only when I please
Now that my pals are overseas.

THEY'RE TELLING US!—Stores try very hard to tell us exactly what we can and cannot wear, but the American woman, though susceptible to suggestion, refuses to be dictated to and will take what she likes and reject the rest. Says one high fashion store from its roost on upper Fifth Avenue, "TO LOOK NEW—a fur coat must stop above the knee." That sort of domineering drivel evokes only a snicker from the lady who invested in a full-length nutria, Persian lamb, or ocelot coat last year. No copywriter can talk *her* into hacking off six inches to conform to the new silhouette. Nor will she buy a new topper just because a department store strives to make her feel outdated in her old job. Women will study the abundant trimmings, the elegant feathers, the manipulation of furs and fabrics and ornamented paisleys with zest, but it gets their dander up when they are told they will look dowdy if they don't obey a store's dictates.

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MONEY MAKES THE WORLD GO

Continued from Page 21

gether, compromises were worked out. Finally, last spring, the technical experts reached an accord.

But technical experts are not governments. They can't commit any nation or people to their schemes. So President Roosevelt, as host, invited the diplomats and delegates to the United Nations Monetary and Financial Conference to talk over the projects for a currency stabilization fund and world bank and decide whether they were worth-while.

There were arguments, plenty of them. At a luncheon I asked two of Russia's delegates about the report that the Soviet was throwing a monkey wrench into the conference and insisting on more power in one plan, less financial responsibility in the other. One answered promptly that Russia wasn't worrying about the total of gold or rubles it was to subscribe. A hundred million more or less apparently didn't matter. It was thinking of how much was put up by, say, the United Kingdom. It also wanted to be sure its quota was sufficient to insure Russia's "proper status as a nation."

The Russians impressed me deeply with their desire to take part in any plan for world co-operation and permanent peace. But they left me without doubt of their hardheadedness and ability to bargain with the best of the capitalist nations.

NO, it was no rubber-stamp conference at which the delegates just signified approval of what was submitted to them. When a representative from India is in the same room with a delegate from England and the subject of money is under discussion, a disagreement of some sort seems entirely natural. But when it was all over, the world had concrete evidence that the United Nations could last after the firing ceases.

In brief, the forty-four nations agreed to establish an $8,800,000,000 currency stabilization fund to which every member would subscribe some gold and currency. The United States would put up $2,750,000,000, a little in gold, the most in dollars. England would be next with a $1,300,000,000 subscription in gold and pounds. Russia would be third with a $1,200,000,000 quota in gold and rubles. The fund first would fix the rates of each member currency—the franc, peso, pound, ruble—in terms of gold or U. S. dollars. Then its objective would be to maintain those rates so we all can trade with each other in "the certainty," as Morgenthau remarked, "that the money we receive on due date will have the value contracted for."

To make sure of this, the fund wouldn't let any nation change its currency rate by more than 10 per cent unless the majority of the members agreed the move was essential. (In other words, the world would be tying up with gold again, but not in any rigid way. Gold would be the basis for currencies, but flexibility would be possible at all times. It might be called a "gold link" standard.) Then, to help out a member that was buying more goods than it was selling and thus owed, say, dollars to us, the fund would sell that country the dollars it needed up to a specified amount and thus let the nation settle its debt to us. The fund would check up on the country borrowing currencies to make certain it was using the money as it had promised. It would ration

(*Continued on page 80*)

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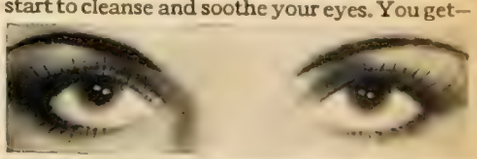

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

KISMET

(M-G-M)
Ronald Colman, Marlene Dietrich, James Craig

THAT old Oriental fairy tale called Kismet (Fate, to you) has been turning up every so often on the stage and screen since pre-talkie days. Here it is again, set in the glossiest Technicolor Bagdad ever, and adorned with enough glitter, gleam, 'n' glammer to pop your eyes right out of your head. Not only do you get to see Ronald Colman as the romantic King of the Beggars, but you're also treated to some languorous views of Marlene Dietrich in sundry breath-taking confections—chief of which is a wispy black chiffon dancing number designed to set off those famous limbs, all painted gold.

Then for good romantic measure there's a healthy-looking young Caliph (James Craig) who's secretly in love with the Beggar King's beauteous daughter (Joy Ann Page) and a villainous Grand Vizier (Edward Arnold) with murder in his heart. These Arabian Nights figures stalk across a background of lush, colorful pageantry which doesn't leave much to the imagination but makes a fabulous full-dress fiesta out of life in little old Bagdad.

1 The daughter of Hafiz, King of the Beggars, isn't interested in the rich match he plans for her; she's secretly in love.

2 Disguised as a prince, the crafty beggar visits the Grand Vizier, whose luscious dancing queen (shh!) has met Hafiz before.

3 A grand wedding is under way. Hafiz has cunningly persuaded the Grand Vizier to marry his daughter and free the queen.

4 But violence ensues, and Hafiz's daughter finally weds her own true love—who turns out to be a real prince in disguise.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

(Twentieth Century-Fox) Carmen Miranda, Don Ameche, William Bendix, Vivian Blaine

DON AMECHE turns composer in this Technicolor musical set in the 1920s; and when he lands in New York's arty Greenwich Village, you can be pretty sure what's going to happen to him in that gay celluloid Bohemia where William Bendix runs a luxurious speakeasy, Carmen Miranda tells fortunes, the dancing De Marcos operate a delicatessen, and the cheapest studios are all eighty feet wide.

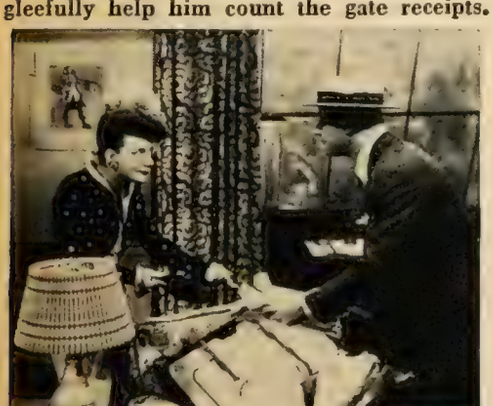
Pretty newcomer Vivian Blaine sings nicely and shares in the production numbers, which nonchalantly keep crowding the continuity right into the shade. Carmen Miranda, in a giddy series of everyday togs (besides her usual cornucopian ensembles), shrugs, sizzles, and gesticulates her way through the proceedings with evident gusto, and, what with all the music, color, and mass activity, things keep moving along till everybody ends up rich and famous.

1 It looks like romance when Ken Harvey (Don Ameche) meets singer Bonnie Watson (Vivian Blaine) in a Village night club.

2 Ken plays some of his music at Bonnie's party, and Danny O'Mara (William Bendix) wants to use it in a Broadway show.

3 Danny raises money to back his show by giving a costume ball. His comrades gleefully help him count the gate receipts.

4 "Princess" Querida (Carmen Miranda) cheers Danny along when classical Ken threatens to take his music out of the show.



5 Ken, disappointed in his musical hopes and gypped out of his savings, loses faith in his friends and wants to go home.

6 But the show (with Ken's music) goes on to great success. Here's the "Princess" going to town with A Band and a Bandana.

SPECIAL MENTION

DRAGON SEED (M-G-M). Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon.
A superb treatment of Pearl Buck's novel about wartime China.

GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (Paramount). Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines. Comedy.

MR. SKEFFINGTON (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis, Claude Rains. Drama.

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (United Artists). Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten.
David Selznick's sentiment-filled panorama of the American home front.

THE GREAT MOMENT (Paramount). Joel McCrea, Betty Field, William Demarest.
Preston Sturges' serio-comic biography of the discoverer of ether anesthesia. Unusual treatment, but full of life.

WILSON (20th Century-Fox). Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn, Ruth Nelson.
A grandly sweeping portrayal of idealist Wilson and his whole era. Top-notch film Americana.

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

"I'm in trouble again," moans our very good friend, Bill Demarest.

• • •

"I was in a jam as Papa Kockenlocker in 'The Miracle of Morgan's Creek,' and in the soup again in 'Hail The Conquering Hero'—and now Preston Sturges in his latest cockeyed motion picture

"the Great Moment"

has got me in a fix that will cancel my life insurance once and for all.

• • •

"I'm a test tube for Joel McCrea's laughing gas—while Joel is trying to find his great moment—and what an uproarious binge he sends me on. You'll die—and I almost did."

• • •

All of Bill's troubles to the contrary, the fact remains that he and Preston Sturges are back with another smash hit for you!

• • •

Handsome Joel McCrea is starred as the man of many great moments and Betty Field is unforgettable as the girl who couldn't guess what he was up to.

• • •

Joel gets stuck on a great idea . . . but actually, Demarest comes in for most of the sticking. He's Guinea Pig No. 1!

• • •

As a friend of ours says: There's never a *dull* moment in "The Great Moment."

• • •

We think you're in for a wonderful time.

• • •

"Till we meet again," then . . .

Paramount Pictures

(Continued from page 77)

its own assets, if necessary. And it would be managed by a board of directors and an executive committee that would guard its activities constantly.

Then the forty-four nations agreed to establish a $9,100,000,000 bank for reconstruction and development to which every member also would subscribe gold and capital. The United States would put $3,175,000,000 in this bank; Britain would subscribe $1,300,000,000; Russia, $1,200,000,000. The bank would confine its operations to long-term loans to borrowers who couldn't get the needed cash through private channels. It would make loans directly to a nation or an industry in that nation, if it approved the loan's purpose. Or it would participate in a loan floated by private bankers to private investors if its participation would help make the loan a success. Or it would just guarantee a loan made by private sources so that buyers of the bonds would have confidence in repayment. The bank, too, would be managed by a board of directors and an executive committee that would check on its activities at all times.

We would put up the most gold and cash because we, frankly, are the wealthiest nation and the most able to do so. But in return for our subscription, we would get the biggest vote, the most power, and the most prestige in both the fund and bank. By lining up either with the British Commonwealth or with Russia, or with the South American countries, we could control the operations of both institutions.

OF course there are hundreds of details on quotas and gold and technicalities, but they need no elaboration here. Basically, both the fund and the bank are credit agencies. The fund would help stabilize currencies by providing needy nations with the money necessary to settle their day-to-day transactions. The bank would help expand trade and create prosperity by providing nations with the money necessary for long-term construction and development.

According to Harry White, the fund would raise our average annual trade after this war to $7,000,000,000 or possibly to $10,000,000,000, a level higher than anything ever seen and comparing with our prewar yearly average of $3,000,000,000. According to another U. S. expert, the bank would give us an opportunity to share with other countries the risks that otherwise might have to be carried by American taxpayers alone. As for defaults to the world bank, as one European representative put it bluntly, "Any of us would hesitate longer in defaulting to forty-three nations and losing our credit everywhere than in defaulting to the United States only."

But will these plans work if our Congress and other parliaments approve the Bretton Woods drafts, and the fund and bank are born?

To be honest about it, there are many informed and intelligent financiers, especially in our own country, who say they wouldn't. A large segment of banking opinion here is violently opposed to the schemes as "fantastically idealistic," "impractical," "premature." They deplore, and with good reason, the fact that the conference side-stepped the issues of postwar tariffs and commercial policy, because they insist there's no point in talking about give-and-take trade if the United States does most of the selling and our tariff barriers keep us from buying abroad on a comparable scale. They figure that working on the mechanics of currency stabilization now—when we've little idea of political patterns—is "put-

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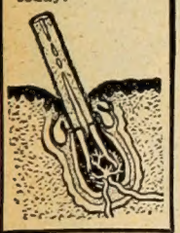

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CARELESS TALK CAN BE PIECED TOGETHER BY THE ENEMY

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Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of **Cystex** goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. Get **Cystex** from your druggist today. Take it exactly as directed and see the results in your own particular case. Under our guarantee unless completely satisfied you simply return the empty package and get your money back. Three guaranteed sizes: **Only 35c, 75c, $1.50** at druggists.

ting a cart with no wheels before a horse that is lame."

An undeniably important group of economists holds we'll end up in a few years losing the $6,000,000,000 that would be our quota, because everybody will want our dollars in the fund and borrowers from the bank won't be able to pay back their loans. The so-called international bankers who want to handle the postwar financial structure in their own private way definitely resent these plans for control by representatives of government.

As for the world currency speculators, one notoriously successful one expressed their attitude to me when he commented, "Why, these schemes would kill free markets!" What he actually was saying was, "These would make speculation mighty difficult, perhaps impossible."

Throughout the Bretton Woods conference, criticism of the projects was clearly heard, and as the date for Congressional debate nears, we'll unquestionably hear even louder cries of scorn, contempt, and ridicule. Some of it will come from men who sincerely believe a less grandiose approach to the problems of postwar finance would be more satisfactory. Some will come from men who just haven't read the plans and are "agin" them on general grounds because they come from Washington. Some will come from men who believe collapse is coming anyway.

THERE'S little doubt that if we fail to work out a plan for monetary stabilization before the war ends, we'll go into a competitive currency race which, after two decades of chaos, may well wipe out the economies of scores of nations and badly undermine our own. There's also little doubt that if we fail to work out a plan for sharing the risks of foreign lending in time, the burden of reconstruction will fall primarily upon us. But since we have learned the pitfalls of investing abroad, we may hold back. And that, too, well may destroy our hopes for peacetime trade and prosperity. As far as friendship goes, instead of being called "Santa Claus, Unlimited," we may gain a reputation as a hateful, irresponsible "Uncle Shylock."

No one can say for sure that these are the best of all possible proposals for helping this world back to stability. I went to the conference certain that they were the 100-per-cent answer. I returned not so naïve, but even more positive that no adequate suggestion has been made by other sources, and the alternative to the projects considered probably would be nothing at all.

These ideas do represent the best the acknowledged leaders of finance the globe over have been able to achieve after years of study. They represent the final compromise of the delegates of the United Nations. As Edward E. Brown, president of the First National Bank of Chicago and the only banker representative at the conference, remarked just before he left, "I have seen here clearly that it definitely is possible to construct machinery of international co-operation. I have worked with men whose opinions on major financial and monetary questions differ sharply from mine; and I have seen differences reconciled all up and down the line—because we all wanted to see them reconciled."

These plans, then, are living, vital proof that forty-four countries did finally agree on delicate economic issues which will affect the lives of hundreds of millions. And when you view Bretton Woods in those larger terms, the "introduction to the peace conference" takes on a sparkling significance.

THE END

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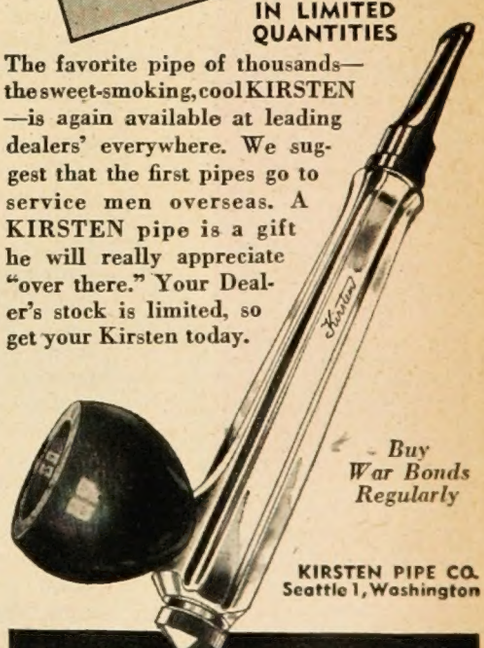

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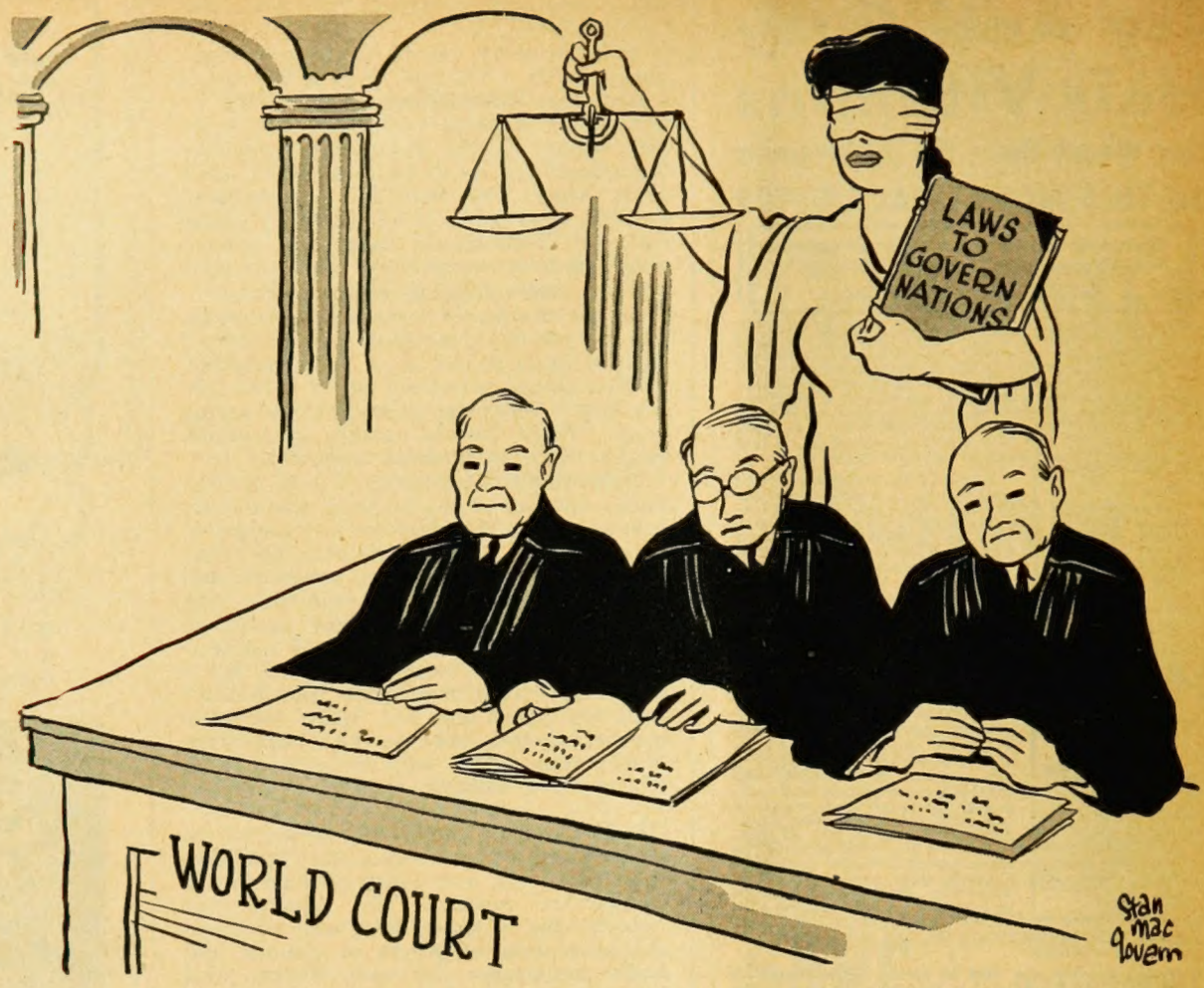


WORLD PEACE THROUGH LAW

INTERNATIONAL conferences aimed at preventing future wars always seem to wind up on an indefinite note. Statements are given out dripping with hope and good will, but the public seldom gets any widespread feeling the conference has accomplished anything definite and that future wars will really be prevented.

The reason for this is not hard to see. Elaborate preparations for dealing with aggressors are of little consequence unless there is provided a means of answering the key question which will put these preparations into operation: When is an aggressor not an aggressor?

An absolute yardstick is needed for determining what constitutes an aggressor nation. Yet conferences seldom give any thought to providing one. Without it the peace-loving nations of the world are sure to split apart, as they did in the late League of Nations, some calling for the punishment of an aggressor, others refusing to admit that any aggression has taken place. Unless the future postwar organization defines in advance what does and does not constitute aggression, the fate of the League of Nations is in store for it.

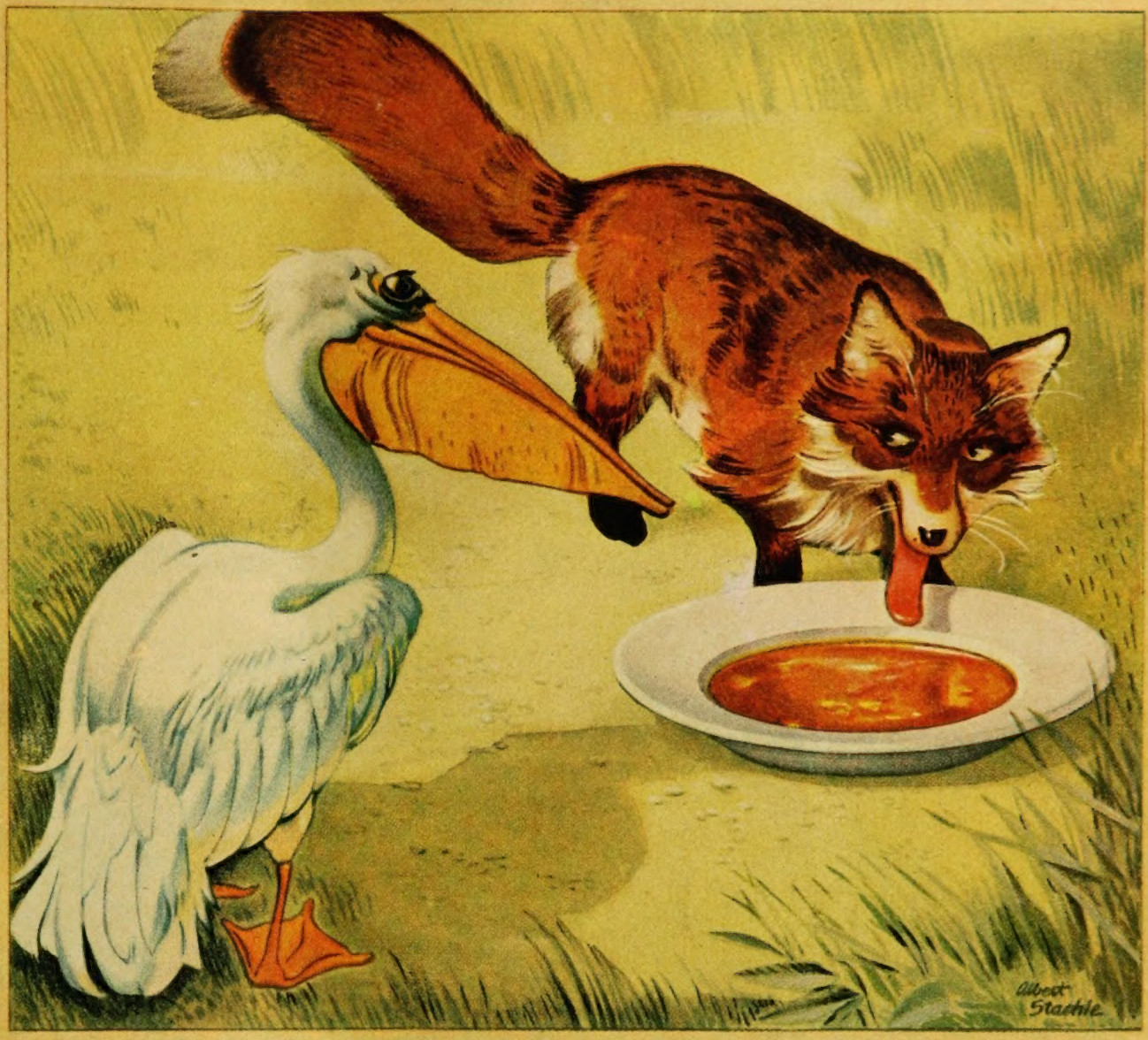
What is needed is a code of international law, subscribed to and ratified by all the nations of the world. The nation which refuses to ratify is automatically an outlaw. Violators can be called into question for their acts before a world tribunal. If found guilty, they then will face the combined strength of all the other nations.

Long ago the world learned that the only government individuals willingly accept is one put in the form of definite law. What is true for individuals is also true for nations.

It should be possible now, although it may not be later, for the nations of the world in their present chastened mood to formulate a code of international law which would be acceptable universally. Thereafter the question of whether a state is or is not guilty of aggression becomes a matter not of argument but of judicial procedure. Its punishment, if found guilty, is provided for by law and does not become a football of power politics.

No nation need sacrifice any of its sovereignty by subscribing to such a code of law. In doing so, it merely agrees to conform to an established code of decent relationship with other nations. Any state which would refuse to go along with such a program could hardly claim to be sincere in its desire for permanent peace throughout the world.

Paul Hunter



No more one-way banquets

One of America's big tasks is to see that everyone eats and that none goes hungry—that things essential to all are shared by all instead of by a few.

That's why the limited national stock of vitally essential things can't be handed out by feast-or-famine ways—for if all might have everything they want, too many would have far less than they need. The rationing of needed things is a sample of American sense—and sense of fairness.

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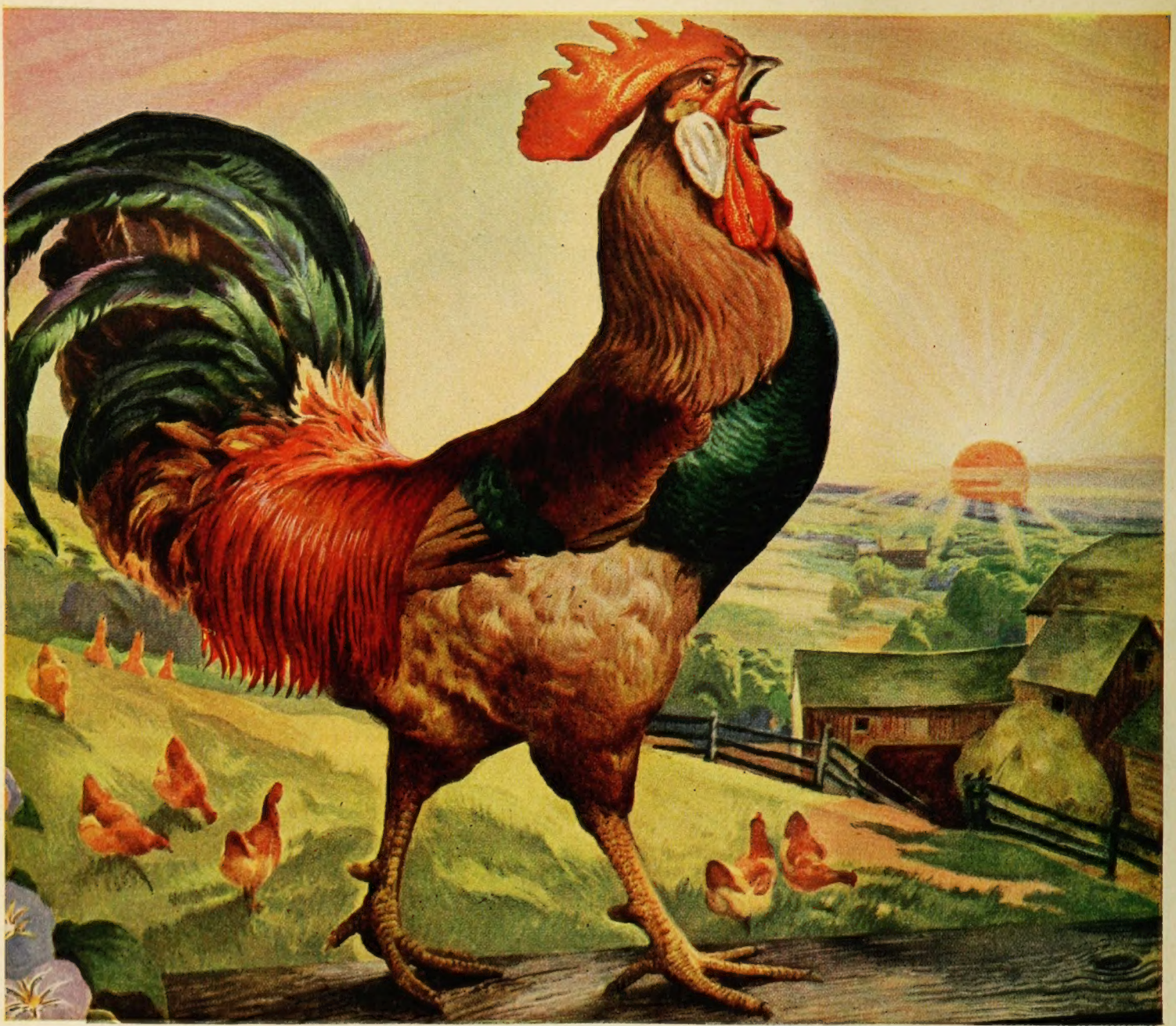

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